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MISCELLANEOUS

AND

FUGITIVE PIECES.

A collection by T. Davies, with several acknowledged and anonymous writings of Dr. Johnson.

VOLUME THE SECOND.

THE SECOND EDITION, CORRECTED.

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A THIRD VOLUME OF

MISCELLANEOUS

AND

FUGITIVE PIECES

IS IN THE PRESS,

AND

WILL BE PUBLISHED VERY SPEEDILY.

AN

ESSAY

ON THE

ORIGIN and IMPORTANCE

OF

SMALL TRACTS and FUGITIVE PIECES.

Written for the INTRODUCTION to the

HARLEIAN MISCELLANY.

THOUGH the Scheme of the following *Miſcellany* is ſo obvious, that the Title alone is ſufficient to explain it; and though ſeveral Collections have been formerly attempted upon Plans, as to the Method, very little, but, as to the Capacity and Execution, very different from ours; we, being poſſeſſed of the greateſt Variety for ſuch a Work, hope for a more general Reception than thoſe confined Schemes had the Fortune to meet with; and, therefore, think it not wholly unneceſſary to explain our Intentions, to diſplay the Treaſure of Materials out of which this *Miſcellany* is to be compiled, and to exhibit a general Idea of the Pieces which we intend to inſert in it.

There is, perhaps, no Nation in which it is ſo neceſſary, as in our own, to aſſemble, from time

to time, the ſmall Tracts and fugitive Pieces, which are occaſionally publiſhed: For, beſides the general Subjects of Enquiry, which are cultivated by us, in common with every other learned Nation, our Conſtitution in Church and State naturally gives Birth to a Multitude of Performances, which would either not have been written, or could not have been made publick in any other Place.

The Form of our Government, which gives every Man, that has Leiſure, or Curioſity, or Vanity, the Right of enquiring into the Propriety of publick Meaſures, and, by Conſequence, obliges thoſe who are intruſted with the Adminiſtration of national Affairs, to give an Account of their Conduct to almoſt every Man who demands it, may be reaſonably imagined to have occaſioned innumerable Pamphlets, which would never have appeared under arbitrary Governments, where every Man lulls himſelf in Indolence under Calamities, of which he cannot promote the Redreſs, or thinks it prudent to conceal the Uneaſineſs, of which he cannot complain without Danger.

The Multiplicity of religious Sects tolerated among us, of which every one has found Opponents and Vindicators, is another Source of unexhauſtible Publication, almoſt peculiar to ourſelves; for Controverſies cannot be long continued, nor frequently revived, where an Inquiſitor has a Right to ſhut up the Diſputants in Dungeons; or where Silence can be impoſed on either Party, by the Refuſal of a Licenſe.

Not that it ſhould be inferred from hence, that political or religious Controverſies are the only Products of the Liberty of the Britiſh Preſs; the Mind once let looſe to Enquiry, and ſuffered to operate without Reſtraint, neceſſarily deviates into peculiar Opinions, and wanders in new Tracks, where ſhe is indeed ſometimes loſt in a Labyrinth, from which though

though ſhe cannot return, and ſcarce knows how to proceed; yet, ſometimes, makes uſeful Diſcoveries, or finds out nearer Paths to Knowledge.

The boundleſs Liberty with which every Man may write his own Thoughts, and the Opportunity of conveying new Sentiments to the Publick, without Danger of ſuffering either Ridicule or Cenſure, which every Man may enjoy, whoſe Vanity does not incite him too haſtily to own his Performances, naturally invites thoſe who employ themſelves in Speculation, to try how their Notions will be received by a Nation, which exempts Caution from Fear, and Modeſty from Shame; and it is no Wonder, that where Reputation may be gained, but needs not be loſt, Multitudes are willing to try their Fortune, and thruſt their Opinions into the Light; ſometimes with unſucceſsful Haſte, and ſometimes with happy Temerity.

It is obſerved, that, among the Natives of England, is to be found a greater Variety of Humour, than in any other Country; and, doubtleſs, where every Man has a full Liberty to propagate his Conceptions, Variety of Humour muſt produce Variety of Writers; and, where the Number of Authors is ſo great, there cannot but be ſome worthy of Diſtinction.

All theſe, and many other Cauſes, too tedious to be enumerated, have contributed to make Pamphlets and ſmall Tracts a very important Part of an *Engliſh* Library; nor are there any Pieces, upon which thoſe, who aſpire to the Reputation of judicious Collectors of Books, beſtow more Attention, or greater Expence; becauſe many Advantages may be expected from the Peruſal of theſe ſmall Productions, which are ſcarcely to be found in that of larger Works.

If we regard Hiſtory, it is well known, that moſt political Treatiſes have for a long Time appeared in

this Form, and that the firſt Relations of Tranſactions, while they are yet the Subject of Converſation, divide the Opinions, and employ the Conjectures of Mankind, are delivered by theſe petty Writers, who have Opportunities of collecting the different Sentiments of Diſputants, of enquiring the Truth from living Witneſſes, and of copying their Repreſentations from the Life; and, therefore, they preſerve a Multitude of particular Incidents, which are forgotten in a ſhort Time, or omitted in formal Relations, and which are yet to be conſidered as Sparks of Truth, which, when united, may afford Light in ſome of the darkeſt Scenes of State, as we doubt not, will be ſufficiently proved in the Courſe of this *Miſcellany*; and which it is, therefore, the Intereſt of the Publick to preſerve unextinguiſhed.

The ſame Obſervation may be extended to Subjects of yet more Importance. In Controverſies that relate to the Truths of Religion, the firſt Eſſays of Reformation are generally timorous; and thoſe, who have Opinions to offer, which they expect to be oppoſed, produce their Sentiments, by Degrees; and, for the moſt Part, in ſmall Tracts: By Degrees, that they may not ſhock their Readers with too many Novelties at once; and in ſmall Tracts, that they may be eaſily diſperſed, or privately printed: Almoſt every Controverſy, therefore, has been, for a Time carried on in Pamphlets, nor has ſwelled into larger Volumes, till the firſt Ardor of the Diſputants has ſubſided, and they have recollected their Notions with Coolneſs enough to digeſt them into Order, conſolidate them into Syſtems, and fortify them with Authorities.

From Pamphlets, conſequently, are to be learned the Progreſs of every Debate; the various State to which the Queſtions have been changed; the Artifices and Fallacies which have been uſed, and the Subterfuges, by which Reaſon has been eluded: In ſuch

ſuch Writings may be ſeen how the Mind has been opened by Degrees, how one Truth has led to another, how Error has been diſentangled, and Hints improved to Demonſtration, which Pleaſure, and many others, are loſt by him that only reads the larger Writers, by whom theſe ſcattered Sentiments are collected, who will ſee none of the Changes of Fortune which every Opinion has paſſed through, will have no Opportunity of remarking the tranſient Advantages which Error may ſometimes obtain, by the Artifices of its Patron, or the ſucceſsful Rallies, by which Truth regains the Day, after a Repulſe; but will be to him, who traces the Diſpute through into particular Gradations, as he that hears of a Victory, to him that ſees the Battle.

Since the Advantages of preſerving theſe ſmall Tracts are ſo numerous, our Attempt to unite them in Volumes cannot be thought either uſeleſs or unſeaſonable; for there is no other Method of ſecuring them from Accidents; and they have already been ſo long neglected, that this Deſign cannot be delayed, without hazarding the Loſs of many Pieces, which deſerve to be tranſmitted to another Age.

The Practice of publiſhing Pamphlets on the moſt important Subjects, has now prevailed more than two Centuries among us; and therefore it cannot be doubted, but that, as no large Collections have been yet made, many curious Tracts muſt have periſhed; but it is too late to lament that Loſs; nor ought we to reflect upon it, with any other View, than that of quickening our Endeavours, for the Preſervation of thoſe that yet remain; of which we have now a greater Number, than was, perhaps, ever amaſſed by any one Perſon.

The firſt Appearance of Pamphlets among us, is generally thought to be at the new Oppoſition raiſed againſt the Errors and Corruptions of the Church of *Rome*. Thoſe who were firſt convinced of the

Reasonableness of the new Learning, as it was then called, propagated their Opinions in small Pieces, which were cheaply printed; and, what was then of great Importance, easily concealed. These Treatises were generally printed in foreign Countries, and are not, therefore, always very correct. There was not then that Opportunity of printing in private; for, the Number of Printers were small, and the Presses were easily overlooked by the Clergy, who spared no Labour or Vigilance for the Suppression of Heresy. There is, however, Reason to suspect, that some Attempts were made to carry on the Propagation of Truth by a secret Press; for one of the first Treatises in Favour of the Reformation, is said, at the End, to be printed at *Greenwich, by the Permission of the Lord of Hosts.*

In the Time of King *Edward the Sixth* the Presses were employed in Favour of the Reformed Religion, and small Tracts were dispersed over the Nation, to reconcile them to the new Forms of Worship. In this Reign, likewise, Political Pamphlets may be said to have been begun, by the Address of the Rebels of *Devonshire*; all which Means of propagating the Sentiments of the People so disturbed the Court, that no sooner was Queen *Mary* resolved to reduce her Subjects to the *Romish* Superstition, but she artfully, by a Charter * granted to certain Freemen of *London*, in whose Fidelity, no doubt, she confided, intirely prohibited *all* Presses, but what should be licensed by them; which Charter is that by which the Corporation of *Stationers*, in *London*, is at this Time incorporated.

Under the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, when Liberty again began to flourish, the Practice of writ-

* Which begins thus, *Know ye, that We, considering, and manifestly perceiving, that several seditious and heretical Books or Tracts—against the Faith and sound Catholic Doctrine of holy Mother, the Church, &c.*

ing

ing Pamphlets became more general; Presses were multiplied, and Books were dispersed; and, I believe, it may properly be said, that the Trade of Writing began at that Time, and that it has ever since gradually increased in the Number, though, perhaps, not in the Style of those that followed it.

In this Reign was erected the first *secret* Press against the Church as now established, of which I have found any certain Account. It was employed by the *Puritans*, and conveyed from one Part of the Nation to another, by them, as they found themselves in Danger of Discovery. From this Press issued most of the Pamphlets against *Whitgift* and his Associates, in the Ecclesiastical Government; and, when it was at last seized at *Manchester*, it was employed upon a Pamphlet called *More Work for a Cooper*.

In the peaceable Reign of King *James*, those Minds which might, perhaps, with less Disturbance of the World, have been engrossed by War, were employed in Controversy; and Writings of all Kinds were multiplied among us. The Press, however, was not wholly engaged in Polemical Performances, for more innocent Subjects were sometimes treated; and it deserves to be remarked, because it is not generally known, that the Treatises of *Husbandry* and *Agriculture*, which were published about that Time, are so numerous, that it can scarcely be imagined by whom they were written, or to whom they were sold.

The next Reign is too well known to have been a Time of Confusion, and Disturbance, and Disputes of every Kind; and the Writings, which were produced, bear a natural Proportion to the Number of Questions that were discussed at that Time; each Party had its Authors and its Presses, and no Endeavours were omitted to gain Proselytes to every Opinion. I know not whether this may not properly be

called, *The Age of Pamphlets*; for, though they, perhaps, may not arise to such Multitudes as Mr. *Rawlinson* imagined, they were, undoubtedly, more numerous than can be conceived by any who have not had an Opportunity of examining them.

After the Restoration, the same Differences, in Religious Opinions, are well known to have subsisted, and the same Political Struggles to have been frequently renewed; and, therefore, a great Number of Pens were employed, on different Occasions, till, at length, all other Disputes were absorbed in the Popish Controversy.

From the Pamphlets which these different Periods of Time produced, it is proposed, that this *Miscellany* shall be compiled; for which it cannot be supposed that Materials will be wanting; and, therefore, the only Difficulty will be in what Manner to dispose them.

Those who have gone before us, in Undertakings of this Kind, have ranged the Pamphlets, which Chance threw into their Hands, without any Regard either to the Subject on which they treated, or the Time in which they were written; a Practice in no wise to be imitated by us, who want for no Materials; of which we shall choose those we think best for the particular Circumstances of Times and Things, and most instructing and entertaining to the Reader.

Of the different Methods which present themselves, upon the first View of the great Heaps of Pamphlets which the *Harleian* Library exhibits, the two which merit most Attention are, to distribute the Treatises according to their Subjects, or their Dates; but neither of these Ways can be conveniently followed. By ranging our Collection in Order of Time, we must necessarily publish those Pieces first, which least engage the Curiosity of the Bulk of Mankind; and our Design must fall to the Ground, for Want of Encouragement,

ragement, before it can be so far advanced as to obtain general Regard: By confining ourselves for any long Time to any single Subject, we shall reduce our Readers to one Class; and, as we shall lose all the Grace of Variety, shall disgust all those who read chiefly to be diverted. There is likewise one Objection of equal Force, against both these Methods, that we shall preclude ourselves from the Advantage of any future Discoveries; and we cannot hope to assemble at once all the Pamphlets which have been written in any Age, or on any Subject.

It may be added, in Vindication of our intended Practice, that it is the same with that of *Photius*, whose Collections are no less Miscellaneous than ours; and who declares, that he leaves it to his Reader, to reduce his Extracts under their proper Heads.

Most of the Pieces, which shall be offered in this Collection to the Public, will be introduced by short Prefaces, in which will be given some Account of the Reasons for which they are inserted; Notes will be sometimes adjoined, for the Explanation of obscure Passages, or obsolete Expressions; and Care will be taken to mingle Use and Pleasure through the whole Collection. Notwithstanding every Subject may not be relished by every Reader; yet the Buyer may be assured that each Number will repay his generous Subscription.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE HARLEIAN LIBRARY.

TO ſolicit a Subſcription for a Catalogue of Books expoſed to Sale, is an Attempt for which ſome Apology cannot but be neceſſary; for few would willingly contribute to the Expence of Volumes, by which neither Inſtruction nor Entertainment could be afforded, from which only the Bookſeller could expect Advantage, and of which the only Uſe muſt ceaſe, at the Diſperſion of the Library.

Nor could the Reaſonableneſs of an univerſal Rejection of our Propoſal be denied, if this Catalogue were to be compiled with no other View, than that of promoting the Sale of the Books which it enumerates, and drawn up with that Innacuracy and Confuſion which may be found in thoſe that are daily publiſhed.

But our Deſign, like our Propoſal, is uncommon, and to be proſecuted at a very uncommon Expence; it being intended, that the Books ſhall be diſtributed into their diſtinct Claſſes, and every Claſs ranged with ſome Regard to the Age of the Writers; that every Book ſhall be accurately deſcribed; that the Peculiarities of Editions ſhall be remarked, and Obſervations from the Authors of Literary Hiſtory occaſionally interſperſed; that, by this Catalogue, we may inform Poſterity of the Excellence and Value of this great Collection, and promote the Knowledge of ſcarce Books, and elegant Editions. For this Purpoſe Men of Letters are engaged, who cannot even

even be supplied with Amanuenses, but at an Expence above that of a common Catalogue.

To shew that this Collection deserves a particular Degree of Regard from the Learned and the Studious, that it excels any Library that was ever yet offered to public Sale in the Value as well as Number of the Volumes which it contains; and that therefore this Catalogue will not be of less Use to Men of Letters, than those of the *Thuanian*, *Heinsian*, or *Barberinian* Libraries, it may not be improper to exhibit a general Account of the different Classes, as they are naturally divided by the several Sciences.

By this Method we can indeed exhibit only a general Idea, at once magnificent and confused; an Idea of the Writings of many Nations, collected from distant Parts of the World, discovered sometimes by Chance, and sometimes by Curiosity, amidst the Rubbish of forsaken Monasteries, and the Repositories of ancient Families, and brought hither from every Part, as to the universal Receptacle of Learning.

It will be no unpleasing Effect of this Account, if those, that shall happen to peruse it, should be inclined by it to reflect on the Character of the late Proprietors, and to pay some Tribute of Veneration to their Ardor for Literature, to that generous and exalted Curiosity which they gratified with incessant Searches and immense Expence, and to which they dedicated that Time, and that Superfluity of Fortune, which many others of their Rank employ in the Pursuit of contemptible Amusements, or the Gratification of guilty Passions. And, surely, every Man, who considers Learning as ornamental and advantageous to the Community, must allow them the Honour of public Benefactors, who have introduced amongst us Authors not hitherto well known, and added to the Literary Treasures of their native Country.

That

That our Catalogue will excite any other Man to emulate the Collectors of this Library, to prefer Books and Manuscripts to Equipage and Luxury, and to forsake Noise and Diversion for the Conversation of the Learned, and the Satisfaction of extensive Knowledge, we are very far from presuming to hope; but shall make no Scruple to assert, that, if any Man should happen to be seized with such laudable Ambition, he may find in this Catalogue Hints and Informations which are not easily to be met with; he will discover, that the boasted *Bodleian* Library is very far from a perfect Model, and that even the learned *Fabricius* cannot completely instruct him in the early Editions of the Classic Writers.

But the Collectors of Libraries cannot be numerous; and, therefore, Catalogues cannot very properly be recommended to the Public, if they had not a more general and frequent Use, an Use which every Student has experienced, or neglected to his Loss. By the Means of Catalogues only can it be known, what has been written on every Part of Learning, and the Hazard avoided of encountering Difficulties which have already been cleared, discussing Questions which have already been decided, and digging in Mines of Literature which former Ages have exhausted.

How often this has been the Fate of Students, every Man of Letters can declare; and, perhaps, there are very few who have not sometimes valued as new Discoveries, made by themselves, those Observations, which have long since been published, and of which the World therefore will refuse them the Praise; nor can the Refusal be censured as any enormous Violation of Justice; for, why should they not forfeit by their Ignorance, what they might claim by their Sagacity.

To illustrate this Remark, by the Mention of obscure Names, would not much confirm it; and to vilify for this Purpose the Memory of Men truly great,

great, would be to deny them the Reverence which they may juſtly claim from thoſe whom their Writings have inſtructed. May the Shade at leaſt, of one great *Engliſh* Critic reſt without Diſturbance; and may no Man preſume to inſult his Memory, who wants his Learning, his Reaſon, or his Wit.

From the vexatious Diſappointment of meeting Reproach, where Praiſe is expected, every Man will certainly deſire to be ſecured; and therefore that Book will have ſome Claim to his Regard, from which he may receive Informations of the Labours of his Predeceſſors, ſuch as a Catalogue of the *Harleian* Library will copiouſly afford him.

Nor is the Uſe of Catalogues of leſs Importance to thoſe whom Curioſity has engaged in the Study of Literary Hiſtory, and who think the intellectual Revolutions of the World more worthy of their Attention, than the Ravages of Tyrants, the Deſolation of Kingdoms, the Rout of Armies, and the Fall of Empires. Thoſe who are pleaſed with obſerving the firſt Birth of new Opinions, their Struggles againſt Oppoſition, their ſilent Progreſs under Perſecution, their general Reception, and their gradual Decline, or ſudden Extinction; thoſe that amuſe themſelves with remarking the different Periods of human Knowledge, and obſerve how Darkneſs and Light ſucceed each other; by what Accident the moſt gloomy Nights of Ignorance have given Way in the Dawn of Science, and how Learning has languiſhed and decayed, for Want of Patronage and Regard, or been overborne by the Prevalence of faſhionable Ignorance, or loſt amidſt the Tumults of Invaſion, and the Storms of Violence. All thoſe who deſire any Knowledge of the literary Tranſactions of paſt Ages, may find in Catalogues, like this at leaſt, ſuch an Account as is given by Annaliſts, and Chronologers of Civil Hiſtory.

How

How the Knowledge of the Sacred Writings has been diffused, will be observed from the Catalogue of the various Editions of the Bible, from the first Impression by *Fust*, in 1462, to the present Time; in which will be contained the Polyglot Editions of *Spain*, *France*, and *England*, those of the original *Hebrew*, the *Greek Septuagint*, and the *Latin Vulgate*; with the Versions which are now used in the remotest Parts of *Europe*, in the Country of the *Grisons*, in *Lithuania*, *Bohemia*, *Finland*, and *Iceland*.

With regard to the Attempts of the same Kind made in our own Country, there are few whose Expectations will not be exceeded by the Number of *English* Bibles, of which not one is forgotten, whether valuable for the Pomp and Beauty of the Impression, or for the Notes with which the Text is accompanied, or for any Controversy or Persecution that it produced, or for the Peculiarity of any single Passage. With the same Care have the various Editions of the Book of Common-Prayer been selected, from which all the Alterations which have been made in it may be easily remarked.

Amongst a great Number of *Roman* Missals and Breviaries, remarkable for the Beauty of their Cuts and Illuminations, will be found the *Mosarabic* Missal and Breviary, that raised such Commotions in the Kingdom of *Spain*.

The Controversial Treatises written in *England*, about the Time of the Reformation, have been diligently collected, with a Multitude of remarkable Tracts, single Sermons, and small Treatises; which, however worthy to be preserved, are, perhaps, to be found in no other Place.

The Regard which was always paid, by the Collectors of this Liberary, to that remarkable Period of Time, in which the Art of Printing was invented, determined them to accumulate the ancient Impressions of the Fathers of the Church; to which the later

Additions are added, leſt Antiquity ſhould have ſeemed more worthy of Eſteem than Accuracy.

Hiſtory has been conſidered with the Regard due to that Study by which the Manners are moſt eaſily formed, and from which the moſt efficacious Inſtruction is received; nor will the moſt extenſive Curioſity fail of Gratification in this Library; from which no Writers have been excluded, that relate either to the religious or civil Affairs of any Nation.

Not only thoſe Authors of Eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory have been procured, that treat of the State of Religion in general, or deliver Accounts of Sects or Nations, but thoſe likewiſe who have confined themſelves to particular Orders of Men in every Church; who have related the Original, and the Rules of every Society, or recounted the Lives of its Founder and its Members; thoſe who have deduced in every Country the Succeſſion of Biſhops, and thoſe who have employed their Abilities in celebrating the Piety of particular Saints, or Martyrs, or Monks, or Nuns.

The Civil Hiſtory of all Nations has been amaſſed together; nor is it eaſy to determine which has been thought moſt worthy of Curioſity.

Of *France*, not only the general Hiſtories and ancient Chronicles, the Accounts of celebrated Reigns, and Narratives of remarkable Events, but even the Memorials of ſingle Families, the Lives of private Men, the Antiquities of particular Cities, Churches, and Monaſteries, the Topography of Provinces, and the Accounts of Laws, Cuſtoms, and Preſcriptions, are here to be found.

The ſeveral States of *Italy* have, in this Treaſury, their particular Hiſtorians, whoſe Accounts are, perhaps, generally more exact, by being leſs extenſive; and more intereſting, by being more particular.

Nor has leſs Regard been paid to the different Nations of the *Germanic* Empire, of which neither the *Bohemians*, nor *Hungarians*, nor *Auſtrians*, nor *Bavarians*,

varians, have been neglected; nor have their Antiquities, however generally disregarded, been less studiously searched, than their present State.

The Northern Nations have supplied this Collection, not only with History, but Poetry, with *Gothic* Antiquities, and *Runic* Inscriptions; which at least have this Claim to Veneration, above the Remains of the *Roman* Magnificence, that they are the Works of those Heroes, by whom the *Roman* Empire was destroyed; and which may plead, at least in this Nation, that they ought not to be neglected by those that owe to the Men whose Memories they preserve, their Constitution, their Properties, and their Liberties.

The Curiosity of these Collectors extend equally to all Parts of the World; nor did they forget to add to the Northern the Southern Writers, or to adorn their Collection with Chronicles of *Spain*, and the Conquest of *Mexico*.

Even of those Nations with which we have less Intercourse, whose Customs are less accurately known, and whose History is less distinctly recounted, there are in this Library reposited such Accounts as the *Europeans* have been hitherto able to obtain; nor are the *Mogul*, the *Tartar*, the *Turk*, and the *Saracen*, without their Historians.

That Persons so inquisitive, with Regard to the Transactions of other Nations, should enquire yet more ardently after the History of their own, may be naturally expected; and, indeed, this Part of the Library is no common Instance of Diligence and Accuracy. Here are to be found, with the ancient Chronicles, and larger Histories of *Britain*, the Narratives of single Reigns, and the Accounts of remarkable Revolutions, the topographical Histories of Counties, the Pedigrees of Families, the Antiquities of Churches and Cities, the Proceedings of Parliaments, the Records of Monasteries, and the

Lives

Lives of particular Men, whether eminent in the Church or the State, or remarkable in private Life; whether exemplary for their Virtues, or deteſtable for their Crimes; whether perſecuted for Religion, or executed for Rebellion.

That memorable Period of the *Engliſh* Hiſtory, which begins with the Reign of King *Charles* the Firſt, and ends with the Reſtoration, will almoſt furniſh a Library alone, ſuch is the Number of Volumes, Pamphlets, and Papers, which were publiſhed by either Party; and ſuch is the Care with which they have been preſerved.

Nor is Hiſtory without the neceſſary Preparatives and Attendants, Geography and Chronology: Of Geography, the beſt Writers and Delineators have been procured, and Pomp and Accuracy have both been regarded: The Student of Chronology may here find likewiſe thoſe Authors who ſearched the Records of Time, and fixed the Periods of Hiſtory.

With the Hiſtorians and Geographers may be ranked the Writers of Voyages and Travels, which may be read here in the *Latin*, *Engliſh*, *Dutch*, *German*, *French*, *Italian*, and *Spaniſh* Languages.

The Laws of different Countries, as they are in themſelves equally worthy of Curioſity with their Hiſtory, have, in this Collection, been juſtly regarded; and the Rules by which the various Communities of the World are governed, may be here examined and compared. Here are the ancient Editions of the Papal Decretals, and the Commentators on the Civil Law, the Edicts of *Spain*, and the Statutes of *Venice*.

But with particular Induſtry have the various Writers on the Laws of our own Country been collected, from the moſt ancient to the preſent Time, from the Bodies of the Statutes to the minuteſt Treatiſe; not only the Reports, Precedents, and Readings of our own Courts, but even the Laws of our

West-Indian Colonies, will be exhibited in our Catalogue.

But neither History nor Law have been so far able to engross this Library, as to exclude Physic, Philosophy, or Criticism. Those have been thought, with Justice, worthy of a Place, who have examined the different Species of Animals, delineated their Forms, or described their Properties and Instincts, or who have penetrated the Bowels of the Earth, treated on its different Strata, and analysed its Metals; or who have amused themselves with less laborious Speculations, and planted Trees, or cultivated Flowers.

Those that have exalted their Thoughts above the minuter Parts of the Creation, who have observed the Motions of the heavenly Bodies, and attempted Systems of the Universe, have not been denied the Honour which they deserved by so great an Attempt, whatever has been their Success. Nor have those Mathematicians been rejected, who have applied their Science to the common Purposes of Life; or those that have deviated into the kindred Arts, of Tactics, Architecture, and Fortification.

Even Arts of far less Importance have found their Authors, nor have these Authors been despised by the boundless Curiosity of the Proprietors of the *Harleian* Library. The Writers on Horsemanship and Fencing are more numerous, and more bulky, than could be expected by those who reflect how seldom those excel in either, whom their Education has qualified to compose Books.

The Admirer of *Greek* and *Roman* Literature will meet, in this Collection, with Editions little known to the most inquisitive Critics, and which have escaped the Observation of those whose great Employment has been the Collation of Copies; nor will he find only the most ancient Editions of *Faustus*, *Jenson*, *Spira*, *Sweynheim*, and *Pannartz*, but the

the moſt accurate likewiſe and beautiful of *Colinæus*, the *Juntæ*, *Plantin*, *Aldus*, the *Stephens*, and *Elzevir*, with the Commentaries and Obſervations of the moſt learned Editors.

Nor are they accompanied only with the Illuſtrations of thoſe who have confined their Attempts to particular Writers, but of thoſe likewiſe who have treated on any Part of the *Greek*, or *Roman* Antiquities, their Laws, their Cuſtoms, their Dreſs, their Buildings, their Wars, their Revenues, or the Rites and Ceremonies of their Worſhip, and thoſe that have endeavoured to explain any of their Authors from their Statues or their Coins.

Next to the Ancients, thoſe Writers deſerve to be mentioned, who, at the Reſtoration of Literature, imitated their Language and their Stile with ſo great Succeſs, or who laboured with ſo much Induſtry to make them underſtood: Such were *Philelphus* and *Politian*, *Scaliger* and *Buchanan*, and the Poets of the Age of *Leo* the Tenth; theſe are likewiſe to be found in this Library, together with the *Deliciæ*, or Collections of all Nations.

Painting is ſo nearly allied to Poetry, that it cannot be wondered that thoſe who have ſo much eſteemed the one, have paid an equal Regard to the other; and therefore it may be eaſily imagined, that the Collection of Prints is numerous in an uncommon Degree; but ſurely, the Expectation of every Man will be exceeded, when he his informed that there are more than forty thouſand engraven from *Raphael*, *Titian*, *Guido*, the *Carraches*, and a thouſand others by *Nauteuil*, *Hollar*, *Callet*, *Edelinck*, and *Dorigny*, and other Engravers of equal Reputation.

There is alſo a great Collection of original Drawings, of which three ſeem to deſerve a particular Mention; the firſt exhibits a Repreſentation of the Inſide of St. *Peter*'s Church at *Rome*; the ſecond, of that of St. *John Lateran*; and the third, of the high

Altar of St. *Ignatius*; all painted with the utmoſt Accuracy, in their proper Colours.

As the Value of this great Collection may be conceived from this Account, however imperfect, as the Variety of Subjects muſt engage the Curioſity of Men of different Studies, Inclinations, and Employments, it may be thought of very little Uſe to mention any ſlighter Advantages, or to dwell on the Decorations and Embelliſhments which the Generoſity of the Proprietors has beſtowed upon it; yet, ſince the Compiler of the *Thuanian* Catalogue thought not even that Species of Elegance below his Obſervation, it may not be improper to obſerve, that the *Harleian* Library, perhaps, excels all others, not more in the Number and Excellence, than in the Splendor of its Volumes.

We may now ſurely be allowed to hope, that our Catalogue will not be thought unworthy of the public Curioſity; that it will be purchaſed as a Record of this great Collection, and preſerved as one of the Memorials of Learning.

The Patrons of Literature will forgive the Purchaſer of this Library, if he preſumes to aſſert ſome Claim to their Protection and Encouragement, as he may have been inſtrumental in continuing to this Nation the Advantage of it. The Sale of *Voſſius*'s Collection into a foreign Country, is, to this Day, regretted by Men of Letters; and if this Effort for the Prevention of another Loſs of the ſame Kind ſhould be diſadvantageous to him, no Man will hereafter willingly riſque his Fortune in the Cauſe of Learning.

A DIS-

A DISSERTATION ON AUTHORS.

Scire velim quare toties mihi, Nævole, triſtis
Occuris fronte obductâ, ceu Marſya victus. Juv.

THERE is no Gift of Nature, or Effect of Art, however beneficial to Mankind, which, either by caſual Deviations, or fooliſh Perverſions, is not ſometimes miſchievous. Whatever may be the Cauſe of Happineſs, may be made likewiſe the Cauſe of Miſery. The Medicine, which rightly applied, has Power to cure, has, when Raſhneſs or Ignorance preſcribes it, the ſame Power to deſtroy.

I have computed, at ſome Hours of Leiſure, the Loſs and Gain of Literature, and ſet the Pain which it produces againſt the Pleaſure. Such Calculations are indeed at a great Diſtance from mathematical Exactneſs, as they ariſe from the Induction of a few Particulars, and from Obſervations made rather according to the Temper of the Computiſt, than the Nature of Things. But ſuch a narrow Survey as can be taken, will eaſily ſhew that Letters cauſe many Bleſſings, and inflict many Calamities; that there is ſcarcely an Individual who may not conſider them as immediately or mediately influencing his Life, as they are chief Inſtruments of conveying Knowledge, and tranſmitting Sentiments; and almoſt every Man learns, by their Means, all that is right or wrong in his Sentiments and Conduct.

If Letters were conſidered only as Means of Pleaſure, it might well be doubted in what Degree of Eſtimation they ſhould be held; but when they are referred to Neceſſity, the Controverſy is at an End: It ſoon appears, that though they may ſometimes in-

commode us; yet human Life would ſcarcely riſe, without them, above the common Exiſtence of animal Nature: We might indeed breathe and eat in univerſal Ignorance; but muſt want all that gives Pleaſure or Security, all the Embelliſhments and Delights, and moſt of the Conveniencies and Comforts of our preſent Condition.

Literature is a Kind of intellectual Light, which, like the Light of the Sun, may ſometimes enable us to ſee what we do not like; but who would wiſh to eſcape unpleaſing Objects, by condemning himſelf to perpetual Darkneſs?

Since, therefore, Letters are thus indiſpenſably neceſſary, ſince we cannot perſuade ourſelves to loſe their Benefits for the Sake of eſcaping their Miſchiefs, it is worth our ſerious Enquiry, how their Benefits may be increaſed, and their Miſchiefs leſſened; by what Means the Harveſt of our Studies may afford us more Corn, and leſs Chaff; and how the Roſes of the Gardens of Science may gratify us more with their Fragrance, and prick us leſs with their Thorns.

I ſhall not, at preſent, mention the more formidable Evils which the Miſapplication of Literature produces; nor ſpeak of Churches infected with Hereſy, States inflamed with Sedition, or Schools infatuated with hypothetical Fictions. Theſe are Evils which Mankind have always lamented; and which, till Mankind grow wiſe and modeſt, they muſt, I am afraid, continue to lament, without Hope of Remedy. I ſhall now touch only on ſome lighter and leſs extenſive Evils, yet ſuch as are ſufficiently heavy to thoſe that feel them; and are of late ſo widely diffuſed, as to deſerve, though perhaps not the Notice of the Legiſlature, yet the Conſideration of thoſe whoſe Benevolence inclines them to a voluntary Care of public Happineſs.

It was long ago obſerved by *Virgil*, and I ſuppoſe by many before him, that *Bees do not make Honey for their*

their own Use: The Sweets which they collect in their laborious Excursions, and store up in their Hives with so much Skill, are seized by those who have contributed neither Toil nor Art to the Collection; and the poor Animals are either destroyed by the Invader, or left to shift without a Supply. The Condition is nearly the same of the Gatherer of Honey and the Gatherer of Knowledge. The *Bee* and the *Author* work alike for others, and often lose the Profit of their Labour. The Case, therefore, of Authors, however hitherto neglected, may claim Regard. Every Body of Men is important according to the joint Proportion of their Usefulness and their Number. Individuals, however they may excel, cannot hope to be considered singly as of great Weight in the political Balance; and Multitudes, though they may, merely by their Bulk, demand some Notice, are yet not of much Value, unless they contribute to ease the Burthen of Society, by co-operating to its Prosperity.

Of the Men, whose Condition we are now examining, the Usefulness never was disputed: They are known to be the great Disseminators of Knowledge, and Guardians of the Commonwealth; and of late their Numbers have been so much increased, that they are become a very conspicuous Part of the Nation. It is not now, as in former Times, when Men studied long, and passed through the Severities of Discipline, and the Probation of public Trials, before they presumed to think themselves qualified for Instructors of their Countrymen: There is found a nearer Way to Fame and Erudition, and the Inclosures of Literature are thrown open to every Man whom Idleness disposes to loiter, or whom Pride inclines to set himself to View. The Sailor publishes his Journal; the Farmer writes the Process of his annual Labour: He that succeeds in his Trade thinks his Wealth a Proof of his Understanding, and

boldly tutors the Public: He that fails, conſiders his Miſcarriage as the Conſequence of a Capacity too great for the Buſineſs of a Shop, and amuſes himſelf in the Fleet with Writing or Tranſlating. The laſt Century imagined, that a Man compoſing in his Chariot was a new Object of Curioſity; but how much would the Wonder have been increaſed, by a Footman ſtudying behind it? There is now no Claſs of Men without its Authors, from the Peer to the Threſher; nor can the Sons of Literature be confined any longer to *Grubſtreet* or *Moorfields*; they are ſpread over all the Town and all the Country, and fill every Stage of Habitation from the Cellar to the Garret.

It is well known, that the Price of Commodities muſt always fall as the Quantity is increaſed, and that no Trade can allow its Profeſſors to be multiplied beyond a certain Number. The great Miſery of Writers proceeds from their Multitude. We eaſily perceive that in a Nation of Clothiers no Man could have any Cloth to make but for his own Back; that in a Community of Bakers every Man muſt uſe his own Bread; and what can be the Caſe of a Nation of Authors, but that every Man muſt be content to read his Book to himſelf? For ſurely it is in vain to hope, that of Men labouring at the ſame Occupation, any will prefer the Work of his Neighbour to his own; yet this Expectation, wild as it is, ſeems to be indulged by many of the Writing Race; and therefore it can be no Wonder that, like all other Men who ſuffer their Minds to form inconſiderate Hopes, they are harraſſed and dejected with frequent Diſappointments.

If I were to form an Adage of Miſery, or fix the loweſt Point to which Humanity could fall, I ſhould be tempted to name the Life of an Author. Many univerſal Compariſons there are by which Miſery is expreſſed. We talked of a Man teazed like a Bear at the

the Stake, tormented like a Toad under a Harrow, or hunted like a Dog with a Stick at his Tail: All these are indeed States of Uneasiness; but what are they to the Life of an Author! of an Author worried by Critics, tormented by his Bookseller, and hunted by his Creditors. Yet such must be the Case of many among the Retailers of Knowledge, while they continue thus to swarm over the Land; and whether it be by Propagation or Contagion, produce new Writers to heighten the general Distress, to increase Confusion, and hasten Famine.

Having long studied the Varieties of Life, I can guess by every Man's Walk, or Air, to what State of the Community he belongs. Every Man has noted the Legs of a Taylor, and the Gait of a Seaman; and a little Extension of his physiognomical Acquisitions will teach him to distinguish the Countenance of an Author. It is my Practice, when I am in Want of Amusement, to place myself for an Hour at *Temple-Bar*, or any other narrow Pass much frequented, and examine one by one the Looks of the Passengers; and I have commonly found, that, between the Hours of Eleven and Four, every Sixth Man is an Author. They are seldom to be seen very early in the Morning, or late in the Evening; but about Dinner-time they are all in Motion, and have one uniform Eagerness in their Faces, which gives little Opportunity of discerning their Hopes or Fears, their Pleasures or their Pains.

But, in the Afternoon, when they have all dined, or composed themselves to pass the Day without a Dinner, their Passions have full Play, and I can perceive one Man wondering at the Stupidity of the Public, by which his new Book has been totally neglected; another cursing the *French*, who fright away literary Curiosity by their Threats of an Invasion; another swearing at his Bookseller, who will advance no Money without Copy; another perus-

ing, as he walks, his Publiſher's Bill; another murmuring at an unanſwerable Criticiſm; another determining to write no more to a Generation of Barbarians; and another reſolving to try once again, whether he cannot awake the drowſy World to a Senſe of his Merit.

It ſometimes happens, that there may be remarked among them a Smile of Complacence, or a Strut of Elevation: But if theſe Favourites of Fortune are carefully watched for a few Days, they ſeldom fail to ſhew the Tranſitorineſs of human Felicity; the Creſt falls, the Gaiety is ended, and there appear evident Tokens of a ſucceſsful Rival, or a fickle Patron.

But of all Authors, thoſe are the moſt wretched, who exhibit their Productions on the Theatre, and who are to propitiate firſt the Manager, and then the Public. Many an humble Viſitant have I followed to the Doors of theſe Lords of the Drama, ſeen him touch the Knocker with a ſhaking Hand; and, after long Deliberation, adventure to ſolicit Entrance by a ſingle Knock: But I never ſtaid to ſee them come out from their Audience; becauſe my Heart is tender, and being ſubject to Frights in Bed, I would not willingly dream of an Author.

That the Number of Authors is diſproportionate to the Maintenance which the Public ſeems willing to aſſign them; that there is neither Praiſe nor Meat for all who write, is apparent from this; that, like Wolves in long Winters, they are forced to prey one on another. The *Reviewers* and *Critical Reviewers*, the *Remarkers* and *Examiners*, can ſatisfy their Hunger only by devouring their Brethren. I am far from imagining that they are naturally more ravenous or blood-thirſty than thoſe on whom they fall with ſo much Violence and Fury; but they are hungry, and Hunger muſt be ſatisfied; and theſe Savages, when their

their Bellies are full, will fawn on those whom they now bite.

The Result of all these Considerations amounts only to this; that the Number of Writers must at last be lessened; but by what Method this great Design can be accomplished, is not easily discovered. It was lately proposed that every Man who kept a Dog should pay a certain Tax, which, as the Contriver of Ways and Means very judiciously observed, would either destroy the Dogs, or bring in Money. Perhaps it might be proper to lay some such Tax upon Authors, only the Payment must be lessened in Proportion as the Animal, upon which it is raised, is less necessary; for many a Man that would pay for his Dog, will dismiss his Dedicator. Perhaps if every one, who employed or harboured an Author, was assessed a Groat a Year, it would sufficiently lessen the Nuisance without destroying the Species.

But no great Alteration is to be attempted rashly. We must consider how the Authors, which this Tax shall exclude from their Trade, are to be employed. The Nets used in the Herring Fishery can furnish Work but for few, and not many can be employed as Labourers at the Foundation of the new Bridge. There must, therefore, be some other Scheme formed for their Accommodation, which the present State of Affairs may easily supply. It is well known, that great Efforts have been lately made to man the Fleet, and augment the Army, and loud Complaints are made of useful Hands forced away from their Families into the Service of the Crown. This offensive Exertion of Power may be easily avoided, by opening a few Houses for the Entertainment of discarded Authors, who would enter into the Service with great Alacrity, as most of them are zealous Friends of every present Government; many of them are Men of able Bodies, and strong Limbs, qualified at least as well for the Musket as the Pen: They are, perhaps,

haps, at preſent a little emaciated and enfeebled; but would ſoon recover their Strength and Fleſh with good Quarters and preſent Pay.

There are ſome Reaſons for which they may ſeem particularly qualified for a military Life. They are uſed to ſuffer Want of every Kind; they are accuſtomed to obey the Word of Command from their Patrons and their Bookſellers; they have always paſſed a Life of Hazard and Adventure, uncertain what may be their State on the next Day; and, what is of yet more Importance, they have long made their Minds familiar to Danger, by Deſcriptions of bloody Battles, daring Undertakings, and wonderful Eſcapes. They have their Memories ſtored with all the Stratagems of War, and have, over and over, practiſed in their Cloſets the Expedients of Diſtreſs, the Exultation of Triumph, and the Reſignation of Heroes ſentenced to Deſtruction.

Some indeed there are, who, by often changing Sides in Controverſy, may give juſt Suſpicion of their Fidelity, and whom I ſhould think likely to deſert for the Pleaſure of Deſertion, or for a Farthing a Month advanced in their Pay. Of theſe Men I know not what Uſe can be made; for they can never be truſted but with Shackles on their Legs. There are others whom long Depreſſion, under ſupercilious Patrons, has ſo humbled and cruſhed, that they will never have Steadineſs to keep their Ranks. But for theſe Men there may be found Fifes and Drums, and they will be well enough pleaſed to inflame others to Battle, if they are not obliged to fight themſelves.

It is more difficult to know what can be done with the Ladies of the Pen, of whom this Age has produced greater Numbers than any former Time. It is indeed common for Women to follow the Camp; but no prudent General will allow them in ſuch Numbers as the Breed of Authoreſſes would furniſh. Authoreſſes are ſeldom famous for clean Linen; therefore

fore they cannot make Laundreſſes: They are rarely ſkilful at their Needle, and cannot make a Soldier's Shirt: They will make bad Suttlers, being not much accuſtomed to eat. I muſt therefore propoſe, that they ſhall form a Regiment of themſelves, and garriſon the Town which is ſuppoſed to be in moſt Danger of a *French* Invaſion. They will probably have no Enemies to encounter; but, if they are once ſhut up together, they will ſoon diſincumber the Public, by tearing out the Eyes of one another.

The great Art of Life is to play for much, and to ſtake little; which Rule I have kept in View through this whole Project: For, if our Authors, and Authoreſſes defeat our Enemies, we ſhall obtain all the uſual Advantages of Victory; and if they ſhould be deſtroyed in War, we ſhall loſe only thoſe who had wearied the Public, and whom, whatever be their Fate, nobody will miſs.

THE PLAN OF A DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

To the Right Honourable *Philip Dormer*, Earl of *Chesterfield*, one of His Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

My LORD,

WHEN first I undertook to write an *English* Dictionary, I had no Expectation of any higher Patronage than that of the Proprietors of the Copy, nor Prospect of any other Advantage than the Price of my Labour. I knew that the Work in which I engaged is generally considered as Drudgery for the Blind, as the proper Toil of artless Industry; a Task that requires neither the Light of Learning, nor the Activity of Genius, but may be successfully performed without any higher Quality than that of bearing Burthens with dull Patience, and beating the Track of the Alphabet with sluggish Resolution.

Whether this Opinion, so long transmitted, and so widely propagated, had its Beginning from Truth and Nature, or from Accident and Prejudice; whether it be decreed by the Authority of Reason, or the Tyranny of Ignorance, that of all the Candidates for literary Praise, the unhappy Lexicographer holds the lowest Place, neither Vanity nor Interest incited me to enquire. It appeared that the Province allotted me was, of all the Regions of Learning,

ing, generally confeſſed to be the leaſt delightful, that it was believed to produce neither Fruits nor Flowers; and that, after a long and laborious Cultivation, not even the barren Laurel had been found upon it.

Yet on this Province, my Lord, I entered, with the pleaſing Hope, that, as it was low, it likewiſe would be ſafe. I was drawn forward with the Proſpect of Employment, which, though not ſplendid, would be uſeful; and which, though it could not make my Life envied, would keep it innocent; which would awaken no Paſſion, engage me in no Contention, nor throw in my Way any Temptation to diſturb the Quiet of others by Cenſure, or my own by Flattery.

I had read indeed of Times, in which Princes and Stateſmen thought it Part of their Honour to promote the Improvement of their native Tongues; and in which Dictionaries were written under the Protection of Greatneſs. To the Patrons of ſuch Undertakings I willingly paid the Homage of believing that they, who were thus ſolicitous for the Perpetuity of their Language, had Reaſon to expect that their Actions would be celebrated by Poſterity, and that the Eloquence which they promoted would be employed in their Praiſe. But I conſider ſuch Acts of Beneficence as Prodigies, recorded rather to raiſe Wonder than Expectation; and content with the Terms that I had ſtipulated, had not ſuffered my Imagination to flatter me with any other Encouragement, when I found that my Deſign had been thought by your Lordſhip of Importance ſufficient to attract your Favour.

How far this unexpected Diſtinction can be rated among the happy Incidents of Life, I am not yet able to determine. Its firſt Effect has been to make me anxious, leſt it ſhould fix the Attention of the Public too much upon me, and, as it once happened to

to an Epic Poet of *France*, by raiſing the Reputation of the Attempt, obſtruct the Reception of the Work. I imagine what the World will expect from a Scheme, proſecuted under your Lordſhip's Influence; and I know that Expectation, when her Wings are once expanded, eaſily reaches Heights which Performance never will attain; and when ſhe has mounted the Summit of Perfection, derides her Follower, who dies in the Purſuit.

Not therefore to raiſe Expectation, but to repreſs it, I here lay before your Lordſhip the Plan of my Undertaking, that more may not be demanded than I intend; and that, before it is too far advanced to be thrown into a new Method, I may be advertiſed of its Defects or Superfluities. Such Informations I may juſtly hope, from the Emulation with which thoſe, who deſire the Praiſe of Elegance or Diſcernment, muſt contend in the Promotion of a Deſign that you, my Lord, have not thought unworthy to ſhare your Attention with Treaties and with Wars.

In the firſt Attempt to methodiſe my Ideas I found a Difficulty, which extended itſelf to the whole Work. It was not eaſy to determine by what Rule of Diſtinction the Words of this Dictionary were to be choſen. The chief Intent of it is to preſerve the Purity, and aſcertain the Meaning of our *Engliſh* Idiom; and this ſeems to require nothing more than that our Language be conſidered, ſo far as it is our own; that the Words and Phraſes uſed in the general Intercourſe of Life, or found in the Works of thoſe whom we commonly ſtile polite Writers, be ſelected, without including the Terms of particular Profeſſions; ſince, with the Arts to which they relate, they are generally derived from other Nations, and are very often the ſame in all the Languages of this Part of the World. This is, perhaps, the exact and pure Idea of a grammatical Dictionary; but in Lexicography, as in other Arts, naked Science is too delicate for the

the Purpoſes of Life. The Value of a Work muſt be eſtimated by its Uſe: It is not enough that a Dictionary delights the Critic, unleſs, at the ſame Time, it inſtructs the Learner; as it is to little Purpoſe that an Engine amuſes the Philoſopher by the Subtilty of its Mechaniſm, if it requires ſo much Knowledge in its Application, as to be of no Advantage to the common Workman.

The Title which I prefix to my Work has long conveyed a very miſcellaneous Idea, and they that take a Dictionary into their Hands, have been accuſtomed to expect from it a Solution of almoſt every Difficulty. If foreign Words therefore were rejected, it could be little regarded, excepted by Critics, or thoſe who aſpire to Criticiſm; and however it might enlighten thoſe that write, would be all Darkneſs to them that only read. The Unlearned much oftner conſult their Dictionaries for the Meaning of Words, than for their Structures or Formations; and the Words that moſt want Explanation are generally Terms of Art; which, therefore, Experince has taught my Predeceſſors to ſpread with a Kind of pompous Luxuriance over their Productions.

The Academicians of *France*, indeed, rejected Terms of Science in their firſt Eſſay, but found afterwards a Neceſſity of relaxing the Rigour of their Determination; and, though they would not naturalize them at once by a ſingle Act, permitted them by Degrees to ſettle themſelves among the Natives, with little Oppoſition; and it would ſurely be no Proof of Judgment to imitate them in an Error which they have now retracted, and deprive the Book of its chief Uſe, by ſcrupulous Diſtinctions.

On ſuch Words, however, all are not equally to be conſidered as Parts of our Language; for ſome of them are naturalized and incoporated, but others ſtill continue Aliens, and are rather Auxiliaries then

Subjects. This Naturalization is produced either by an Admiſſion into common Speech, in ſome metaphorical Signification, which is the Acquiſition of a Kind of Property among us; as we ſay, the Zenith of Advancement, the Meridian of Life, the * Cynoſure of neighbouring Eyes; or it is the Conſequence of long Intermixture and frequent Uſe, by which the Ear is accuſtomed to the Sound of Words, till their Original is forgotten, as in Equator, Satellites; or of the Change of a foreign into an *Engliſh* Termination, and a Conformity to the Laws of the Speech into which they are adopted; as in Category, Chachexy, Peripneumony.

Of thoſe which ſtill continue in the State of Aliens, and have made no Approaches towards Aſſimilation, ſome ſeem neceſſary to be retained; becauſe the Purchaſers of the Dictionary will expect to find them. Such are many Words in the Common Law, as *Capias*, *Habeas Corpus*, *Præmunire*, *Niſi Prius:* Such are ſome Terms of Controverſial Divinity, as Hypoſtaſis; and of Phyſick, as the Names of Diſeaſes; and in general, all Terms which can be found in Books not written profeſſedly upon particular Arts, or can be ſuppoſed neceſſary to thoſe who do not regularly ſtudy them. Thus, when a Reader not ſkilled in Phyſick happens in *Milton* upon this Line,

——————————— pining Atrophy,
Maraſmus, and wide-waſting Peſtilence,

he will, with equal Expectation, look into his Dictionary for the Word Maraſmus, as for Atrophy, or Peſtilence; and will have Reaſon to complain if he does not find it.

It ſeems neceſſary to the Completion of a Dictionary deſigned not merely for Critics, but for popular Uſe, that it ſhould compriſe, in ſome Degree,

* *Milton*,

the

the peculiar Words of every Profeſſion; that the Terms of War and Navigation ſhould be inſerted, ſo far as they can be required by Readers of Travels, and of Hiſtory; and thoſe of Law, Merchandiſe, and mechanical Trades, ſo far as they can be ſuppoſed uſeful in the Occurrences of common Life.

But there ought, however, to be ſome Diſtinction made between the different Claſſes of Words; and therefore it will be proper to print thoſe which are incorporated into the Language in the uſual Character, and thoſe which are ſtill to be conſidered as foreign, in the *Italick* Letter.

Another Queſtion may ariſe with regard to Appellatives, or the Names of Species. It ſeems of no great Uſe to ſet down the Words Horſe, Dog, Cat, Willow, Alder, Daſy, Roſe, and a thouſand others, of which it will be hard to give an Explanation, not more obſcure than the Word itſelf. Yet it is to be conſidered, that, if the Names of Animals be inſerted, we muſt admit thoſe which are more known, as well as thoſe with which we are, by Accident, leſs acquainted; and if they are all rejected, how will the Reader be relieved from Difficulties produced by Alluſions to the Crocodile, the Camæleon, the Ichneumon, and the Hyæna? If no Plants are to be mentioned, the moſt pleaſing Part of Nature will be excluded, and many beautiful Epithets be unexplained. If only thoſe which are leſs known are to be mentioned, who ſhall fix the limits of the Reader's Learning? The Importance of ſuch Explications appears from the Miſtakes which the Want of them has occaſioned. Had *Shakeſpeare* had a Dictionary of this Kind, he had not made the Woodbine entwine the Honeyſuckle; nor would *Milton*, with ſuch Aſſiſtance, have diſpoſed ſo improperly of his Ellops and his Scorpion.

Beſides, as ſuch Words, like others, require that their Accents ſhould be ſettled, their Sounds aſcer-

tained, and their Etymologies deduced, they cannot be properly omitted in the Dictionary. And though the Explanations of ſome may be cenſured as trivial becauſe they are almoſt univerſally underſtood, and thoſe of others as unneceſſary, becauſe they will ſeldom occur, yet it ſeems not proper to omit them, ſince it is rather to be wiſhed that many Readers ſhould find more than they expect, than that one ſhould miſs what he might hope to find.

When all the Words are ſelected and arranged, the firſt Part of the Work to be conſidered is the Orthography, which was long vague and uncertain; which at laſt, when its Fluctuation ceaſed, was in many Caſes ſettled but by Accident; and in which, according to your Lordſhip's Obſervation, there is ſtill great Uncertainty among the beſt Critics: Nor is it eaſy to ſtate a Rule by which we may decide between Cuſtom and Reaſon, or between the equiponderant Authorities of Writers alike eminent for Judgment and Accuracy.

The great orthographical Conteſt has long ſubſiſted between Etymology and Pronunciation. It has been demanded, on one Hand, that Men ſhould write as they ſpeak; but, as it has been ſhewn that this Conformity never was attained in any Language, and that it is not more eaſy to perſuade Men to agree exactly in ſpeaking than in writing, it may be aſked with equal Propriety, why Men do not rather ſpeak as they write. In *France*, where this Controverſy was at its greateſt Height, neither Party, however ardent, durſt adhere ſteadily to their own Rule; the Etymologiſt was often forced to ſpell with the People; and the Advocate for the Authority of Pronunciation found it ſometimes deviating ſo capriciouſly from the received Uſe of Writing, that he was conſtrained to comply with the Rule of his Adverſaries, leſt he ſhould loſe the End by the Means, and be left alone by following the Crowd.

When

When a Queſtion of Orthography is dubious, that Practice has, in my Opinion, a Claim to Preference which preſerves the greateſt Number of radical Letters, or ſeems moſt to comply with the general Cuſtom of our Language. But the chief Rule which I propoſe to follow is, to make no Innovation, without a Reaſon ſufficient to balance the Inconvenience of Change; and ſuch Reaſons I do not expect often to find. All Change is of itſelf an Evil, which ought not be hazarded but for evident Advantage; and as Inconſtancy is in every Caſe a Mark of Weakneſs, it will add nothing to the Reputation of our Tongue. There are, indeed, ſome who deſpiſe the Inconveniences of Confuſion, who ſeem to take Pleaſure in departing from Cuſtom, and to think Alteration deſirable for its own Sake, and the Reformation of our Orthography, which theſe Writers have attempted, ſhould not paſs without its due Honours, but that I ſuppoſe they hold a Singularity its own Reward, or may dread the Faſcination of laviſh Praiſe.

The preſent Uſage of Spelling, where the preſent Uſage can be diſtinguiſhed, will therefore, in this Work, be generally followed; yet there will be often Occaſion to obſerve, that it is in itſelf inaccurate, and tolerated rather than choſen; particularly when, by a Change of one Letter, or more, the Meaning of a Word is obſcured; as in *Farrier*, or *Ferrier*, as it was formerly written, from *Ferrum*, or *Fer*; in *Gibberiſh*, for *Gebriſh*, the Jargon of *Geber*, and his chymical Followers, underſtood by none but their own Tribe. It will be likewiſe ſometimes proper to trace back the Orthography of different Ages, and ſhew by what Gradations the Word departed from its Original.

Cloſely connected with Orthography is Pronunciation, the Stability of which is of great Importance to the Duration of a Language, becauſe the firſt Change will naturally begin by Corruptions in

the living Speech. The Want of certain Rules for the Pronunciation of former Ages, has made us wholly ignorant of the metrical Art of our ancient Poets; and ſince thoſe who ſtudy their Sentiments regret the Loſs of their Numbers, it is ſurely Time to provide that the Harmony of the Moderns may be more permanent.

A new Pronunciation will make almoſt a new Speech; and therefore, ſince one great End of this Undertaking is to fix the *Engliſh* Language, Care will be taken to determine the Accentuation of all Polyſyllables by proper Authorities, as it is one of thoſe capricious Phænomena which cannot be eaſily reduced to Rules. Thus there is no antecedent Reaſon for Difference of Accent in the Words *dolorous* and *ſonorous*; yet of the one *Milton* gives the Sound in this Line:

He paſs'd o'er many a Region *dolorous*,

and that of the other in this,

Sonorous Metal blowing martial Sounds.

It may likewiſe be proper to remark metrical Licenſes, ſuch as Contractions, *generous*, *gen'rous*; *reverend*, *rev'rend*; and Coalitions, as *Region*, *Queſtion*.

But it is ſtill more neceſſary to fix the Pronunciation of Monoſyllables, by placing with them Words of correſpondent Sound, that one may guard the other againſt the Danger of that Variation, which, to ſome of the moſt common, has already happened; ſo that the Words *Wound* and *Wind*, as they are now frequently pronounced, will not rhyme to *Sound* and *Mind*. It is to be remarked, that many Words written alike are differently pronounced, as *Flow*, and *Brow*; which may be thus regiſtered, *Flow*, *Woe*, *Brow*, *now*; or of which the Exemplification may be generally given by a Diſtich: Thus the Words

tear,

tear, or lacerate, and *Tear*, the Water of the Eye, have the ſame Letters, but may be diſtinguiſhed thus, *tear*, *dare*; *Tear*, *Peer*.

Some Words have two Sounds, which may be equally admitted, as being equally defenſible by Authority. Thus *great* is differently uſed.

For *Swift* and him deſpis'd the Farce of State,
The ſober Follies of the Wiſe and *Great*. POPE.

As if Misfortune made the Throne her Seat,
And none could be unhappy but the *Great*. ROWE.

The Care of ſuch minute Particulars may be cenſured as trifling; but theſe Particulars have not been thought unworthy of Attention in more poliſhed Languages.

The Accuracy of the *French*, in ſtating the Sounds of their Letters, is well known; and, among the *Italians*, *Creſcembeni* has not thought it unneceſſary to inform his Countrymen of the Words which, in Compliance with different Rhymes, are allowed to be differently ſpelt, and of which the Number is now ſo fixed, that no modern Poet is ſuffered to encreaſe it.

When the Orthography and Pronunciation are adjuſted, the Etymology or Derivation is next to be conſidered, and the Words are to be diſtinguiſhed according to their different Claſſes, whether ſimple, as *Day*, *Light*, or compound, as *Day-light*; whether primitive, as, to *act*, or derivative, as *Action*, *actionable*, *active*, *Activity*. This will much facilitate the Attainment of our Language, which now ſtands in our Dictionaries a confuſed Heap of Words without Dependence, and without Relation.

When this Part of the Work is performed, it will be neceſſary to enquire how our Primitives are to be deduced from foreign Languages, which may be often very ſucceſsfully performed by the Aſſiſtance of our own Etymologiſts. This Search will give Occaſion

caſion to many curious Diſquiſitions, and ſometimes perhaps to Conjectures, which to Readers unacquainted with this Kind of Study, cannot but appear improbable and capricious. But it may be reaſonably imagined, that what is ſo much in the Power of Men as Language, will very often be capriciouſly conducted. Nor are theſe Diſquiſitions and Conjectures to be conſidered altogether as wanton Sports of Wit, or vain Shews of Learning; our Language is well known not to be primitive or ſelf-originated, but to have adopted Words of every Generation, and, either for the Supply of its Neceſſities, or the Encreaſe of its Copiouſneſs, to have received Additions from very diſtant Regions; ſo that in Search of the Progenitors of our Speech, we may wander from the Tropic to the Frozen Zone, and find ſome in the Valleys of *Paleſtine*, and ſome upon the Rocks of *Norway*.

Beſides the Derivation of particular Words, there is likewiſe an Etymology of Phraſes. Expreſſions are often taken from other Languages; ſome apparently, as to *run a Riſque*, *courier un Riſque*; and ſome even when we do not ſeem to borrow their Words; thus, to *bring about* or accompliſh, appears an *Engliſh* Phraſe, but in Reality our native Word *about* has no ſuch Import, and is only a *French* Expreſſion, of which we have an Example in the common Phraſes *venir à bout d'une affaire*.

In exhibiting the Deſcent of our Language, our Etymologiſts ſeem to have been too laviſh of their Learning, having traverſed almoſt every Word through various Tongues, only to ſhew what was ſhewn ſufficiently by the firſt Derivation. This Practice is of great Uſe in ſynoptical Lexicons, where mutilated and doubtful Languages are explained by their Affinity to others more certain and extenſive, but is generally ſuperfluous in *Engliſh* Etymologies. When the Word is eaſily deduced from a *Saxon* Original,

Original, I ſhall not often enquire further, ſince we know not the Parent of the *Saxon* Dialect; but when it is borrowed from the *French*, I ſhall ſhew whence the *French* is apparently derived. Where a *Saxon* Root cannot be found, the Defect may be ſupplied from kindred Languages, which will be generally furniſhed with much Liberality by the Writers of our Gloſſaries; Writers who deſerve often the higheſt Praiſe, both of Judgment and Induſtry, and may expect at leaſt to be mentioned with Honour by me, whom they have freed from the greateſt Part of a very laborious Work, and on whom they have impoſed, at worſt, only the eaſy Taſk of rejecting Superfluities.

By tracing in this Manner every Word to its Original, and not admitting, but with great Caution, any of which no Original can be found, we ſhall ſecure our Language from being over-run with Cant, from being crouded with low Terms, the Spawn of Folly or Affectation, which ariſe from no juſt Principles of Speech, and of which therefore no legitimate Derivation can be ſhewn.

When the Etymology is thus adjuſted, the Analogy of our Language is next to be conſidered; when we have diſcovered whence our Words are derived, we are to examine by what Rules they are governed, and how they are inflected through their various Terminations. The Terminations of the *Engliſh* are few, but thoſe few have hitherto remained unregarded by the Writers of our Dictionaries. Our Subſtantives are declined only by the plural Termination, our Adjectives admit no Variation but in the Degrees of Compariſon, and our Verbs are conjugated by auxiliary Words, and are only changed in the Preter Tenſe.

To our Language may be with great Juſtneſs applied the Obſervation of *Quintilian*, that Speech was not formed by an Analgoy ſent from heaven. It did not

not descend to us in a State of Uniformity and Perfection, but was produced by Necessity, and enlarged by Accident; and is therefore composed of dissimilar Parts; thrown together by Negligence, by Affectation, by Learning, or by Ignorance.

Our Inflections therefore are by no Means constant, but admit of numberless Irregularities, which in this Dictionary will be diligently noted. Thus *Fox* makes in the Plural *Foxes*, but *Ox* makes *Oxen*. *Sheep* is the same in both Numbers. Adjectives are sometimes compared by changing the last Syllable, as *proud*, *prouder*, *proudest*; and sometimes by Particles prefixed, as *ambitious*, *more* ambitious, *most* ambitious. The Forms of our Verbs are subject to great Variety; some end their Preter Tense in *ed*, as I *love*, I *loved*, I have *loved*; which may be called the regular Form, and is followed by most of our Verbs of southern Original. But many depart from this Rule, without agreeing in any other; as I *shake*, I *shook*, I have *shaken*, or *shook*, as it is sometimes written in Poetry; I *make*, I *made*, I have *made*; I *bring*, I *brought*, I *wring*, I *wrung*, and many others, which, as they cannot be reduced to Rules, must be learned from the Dictionary rather than the Grammar.

The Verbs are likewise to be distinguished according to their Qualities, as Actives from Neuters; the Neglect of which has already introduced some Barbarities in our Conversation, which if not obviated by just Animadversions, may in Time creep into our Writings.

Thus, my Lord, will our Language be laid down, distinct in its minutest Subdivisions, and resolved into its elemental Principles. And who upon this Survey can forbear to wish, that these fundamental Atoms of our Speech might obtain the Firmness and Immutability of the primogenial and constituent Particles of Matter, that they might retain their Sub-

stance

ſtance while they alter their Appearance, and be varied and compounded, yet not deſtroyed.

But this is a Privilege which Words are ſcarcely to expect: for, like their Author, when they are not gaining Strength, they are generally loſing it. Tho' Art may ſometimes prolong their Duration, it will rarely give them Perpetuity; and their Changes will be almoſt always informing us, that Language is the Work of Man, of a Being from whom Permanence and Stability cannot be derived.

Words having been hitherto conſidered as ſeparate and unconnected, are now to be likewiſe examined as they are ranged in their various Relations to others by the Rules of Syntax or Conſtruction, to which I do not know that any Regard has been yet ſhewn in *Engliſh* Dictionaries, and in which the Grammarians can give little Aſſiſtance. The Syntax of this Language is too inconſtant to be reduced to Rules, and can be only learned by the diſtinct Conſideration of particular Words as they are uſed by the beſt Authors. Thus, we ſay, according to the preſent Modes of Speech, The Soldier died *of* his Wounds, and the Sailor periſhed *with* Hunger: and every Man acquainted with our Language would be offended by a Change of theſe Particles, which yet ſeem originally aſſigned by Chance, there being no Reaſon to be drawn from Grammar why a Man may not, with equal Propriety, be ſaid to die *with* a Wound, or periſh *of* Hunger.

Our Syntax therefore is not to be taught by general Rules, but by ſpecial Precedents; and in examining whether *Addiſon* has been with Juſtice accuſed of a Soleciſm in this Paſſage,

> The poor Inhabitant ———
> Starves in the midſt of Nature's Bounty curſt,
> And in the loaden Vineyard *dies for Thirſt*,

it

it is not in our Power to have recourſe to any eſtabliſhed Laws of Speech; but we muſt remark how the Writers of former Ages have uſed the ſame Word, and conſider whether he can be acquitted of Impropriety, upon the Teſtimony of *Davies*, given in his Favour by a ſimilar Paſſage.

She loaths the wat'ry Glaſs wherein ſhe gaz'd,
And ſhuns it ſtill, although *for Thirſt ſhe dye.*

When the Conſtruction of a Word is explained, it is neceſſary to purſue it through its Train of Phraſeology, through thoſe Forms where it is uſed in a Manner peculiar to our Language, or in Senſes not to be compriſed in the general Explanations; as from the Verb *make* ariſe theſe Phraſes, to *make Love*, to *make an End*, to *make Way*; as, He *made Way* for his Followers, The Ship *made Way* before the Wind; to *make a Bed*, to *make merry*, to *make a Mock*, to *make Preſents*, to *make a Doubt*, to *make out an Aſſertion*, to *make good* a Breach, to *make good* a Cauſe, to *make nothing* of an Attempt, to *make Lamentation*, to *make a Merit*, and many others which will occur in reading with that View, and which only their Frequency hinders from being generally remarked.

The great Labour is yet to come, the Labour of interpreting theſe Words and Phraſes with Brevity, Fullneſs, and Perſpicuity; a Taſk of which the Extent and Intricacy is ſufficiently ſhewn by the Miſcarriage of thoſe who have generally attempted it. This Difficulty is increaſed by the Neceſſity of explaining the Words in the ſame Language; for there is often only one Word for one Idea; and though it be eaſy to tranſlate the Words *bright, ſweet, ſalt, bitter*, into another Language, it is not eaſy to explain them.

With regard to the Interpretation, many other Queſtions have required Conſideration. It was

ſome

ſome Time doubted whether it be neceſſary to explain the Things implied by particular Words; as under the Term *Baronet*, whether, inſtead of this Explanation, *a Title of Honour next in Degree to that of Baron*, it would be better to mention more particularly the Creation, Privileges, and Rank of Baronets; and whether, under the Word *Barometer*, inſtead of being ſatisfied with obſerving that it is *an Inſtrument to diſcover the Weight of the Air*, it would be fit to ſpend a few Lines upon its Invention, Conſtruction, and Principles. It is not to be expected, that with the Explanation of the one the Herald ſhould be ſatisfied, or the Philoſopher with that of the other; but ſince it will be required by common Readers, that the Explications ſhould be ſufficient for common Uſe; and ſince, without ſome Attention to ſuch Demands, the Dictionary cannot become generally valuable, I have determined to conſult the beſt Writers, for Explanations real, as well as verbal; and perhaps I may at laſt have Reaſon to ſay, after one of the Augmenters of *Furetier*, that my Book is more learned than its Author.

In explaining the general and popular Language, it ſeems neceſſary to ſort the ſeveral Senſes of each Word, and to exhibit firſt its natural and primitive Siguification; as,

To *arrive*, to reach the Shore in a Voyage: He *arrived* at a ſafe Harbour.

Then to give its conſequential Meaning, *to arrive*, to reach any Place, whether by Land or Sea; as, He *arrived* at his Country-Seat.

Then its metaphorical Senſe, to obtain any Thing deſired; as, He *arrived* at a Peerage.

Then to mention any Obſervation that ariſes from the Compariſon of one Meaning with another; as, it may be remarked of the Word *arrive*, that, in conſequence of its original and etymological Senſe, it cannot be properly applied but to Words ſignifying

ing something desirable: Thus we say a Man *arrived* at Happiness; but cannot say, without a Mixture of Irony, he *arrived* at Misery.

Ground, the Earth, generally as opposed to the Air or Water. He swam till he reached *Ground*. The Bird fell to the *Ground*.

Then follows the accidental or consequential Signification, in which *Ground* implies any Thing that lies under another; as he laid Colours upon a rough *Ground*. This Silk had blue Flowers on a red *Ground*.

Then the remoter, or metaphorical Signification; as, the *Ground* of his Opinion was a false Computation. The *Ground* of his Work was his Father's Manuscript.

After having gone through the natural and figurative Senses, it will be proper to subjoin the poetical Sense of each Word, where it differs from that which is in common Use; as, *wanton*, applied to any Thing of which the Motion is irregular without Terror; as,

In *wanton* Ringlets curl'd her Hair.

To the poetical Sense may succeed the familiar; as of *Toast*, used to imply the Person whose Health is drank; as,

The wise Man's Passion, and the vain Man's *Toast*.
POPE.

The familiar may be followed by the burlesque; as of *mellow*, applied to good Fellowship.

In all thy Humours, whether grave or *mellow*.
ADDISON.

Or of *Bite*, used for *Cheat*.

——More a Dupe than Wit,
Sappho can tell you how this Man was *bit*. POPE.

And, laſtly, may be produced the peculiar Senſe, in which a Word is found in any great Author: As *Faculties*, in *Shakeſpeare*, ſignifies the Powers of Authority.

——This *Duncan*
Has born his *Faculties* ſo meek, has been
So clear in his great Office, that, *&c.*

The Signification of Adjectives may be often aſcertained by uniting them to Subſtantives; as, *ſimple Swain*, *ſimple Sheep*. Sometimes the Senſe of a Subſtantive may be elucidated by the Epithets annexed to it in good Authours; as, the *boundleſs Ocean*, the *open Lawns*: And where ſuch Advantage can be gained by a ſhort Quotation, it is not to be omitted.

The Difference of Signification in Words generally accounted ſynonimous, ought to be carefully obſerved; as in *Pride*, *Haughtineſs*, *Arrogance*; and the ſtrict and critical Meaning ought to be diſtinguiſhed from that which is looſe and popular; as in the Word *Perfection*, which, though, in its philoſophical and exact Senſe, it can be of little Uſe among human Beings, is often ſo much degraded from its original Signification, that the Academicians have inſerted in their Work, the Perfection of a Language, and, with a little more Licentiouſneſs, might have prevailed on themſelves to have added *the Perfection of a Dictionary*.

There are many other Characters of Words which it will be of uſe to mention. Some have both an active and paſſive Signification; as *fearful*, that which gives or feels Terror; a *fearful Prodigy*, a *fearful Hare*. Some have a perſonal, ſome a real Meaning; as in Oppoſition to *old*, we uſe the Adjective *young*, of animated Beings, and *new* of other Things. Some are reſtrained to the Senſe of Praiſe, and others to that of Diſapprobation; ſo commonly, though not always, we *exhort* to good Actions, we *inſtigate*

inſtigate to ill; we *animate*, *incite*, and *encourage* indifferently to good or bad. So we uſually *aſcribe* Good, but *impute* Evil; yet neither the Uſe of theſe Words, nor, perhaps, of any other in our licentious Language, is ſo eſtabliſhed as not to be often reverſed by the correcteſt Writers. I ſhall therefore, ſince the Rules of Stile, like thoſe of Law, ariſe from Precedents often repeated, collect the Teſtimonies on both Sides, and endeavour to diſcover and promulgate the Decrees of Cuſtom, who has ſo long poſſeſſed, whether by Right or by Uſurpation, the Sovereignty of Words.

It is neceſſary likewiſe to explain many Words by their Oppoſition to others; for Contraries are beſt ſeen when they ſtand together. Thus the Verb *ſtand* has one Senſe, as oppoſed to *fall*, and another as oppoſed to *fly*; for want of attending to which Diſtinction, obvious as it is, the learned Dr. *Bentley* has ſquandered his Criticiſm to no Purpoſe, on theſe Lines of *Paradiſe Loſt:*

——— In Heaps
Chariot and Charioteer lay overturn'd,
And fiery foaming Steeds. *What ſtood, recoil'd,*
O'erwearied, through the faint, Satanic Hoſt,
Defenſive ſcarce, or with pale Fear ſurpris'd,
Fled ignominious———

'Here,' ſays the Critic, 'as the Sentence is now 'read, we find that what *ſtood*, *fled*:' And therefore he propoſes an Alteration, which he might have ſpared if he had conſulted a Dictionary, and found that nothing more was affirmed than that thoſe *fled* who did *not fall*.

In explaining ſuch Meanings as ſeem accidental and adventitious, I ſhall endeavour to give an Account of the Means by which they were introduced. Thus, to *eke out* any Thing, ſignifies to lengthen it beyond its juſt Dimenſions, by ſome low Artifice; becauſe

becauſe the Word *eke* was the uſual Refuge of our old Writers, when they wanted a Syllable. And *buxom*, which means only *obedient*, is now made, in familiar Phraſes, to ſtand for *wanton*; becauſe in an ancient Form of Marriage, before the Reformation, the Bride promiſed Complaiſance and Obedience, in theſe Terms: 'I will be bonair and *buxom*, in bed 'and at board.'

I know well, my Lord, how trifling many of theſe Remarks will appear, ſeparately conſidered, and how eaſily they may give Occaſion to the contemptuous Merriment of ſportive Idleneſs, and the gloomy Cenſures of arrogant Stupidity; but Dulneſs it is eaſy to deſpiſe, and Laughter it is eaſy to repay. I ſhall not be ſollicitous what is thought of my Work by ſuch as know not the Difficulty or Importance of philological Studies; nor ſhall think thoſe that have done nothing, qualified to condemn me for doing little. It may not, however, be improper to remind them, that no terreſtrial Greatneſs is more than an Aggregate of little Things; and to inculcate, after the *Arabian* Proverb, that Drops, added to Drops, conſtitute the Ocean.

There remains yet to be conſidered the Diſtribution of Words into their proper Claſſes, or that Part of Lexicography which is ſtrictly critical.

The popular Part of the Language, which includes all Words not appropriated to particular Sciences, admits of many Diſtinctions and Subdiviſions; as, into Words of general Uſe, Words employed chiefly in Poetry, Words obſolete, Words which are admitted only by particular Writers, yet not in themſelves improper; Words uſed only in burleſque Writing, and Words impure and barbarous.

Words of general Uſe will be known by having no Sign of Particularity, and their various Senſes will be ſupported by Authorities of all Ages.

The Words appropriated to Poetry will be diſtinguiſhed by ſome Mark prefixed, or will be known by having no Authorities but thoſe of Poets.

Of antiquated, or obſolete Words, none will be inſerted but ſuch as are to be found in Authors who wrote ſince the Acceſſion of *Elizabeth*, from which we date the golden Age of our Language; and of theſe many might be omitted, but that the Reader may require, with an Appearance of Reaſon, that no Difficulty ſhould be left unreſolved in Books which he finds himſelf invited to read, as confeſſed and eſtabliſhed Models of Stile. Theſe will be likewiſe pointed out by ſome Note of Excluſion, but not of Diſgrace.

The Words which are found only in particular Books, will be known by the ſingle Name of him that has uſed them; but ſuch will be omitted, unleſs either their Propriety, Elegance, or Force, or the Reputation of their Authours affords ſome extraordinary Reaſon for their Reception.

Words uſed in burleſque and familiar Compoſitions, will be likewiſe mentioned with their proper Authorities; ſuch as *dudgeon*, from *Butler*, and *leaſing*, from *Prior*; and will be diligently characteriſed by Marks of Diſtinction.

Barbarous, or impure Words and Expreſſions, may be branded with ſome Note of Infamy, as they are carefully to be eradicated wherever they are found; and they occur too frequently even in the beſt Writers: As in *Pope*:

——in endleſs Error hurl'd,
'Tis *theſe* that early taint the female Soul.

In *Addiſon*:

Attend to what a *leſſer* Muſe indites.

And

And in *Dryden*.

A dreadful Quiet felt, and *worſer* far
Than Arms———

If this Part of the Work can be well performed it will be equivalent to the Propoſal made by *Boileau* to the Academicians, that they ſhould review all their polite Writers, and correct ſuch Impurities as might be found in them, that their Authority might not contribute, at any diſtant Time, to the Depravation of the Language.

With Regard to Queſtions of Purity, or Propriety, I was once in doubt whether I ſhould not attribute too much to myſelf, in attempting to decide them, and whether my Province was to extend beyond the Propoſition of the Queſtion, and the Diſplay of the Suffrages on each Side; but I have been ſince determined, by your Lordſhip's Opinion, to interpoſe my own Judgment, and ſhall therefore endeavour to ſupport what appears to me moſt conſonant to Grammar and Reaſon. *Auſonius* thought that Modeſty forbad him to plead Inability for a Taſk to which *Cæſar* had judged him equal.

Cur me poſſe negem poſſe quod ille putat?

And I may hope, my Lord, that ſince you, whoſe Authority in our Language is ſo generally acknowledged, have commiſſioned me to declare my own Opinion, I ſhall be conſidered as exerciſing a Kind of vicarious Juriſdiction, and that the Power which might have been denied to my own Claim, will be readily allowed me as the Delegate of your Lordſhip.

In citing Authorities, on which the Credit of every Part of this Work muſt depend, it will be proper to obſerve ſome obvious Rules; ſuch as of preferring Writers of the firſt Reputation to thoſe of an inferior Rank; of noting the Quotations with Accu-

racy; and of ſelecting, when it can be conveniently done, ſuch Sentences, as, beſides their immediate Uſe, may give Pleaſure or Inſtruction, by conveying ſome Elegance of Language, or ſome Precept of Prudence, or Piety.

It has been aſked, on ſome Occaſions, who ſhall judge the Judges? And ſince, with regard to this Deſign, a Queſtion may ariſe by what Authority the Authorities are ſelected, it is neceſſary to obviate it, by declaring that many of the Writers whoſe Teſtimonies will be alledged, were ſelected by Mr. *Pope*; of whom, I may be juſtified in affirming, that were he ſtill alive, ſollicitous as he was for the Succeſs of this Work, he would not be diſpleaſed that I have undertaken it.

It will be proper that the Quotations be ranged according to the Ages of their Authours; and it will afford an agreeable Amuſement, if, to the Words and Phraſes which are not of our own Growth, the Name of the Writer who firſt introduced them can be affixed; and if, to Words which are now antiquated, the Authority be ſubjoined of him who laſt admitted them. Thus, for *ſcathe* and *buxom*, now obſolete, *Milton* may be cited.

——Thee Mountain Oak
Stands *ſcath'd* to Heaven———
——He with broad Sails
Winnow'd the *buxom* Air———

By this Method every Word will have its Hiſtory, and the Reader will be informed of the gradual Changes of the Language, and have before his Eyes the Riſe of ſome Words, and the Fall of others. But Obſervations ſo minute and accurate are to be deſired rather than expected: And if Uſe be carefully ſupplied, Curioſity muſt ſometimes bear its Diſappointments.

This, my Lord, is my Idea of an *Engliſh* Dictionary; a Dictionary by which the Pronunciation of our Language may be fixed, and its Attainment facilitated; by which its Purity may be preſerved, its Uſe aſcertained, and its Duration lengthened. And though, perhaps, to correct the Language of Nations by Books of Grammar, and amend their Manners by Diſcourſes of Morality, may be Taſks equally difficult; yet, as it is unavoidable to wiſh, it is natural likewiſe to hope, that your Lordſhip's Patronage may not be wholly loſt; that it may contribute to the Preſervation of ancient, and the Improvement of modern Writers; that it may promote the Reformation of thoſe Tranſlators, who, for Want of underſtanding the characteriſtical Difference of Tongues, have formed a chaotic Dialect of heterogeneous Phraſes; and awaken to the Care of purer Diction ſome Men of Genius, whoſe Attention to Argument makes them negligent of Stile, or whoſe rapid Imagination, like the *Peruvian* Torrents, when it brings down Gold, mingles it with Sand.

When I ſurvey the Plan which I have laid before you, I cannot, my Lord, but confeſs, that I am frighted at its Extent, and, like the Soldiers of *Cæſar*, look on *Britain* as a new World, which it is almoſt Madneſs to invade. But I hope, that though I ſhould not complete the Conqueſt, I ſhall at leaſt diſcover the Coaſt, civilize Part of the Inhabitants, and make it eaſy for ſome other Adventurer to proceed farther, to reduce them wholly to Subjection, and ſettle them under Laws.

We are taught by the great *Roman* orator, that every Man ſhould propoſe to himſelf the higheſt Degree of Excellence, but that he may ſtop with Honour at the Second or the Third: Though therefore my Performance ſhould fall below the Excellence of other Dictionaries, I may obtain, at leaſt, the Praiſe of having endeavoured well; nor ſhall I think it any

Reproach to my Diligence, that I have retired without a Triumph, from a Conteſt with united Academies, and long Succeſſions of learned Compilers. I cannot hope, in the warmeſt Moments, to preſerve ſo much Caution through ſo long a Work, as not often to ſink into Negligence, or to obtain ſo much Knowledge of all its Parts, as not frequently to fail by Ignorance. I expect that ſometimes the Deſire of Accuracy will urge me to Superfluities, and ſometimes the Fear of Prolixity betray me to Omiſſions; that in the Extent of ſuch Variety, I ſhall be often bewildered; and in the Mazes of ſuch Intricacy, be frequently entangled; that in one Part Refinement will be ſubtiliſed beyond Exactneſs, and Evidence dilated in another beyond Perſpicuity. Yet I do not deſpair of Approbation from thoſe who, knowing the Uncertainty of Conjecture, the Scantineſs of Knowledge, the Fallibility of Memory, and the Unſteadineſs of Attention, can compare the Cauſes of Error with the Means of avoiding it, and the Extent of Art with the Capacity of Man; and whatever be the Event of my Endeavours, I ſhall not eaſily regret an Attempt which has procured me the Honour of appearing thus publickly,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt obedient,

And moſt humble Servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

PREFACE

TO

The FOLIO EDITION of

DR. JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY.

IT is the Fate of thoſe who toil at the lower Employments of Life, to be rather driven by the Fear of Evil, than attracted by the Proſpect of Good; to be expoſed to Cenſure, without Hope or Praiſe; to be diſgraced by Miſcarriage, or puniſhed for Neglect, where Succeſs would have been without Applauſe, and Diligence without Reward.

Among theſe unhappy Mortals is the Writer of Dictionaries; whom Mankind have conſidered, not as the Pupil, but the Slave of Science, the Pioneer of Literature, doomed only to remove Rubbiſh and clear Obſtructions from the Paths of Learning and Genius, who preſs forward to Conqueſt and Glory, without beſtowing a Smile on the humble Drudge who facilitates their Progreſs. Every other Author may aſpire to Praiſe; the Lexicographer can only hope to eſcape Reproach, and even this negative Recompence has been yet granted to very few.

I have, notwithſtanding this Diſcouragement, attempted a Dictionary of the *Engliſh* Language, which, while it was employed in the Cultivation of every Species of Literature, has itſelf been hitherto neglected, ſuffered to ſpread, under the Direction of Chance, into wild Exuberance, reſigned to the Tyranny of Time and Faſhion, and expoſed to the Corruptions of Ignorance, and Caprices of Innovation.

When I took the firſt Survey of my Undertaking, I found our Speech copious without Order, and energetic without Rules: wherever I turned my View, there was Perplexity to be diſentangled, and Confuſion to be regulated; Choice was to be made out of boundleſs Variety, without any eſtabliſhed Principle of Selection; Adulterations were to be detected, without a ſettled Teſt of Purity; and Modes of Expreſſion to be rejected or received, without the Suffrages of any Writers of claſſical Reputation or acknowledged Authority.

Having therefore no Aſſiſtance but from general Grammar, I applied myſelf to the Peruſal of our Writers; and noting whatever might be of Uſe to aſcertain or illuſtrate any Word or Phraſe, accumulated in Time the Materials of a Dictionary, which, by Degrees, I reduced to Method, eſtabliſhing to myſelf, in the Progreſs of the Work, ſuch Rules as Experience and Analogy ſuggeſted to me; Experience, which Practice and Obſervation were continually increaſing; and Analogy, which, though in ſome Words obſcure, was evident in others.

In adjuſting the Orthography, which has been to this Time unſettled and fortuitous, I found it neceſſary to diſtinguiſh thoſe Irregularities that are inherent in our Tongue, and perhaps coeval with it, from others which the Ignorance or Negligence of later Writers has produced. Every Language has its Anomalies, which, though inconvenient, and in themſelves once unneceſſary, muſt be tolerated among the Imperfections of human Things, and which require only to be regiſtered, that they may not be increaſed; and aſcertained, that they may not be confounded: But every Language has likewiſe its Improprieties and Abſurdities, which it is the Duty of the Lexicographer to correct or proſcribe.

As Language was at its Beginning merely oral, all Words of neceſſary or common Uſe were ſpoken before

fore they were written; and while they were unfixed by any visible Signs, must have been spoken with great Diversity, as we now observe those who cannot read to catch Sounds imperfectly, and utter them negligently. When this wild and barbarous Jargon was first reduced to an Alphabet, every Penman endeavoured to express, as he could, the Sounds which he was accustomed to pronounce or to receive, and vitiated in Writing such Words as were already vitiated in Speech. The Powers of the Letters, when they were applied to a new Language, must have been vague and unsettled; and therefore different Hands would exhibit the same Sound by different Combinations.

From this uncertain Pronunciation arise, in a great Part, the various Dialects of the same Country, which will always be observed to grow fewer, and less different, as Books are multiplied; and from this arbitrary Representation of Sounds by Letters, proceeds that Diversity of Spelling observable in the *Saxon* Remains, and I suppose in the first Books of every Nation, which perplexes or destroys Analogy, and produces anomalous Formations; which, being once incorporated, can never be afterwards dismissed or reformed.

Of this Kind are the Derivatives *Length* from *long*, *Strength* from *strong*, *Darling* from *dear*, *Breadth* from *broad*; from *dry*, *Drought*, and from *high*, *Height*; which *Milton*, in Zeal for Analogy, writes *Highth*: *Quid te exempta juvat spinis de pluribus una*; to change all would be too much, and to change one is nothing.

This Uncertainty is most frequent in the Vowels, which are so capriciously pronounced, and so differently modified, by Accident or Affectation, not only in every Province, but in every Mouth, that to them, as is well known to Etymologists, little Regard is to be

be ſhewn in the Deduction of one Language from another.

Such Defects are not Errours in Orthography, but Spots of Barbarity impreſſed ſo deep in the *Engliſh* Language, that Criticiſm can never waſh them away; theſe, therefore, muſt be permitted to remain untouched: but many Words have likewiſe been altered by Accident, or depraved by Ignorance, as the Pronunciation of the Vulgar has been weakly followed: and ſome ſtill continue to be variouſly written, as Authours differ in their Care or Skill: Of theſe it was proper to enquire the true Orthography, which I have always conſidered as depending on their Derivation, and have therefore referred them to their original Languages: Thus I write *enchant*, *Enchantment*, *Enchanter*, after the *French*, and *Incantation* after the *Latin*; thus *entire* is choſen rather than *intire*, becauſe it paſſed to us not from the *Latin integer*, but from the *French entier*.

Of many Words it is difficult to ſay whether they were immediately received from the *Latin* or the *French*; ſince at the Time when we had Dominions in *France*, we had *Latin* Service in our Churches. It is, however, my Opinion, that the *French* generally ſupplied us: for we have few *Latin* Words, among the Terms of domeſtick Uſe, which are not *French*; but many *French*, which are very remote from *Latin*.

Even in Words of which the Derivation is apparent, I have been often obliged to ſacrifice Uniformity to Cuſtom: Thus I write, in Compliance with a numberleſs Majority, *convey* and *inveigh*, *Deceit* and *Receipt*, *Fancy* and *Phantom*; ſometimes the Derivative varies from the Primitive, as *explain* and *Explanation*, *repeat* and *Repetition*.

Some Combinations of Letters having the ſame Power, are uſed indifferently without any diſcoverable Reaſon of Choice; as in *choak*, *choke*; *Soap*, *Sope*; *Fewel*,

Fewel, *Fuel*; and many others; which I have sometimes inserted twice, that those who search for them under either Form, may not search in vain.

In examining the Orthography of any doubtful Word, the Mode of Spelling by which it is inserted in the Series of the Dictionary, is to be considered as that to which I give, perhaps not often rashly, the Preference. I have left, in the Examples, to every Authour his own Practice unmolested, that the Reader may balance Suffrages, and judge between us: But this Question is not always to be determined by reputed or by real Learning; some Men, intent upon greater Things, have thought little on Sounds and Derivations; some, knowing in the ancient Tongues, have neglected those in which our Words are commonly to be sought. Thus *Hammond* writes *Feciblenefs* for *Feafiblenefs*, because I suppose he imagined it derived immediately from the *Latin*; and some Words, such as *dependant*, *dependent*; *Dependance*, *Dependence*, vary their final Syllable, as one or other Language is present to the Writer.

In this Part of the Work, where Caprice has long wantoned without Controul, and Vanity sought Praise by petty Reformation, I have endeavoured to proceed with a Scholar's Reverence for Antiquity, and a Grammarian's Regard to the Genius of our Tongue. I have attempted few Alterations, and among those few, perhaps the greater Part is from the modern to the ancient Practice; and I hope I may be allowed to recommend to those, whose Thoughts have been, perhaps, employed too anxiously on verbal Singularities, not to disturb, upon narrow Views, or for minute Propriety, the Orthography of their Fathers. It has been asserted, that for the Law to be *known*, is of more Importance than to be *right*. 'Change,' says *Hooker*, 'is not made without In-'convenience, even from worse to better.' There is in Constancy and Stability a general and lasting Advantage,

vantage, which will always overbalance the slow Improvements of gradual Correction. Much less ought our written Language to comply with the Corruptions of oral Utterance, or copy that which every Variation of Time or Place makes different from itself, and imitate those Changes, which will again be changed, while Imitation is employed in observing them.

This Recommendation of Steadiness and Uniformity does not proceed from an Opinion, that particular Combinations of Letters have much Influence on human Happiness; or that Truth may not be successfully taught by Modes of Spelling fanciful and erroneous: I am not yet so lost in Lexicography, as to forget that *Words are the Daughters of Earth, and that Things are the Sons of Heaven.* Language is only the Instrument of Science, and Words are but the Signs of Ideas: I wish, however, that the Instrument might be less apt to decay, and that the Signs might be permanent, like the Things which they denote.

In settling the Orthography, I have not wholly neglected the Pronunciation, which I have directed, by putting an Accent upon the acute or elevated Syllable. It will sometimes be found, that the Accent is placed by the Authour quoted, on a different Syllable from that marked in the alphabetical Series; it is then to be understood that Custom has varied, or that the Authour has, in my Opinion, pronounced wrong. Short Directions are sometimes given where the Sound of Letters is irregular; and if they are sometimes omitted, Defect in such minute Observations will be more easily excused than Superfluity.

In the Investigation both of the Orthography and Signification of Words, their Etymology was necessarily to be considered, and they were therefore to be divided into Primitives and Derivatives. A primitive Word is that which can be traced no further to any *English* Root; thus *circumspect, circumvent, Circumstance,*

cumſtance, *delude*, *concave*, and *complicate*, though Compounds in the *Latin*, are to us Primitives. Derivatives are all thoſe that can be referred to any Word in *Engliſh* of greater Simplicity.

The Derivatives I have referred to their Primitives, with an Accuracy ſometimes needleſs; for who does not ſee that *Remoteneſs* comes from *remote*, *lovely* from *Love*, *Concavity* from *concave*, and *demonſtrative* from *demonſtrate?* but this grammatical Exuberance the Scheme of my Work did not allow me to repreſs. It is of great Importance in examining the general Fabrick of a Language, to trace one Word from another, by noting the uſual Modes of Derivation and Inflection; and Uniformity muſt be preſerved in ſyſtematical Works, though ſometimes at the Expence of particular Propriety.

Among other Derivatives I have been careful to inſert and elucidate the anomalous Plurals of Nouns and Preterites of Verbs, which in the *Teutonick* Dialects are very frequent; and though familiar to thoſe who have always uſed them, interrupt and embarraſs the Learners of our Language.

The two Languages from which our Primitives have been derived, are the *Roman* and *Teutonick*: Under the *Roman* I comprehend the *French* and Provincial Tongues; and under the *Teutonick* range the *Saxon*, *German*, and all their kindred Dialects. Moſt of our Polyſyllables are *Roman*, and our Words of one Syllable are very often *Teutonick*.

In aſſigning the *Roman* Original, it has perhaps ſometimes happened that I have mentioned only the *Latin*, when the Word was borrowed from the *French*; and conſidering myſelf as employed only in the Illuſtration of my own Language, I have not been very careful to obſerve whether the *Latin* Word be pure or barbarous, or the *French* elegant or obſolete.

For the *Teutonick* Etymologies I am commonly indebted to *Junius* and *Skinner*, the only Names which I have

I have forborne to quote when I copied their Books; not that I might appropriate their Labours to uſurp their Honours, but that I might ſpare a perpetual Repetition by one general Acknowledgment. Of theſe, whom I ought not to mention but with the Reverence due to Inſtructors and Benefactors, *Junius* appears to have excelled in Extent of Learning, and *Skinner* in Rectitude of Underſtanding. *Junius* was accurately ſkilled in all the northern Languages. *Skinner* probably examined the ancient and remoter Dialects only by occaſional Inſpection into Dictionaries; but the Learning of *Junius* is often of no other Uſe than to ſhew him a Track by which he may deviate from his Purpoſe, to which *Skinner* always preſſes forward by the ſhorteſt Way. *Skinner* is often ignorant, but never ridiculous: *Junius* is always full of Knowledge; but his Variety diſtracts his Judgment, and his Learning is very frequently diſgraced by his Abſurdities.

The Votaries of the northern Muſes will not perhaps eaſily reſtrain their Indignation, when they find the Name of *Junius* thus degraded by a diſadvantageous Compariſon; but whatever Reverence is due to his Diligence, or his Attainments, it can be no criminal Degree of Cenſoriouſneſs to charge that Etymologiſt with Want of Judgment, who can ſeriouſly derive *Dream* from *Drama*, becauſe *Life is a Drama, and a Drama is a Dream*; and who declares with a Tone of Defiance, that no Man can fail to derive *Moan* from *μόνος*, *monos*, who conſiders that Grief naturally loves to be *alone* *.

* That I may not appear to have ſpoken too irreverently of *Junius*, I have here ſubjoined a few Specimens of his etymological Extravagance.

BANISH, *religare, ex banno vel territorio exigere*, in *exilium agere*. G. *bannir*. It. *bandire, bandeggiare*. H. *bandir*. B. bannen. Ævi medii ſcriptores bannire dicebant. V. Spelm. in Bannum & in Banleuga. Quoniam verò regionum urbiumq; limites arduis plerumq; montibus, altis fluminibus, longis deniq; flexuoſiſq; anguſtiſſimarum viarum anfractibus includebantur, fieri poteſt id genus limites

bax

Our Knowledge of the Northern Literature is so scanty, that of Words undoubtedly *Teutonick*, the Original is not always to be found in any ancient Language; and I have therefore inserted *Dutch* or *German* Substitutes, which I consider not as radical, but parallel; not as the Parents, but Sisters of the *English*.

The Words which are represented as thus related by Descent or Cognation, do not always agree in Sense; for it is incident to Words, as to their Authours, to degenerate from their Ancestors, and to change their Manners when they change their Country. It is sufficient, in etymological Enquiries, if the Senses of kindred Words be found, such as may easily pass into each other, or such as may both be referred to one general Idea.

The Etymology, so far as it is yet known, was easily found in the Volumes where it is particularly and professedly delivered; and, by proper Attention to the Rules of Derivation, the Orthography was

ban dici ab eo quod Βανάται & Βάνατροι Tarentinis olim, sicuti tradit Hesychius, vocabantur αἱ λοξαὶ καὶ μὴ ἰθυτενεῖς ὁδοι, "obliquæ ac "minimè in rectum tendentes viæ." Ac fortasse quoque huc facit quod Βανὰς, eodem Hesychio teste, dicebant ὄρη τραγγύλα montes arduos.

EMPTY, emtie, *vacuus, inanis*. A. S. Æmtig. Nescio an sint ab ἐμέω vel ἐμετάω. Vomo, evomo, vomitu evacuo. Videtur interim etymologiam hanc non obscurè firmare codex Rush. Mat. xii. 22. ubi antiquè scriptum invenimus gemoeted hit emetig. "Invenit am "vacantem."

HILL, *mons, collis*. A. S. hyll. Quod videri potest abscissum ex κολώνη vel κολωνὸς. Collis, tumulus, locus in plano editior. Hom. Il. b. v. 811, ἔστι δέ τις πρόπαροιθε πόλος αἰπεῖα, κολώνη. Ubi authori brevium scholiorum κολώνη exp. τόπος εἰς ὕψος ἀνήκων, γεώλοφος ἐξοχή.

NAP, *to take a Nap. Dormire, condormiscere*. Cym. heppian. A. S. hnæppan. Quod postremum videri potest desumptum ex κνέφας, obscuritas, tenebræ: nihil enim æque solet conciliare somnum, quàm caliginosa profundæ notis obscuritas.

STAMMERER, Balbus, blæsus Goth. STAMMS. A. S. ꝥamep. ꝥamuꝑ. D. stam. B. stameler. Su. stamma. Isl. stamr. Sunt a σαμυλεῖν vel σαμύλλειν, nimiâ loquacitate alios offendere; quod impedirè loquentes libentissimè garrire soleant; vel quòd aliis nimii semper videantur, etiam parcissimè loquentes.

soon

ſoon adjuſted. But to collect the Words of our Language was a Taſk of greater Difficulty: The Deficiency of Dictionaries was immediately apparent; and when they were exhauſted, what was yet wanting muſt be ſought by fortuitous and unguided Excurſions into Book, and gleaned as Induſtry ſhould find, or Chance ſhould offer it, in the boundleſs Chaos of a living Speech. My Search, however, has been either ſkilful or lucky; for I have much augmented the Vocabulary.

As my Deſign was a Dictionary, common or appellative, I have omitted all Words which have Relation to proper Names; ſuch as *Arian*, *Socinian*, *Calviniſt*, *Benedictine*, *Mahometan*: but have retained thoſe of a more general Nature; as *Heathen*, *Pagan*.

Of the Terms of Art, I have received ſuch as could be found either in Books of Science, or technical Dictionaries; and have often inſerted, from philoſophical Writers, Words which are ſupported perhaps only by a ſingle Authority; and which being not admitted into general Uſe, ſtand yet as Candidates or Probationers, and muſt depend for their Adoption on the Suffrage of Futurity.

The Words which our Authours have introduced by their Knowledge of foreign Languages, or Ignorance of their own, by Vanity or Wantonneſs, by Compliance with Faſhion, or Luſt of Innovation, I have regiſtered as they occurred, though commonly only to cenſure them, and warn others againſt the Folly of naturalizing uſeleſs Foreigners, to the Injury of the Natives.

I have not rejected any by Deſign, merely becauſe they were unneceſſary or exuberant; but have received thoſe which by different Writers have been differently formed; as *viſcid*, and *Viſcidity*; *viſcous*, and *Viſcoſity*.

Compounded or double Words I have ſeldom noted, except when they obtain a Signification different

ferent from that which the Components have in their ſimple State. Thus *Highwayman*, *Woodman*, and *Horſecourſer* require an Explication; but of *Thieflike* or *Coachdriver* no Notice was needed, becauſe the Primitives contain the Meaning of the Compounds.

Words arbitrarily formed by a conſtant and ſettled Analogy, like diminutive Adjectives in *iſh*, as *greeniſh*, *blueſh*, Adverbs in *ly*, as *dully*, *openly*; Subſtantives in *neſs*; as *Vileneſs*, *Faultineſs*, were leſs diligently ſought; and many ſometimes have been omitted, when I had no Authority that invited me to inſert them; not that they are not genuine and regular Offſprings of *Engliſh* Roots, but becauſe their Relation to the Primitive being always the ſame, their Signification cannot be miſtaken.

The verbal Nouns in *ing*, ſuch as the *Keeping* of the *Caſtle*, the *Leading* of the *Army*, are always neglected, or placed only to illuſtrate the Senſe of the Verb, except when they ſignify Things as well as Actions, and have therefore a plural Number, as *Dwelling*, *Living*; or have an abſolute and abſtract Signification, as *Colouring*, *Painting*, *Learning*.

The Participles are likewiſe omitted, unleſs, by ſignifying rather Qualities than Action, they take the Nature of Adjectives; as, a *thinking* Man, a Man of Prudence; a *pacing* Horſe, a Horſe that can pace: Theſe I have ventured to call *participial Adjectives*. But neither are theſe always inſerted, becauſe they are commonly to be underſtood, without any Danger of Miſtake, by conſulting the Verb.

Obſolete Words are admitted, or when they have found in Authours not obſolete, or when they have any Force or Beauty that may deſerve Revival.

As Compoſition is one of the chief Characteriſticks of a Language, I have endeavoured to make ſome Reparation for the univerſal Negligence of my Predeceſſors, by inſerting great Numbers of com-

pounded Words, as may be found under *after*, *fore*, *new*, *night*, *fair*, and many more. Theſe, numerous as they are, might be multiplied, but that Uſe and Curioſity are here ſatisfied, and the Frame of our Language, and Modes of our Combination, amply diſcovered.

Of ſome Forms of Compoſition, ſuch as that by which *re* is prefixed to note *Repetition*, and *un* to ſignify *Contrariety* or *Privation*, all the Examples cannot be accumulated, becauſe the Uſe of theſe Particles, if not wholly arbitrary, is ſo little limited, that they are hourly affixed to new Words as Occaſion requires, or is imagined to require them.

There is another Kind of Compoſition more frequent in our Language than perhaps in any other, from which ariſes to Foreigners the greateſt Difficulty. We modify the Signification of many Verbs by a Particle ſubjoined; as, to *come off*, to eſcape by a Fetch; to *fall on*, to attack; to *fall off*, to apoſtatize; to *break off*, to ſtop abruptly; to *bear out*, to juſtify; to *fall in*, to comply; to *give over*, to ceaſe; to *ſet off*, to embelliſh; to *ſet in*, to begin a continual Tenour; to *ſet out*, to begin a Courſe or Journey; to *take off*, to copy; with innumerable Expreſſions of the ſame Kind; of which ſome appear wildly irregular, being ſo far diſtant from the Senſe of the ſimple Words, that no Sagacity will be able to trace the Steps by which they arrived at the preſent Uſe. Theſe I have noted with great Care; and though I cannot flatter myſelf that the Collection is complete, I believe I have ſo far aſſiſted the Students of our Language, that this Kind of Phraſeology will be no longer inſuperable; and the Combinations of Verbs and Particles, by Chance omitted, will be eaſily explained by Compariſon with thoſe that may be found.

Many Words yet ſtand ſupported only by the Name of *Bailey*, *Ainſworth*, *Philips*, or the contracted

Dict.

Dict. for *Dictionaries*, ſubjoined: Of theſe I am not always certain that they are read in any Book but the Works of Lexicographers. Of ſuch I have omitted many, becauſe I had never read them; and many I have inſerted, becauſe they may perhaps exiſt, though they have eſcape my Notice: They are however, to be yet conſidered as reſting only upon the Credit of former Dictionaries. Others, which I conſidered as uſeful, or know to be proper, though I could not at preſent ſuppport them by Authorities I have ſuffered to ſtand upon my own Atteſtation, claiming the ſame Privilege with my Predeceſſors, of being ſometimes credited without Proof.

The Words, thus ſelected and diſpoſed, are grammatically conſidered: They are referred to the different Parts of Speech; traced when they are irregularly inflected, through their various Terminations; and illuſtrated by Obſervations, not indeed of great or ſtriking Importance, ſeparately conſidered, but neceſſary to the Elucidation of our Language, and hitherto neglected or forgotten by *Engliſh* Grammarians.

That Part of my Work on which I expect Malignity moſt frequently to faſten, is the *Explanation*; in which I cannot hope to ſatisfy thoſe, who are, perhaps, not inclined to be pleaſed, ſince I have not always been able to ſatisfy myſelf. To interpret a Language by itſelf is very difficult; many Words cannot be explained by Synonymes, becauſe the Idea ſignified by them has not more than one Appellation; nor by Paraphraſe, becauſe ſimple Ideas cannot be deſcribed. When the Nature of Things is unknown, or the Notion unſettled and indefinite, and various in various Minds, the Words by which ſuch Notions are conveyed, or ſuch Things denoted, will be ambiguous and perplexed. And ſuch is the Fate of hapleſs Lexicography, that not only Darkneſs, but Light, impedes and diſtreſſes it; Things may

be not only too little, but too much known, to be happily illuſtrated. To explain, requires the Uſe of Terms leſs abſtruſe than that which is to be explained; and ſuch Terms cannot always be found: For as nothing can be proved but by ſuppoſing ſomething intuitively known and evident without Proof, ſo nothing can be defined but by the Uſe of Words too plain to admit a Definition.

Other Words there are, of which the Senſe is too ſubtle and evaneſcent to be fixed in a Paraphraſe; ſuch are all thoſe which are by the Grammarians termed *Expletives*, and, in dead Languages, are ſuffered to paſs for empty Sounds, of no other Uſe than to fill a Verſe, or to modulate a Period, but which are eaſily perceived in living Tongues to have Power, and Emphaſis, though it be ſometimes ſuch as no other Form of Expreſſion can convey.

My Labour has likewiſe been much increaſed by a Claſs of Verbs too frequent in the *Engliſh* Language of which the Signification is ſo looſe and general, the Uſe ſo vague and indeterminate, and the Senſes detorted ſo widely from the firſt Idea, that it is hard to trace them through the Maze of Variation, to catch them on a Brink of utter Inanity, to circumſcribe them by any Limitations, or interpret them by any Words of diſtinct and ſettled Meaning: Such are *bear*, *break*, *come*, *caſt*, *full*, *get*, *give*, *do*, *put*, *ſet*, *go*, *run*, *make*, *take*, *turn*, *throw*. If of theſe the whole Power is not accurately delivered, it muſt be remembered, that while our Language is yet living, and variable by the Caprice of every one that ſpeaks it, theſe Words are hourly ſhifting their Relations, and can no more be aſcertained in a Dictionary, than a Grove, in the Agitation of a Storm, can be accurately delineated from its Picture in the Water.

The Particles are, among all Nations, applied with ſo great Lattitude, that they are not eaſily reducible

ducible under any regular Scheme of Explication: This Difficulty is not leſs, nor perhaps greater, in *Engliſh*, than in other Languages. I have laboured them with Diligence, I hope with Succeſs; ſuch at leaſt as can be expected in a Taſk, which no Man, however learned or ſagacious, has yet been able to perform.

Some Words there are which I cannot explain, becauſe I do not underſtand them; theſe might have been omitted very often with little Inconvenience; but I would not ſo far indulge my Vanity as to decline this Confeſſion: For when *Tully* owns himſelf ignorant whether *leſſus*, in the Twelve Tables, means a *funeral Song*, or *mourning Garment*; and *Ariſtotle* doubts whether οὖρευς, in the *Iliad*, ſignifies a *Mule*, or *Muleteer*, I may freely, without Shame, leave ſome Obſcurities to happier Induſtry, or future Information.

The Rigour of interpretative Lexicography requires that the *Explanation, and the Word explained, ſhould be always reciprocal*; this I have always endeavoured, but could not always attain. Words are ſeldom exactly ſynonymous; a new Term was not introduced, but becauſe the former was thought inadequate: Names, therefore, have often many Ideas, but few Ideas have many Names. It was then neceſſary to uſe the proximate Word, for the Deficiency of ſingle Terms can very ſeldom be ſupplied by Circumlocution; nor is the Inconvenience great of ſuch mutilated Interpretations, becauſe the Senſe may eaſily be collected entire from the Examples.

In every Word of extenſive Uſe it was requiſite to make the Progreſs of its Meaning, and ſhow by what Gradations of intermediate Senſe it has paſſed from its primitive, to its remote and accidental Signification; ſo that every foregoing Explanation ſhould tend to that which follows, and the Series be regularly concatenated from the firſt Notion to the laſt.

This is ſpecious, but not always practicable; kindred Senſes may be ſo interwoven, that the Perplexity cannot be diſentangled, nor any Reaſon be aſſigned why one ſhould be ranged before the other. When the radical Idea branches out into parallel Ramifications, how can a conſecutive Series be formed of Senſes in their Nature collateral? The Shades of Meaning ſometimes paſs imperceptibly into each other; ſo that though on one Side they apparently differ, yet it is impoſſible to mark the Point of Contact. Ideas of the ſame Race, though not exactly alike, are ſometimes ſo little different, that no Words can expreſs the Diſſimilitude, though the Mind eaſily perceives it, when they are exhibited together; and ſometimes there is ſuch a Confuſion of Acceptations, that Diſcernment is wearied, and Diſtinction puzzled, and Perſeverance herſelf hurries to a End, by crouding together what ſhe cannot ſeparate.

Theſe Complaints of Difficulty will, by thoſe that have never conſidered Words beyond their popular Uſe, be thought only the Jargon of a Man willing to magnify his Labours, and procure Veneration to his Studies by Involution and Obſcurity. But every Art is obſcure to thoſe that have not learned it: This Uncertainty of Terms, and Commixture of Ideas, is well known to thoſe who have joined Philoſophy with Grammar; and if I have not expreſſed them very clearly, it muſt be remembered that I am ſpeaking of that which Words are inſufficient to explain.

The original Senſe of Words is often driven out of Uſe by their metaphorical Acceptations, yet muſt be inſerted for the Sake of a regular Origination. Thus I know not whether *Ardour* is uſed for *material Heat*, or whether *flagrant*, in *Engliſh*, ever ſignifies the ſame with *burning*; yet ſuch are the primitive Ideas of theſe Words, which are therefore ſet firſt, though without Examples, that the figurative Senſes may be commodiouſly deduced.

Such

Such is the Exuberance of Signification which many Words have obtained, that it was ſcarcely poſſible to collect all their Senſes; ſometimes the Meaning of Derivatives muſt be ſought in the Mother Term, and ſometimes deficient Explanations of the Primitive may be ſupplied in the Train of Derivation. In any Caſe of Doubt or Difficulty, it will be always proper to examine all the Words of the ſame Race; for ſome Words are ſlightly paſſed over to avoid Repetition, ſome admitted eaſier and clearer Explanation than others, and all will be better underſtood, as they are conſidered in greater Variety of Structures and Relations.

All the Interpretations of Words are not written with the ſame Skill, or the ſame Happineſs: Things equally eaſy in themſelves, are not all equally eaſy to any ſingle Mind. Every Writer of a long Work commits Errours, where there appears neither Ambiguity to miſlead, nor Obſcurity to confound him; and in a Search like this, many Felicities of Expreſſion will be caſually overlooked, many convenient Parallels will be forgotten, and many Particulars will admit Improvement from a Mind utterly unequal to the whole Performance.

But many ſeeming Faults are to be imputed rather to the Nature of the Undertaking, than the Negligence of the Performer. Thus ſome Explanations are unavoidably reciprocal or circular; as *Hind, the Female of the Stag*; *Stag, the Male of the Hind:* Sometimes eaſier Words are changed into harder; as *Burial* into *Sepulture* or *Interment*, *drier* into *deſiccative*, *Dryneſs* into *Siccity* or *Aridity*, *Fit* into *Paroxyſm*; for the eaſieſt Word, whatever it be, cannot be tranſlated into one more eaſy. But Eaſineſs and Difficulty are merely relative; and if the preſent Prevalence of our Language ſhould invite Foreigners to this Dictionary, many will be aſſiſted by thoſe Words which now ſeem only to encreaſe or procure Obſcu-

rity. For this Reaſon I have endeavoured frequently to join a *Teutonick* and *Roman* Interpretation, as to CHEER, to *gladden*, or *exhilirate*, that every Learner of *Engliſh* may be aſſiſted by his own Tongue.

The Solution of all Difficulties, and the Supply of all Defects, muſt be ſought in the Examples, ſubjoined to the various Senſes of each Word, and ranged according to the Time of their Authours.

When firſt I collected theſe Authorities, I was deſirous that every Quotation ſhould be uſeful to ſome other End than the Illuſtration of a Word; I therefore extracted from Philoſophers Principles of Science; from Hiſtorians remarkable Facts; from Chymiſts complete Proceſſes; from Divines ſtriking Exhortations; and from Poets beautiful Deſcriptions. Such is Deſign, while it is yet at a Diſtance from Execution. When the Time called upon me to range this Accumulation of Elegance and Wiſdom into an alphabetical Series, I ſoon diſcovered that the Bulk of my Volumes would fright away the Student, and was forced to depart from my Scheme of including all that was pleaſing or uſeful in *Engliſh* Literature, and reduce my Tranſcripts very often to Cluſters of Words, in which ſcarcely any Meaning is retained; thus to the Wearineſs of Copying, I was condemned to add the Vexation of Expunging. Some Paſſages I have yet ſpared, which may relieve the Labour of verbal Searches, and interſperſe with Verdure and Flowers the duſty Deſarts of barren Philology.

The Examples, thus mutilated, are no longer to be conſidered as conveying the Sentiments or Doctrine of their Authours; the Word for the Sake of which they are inſerted, with all its appendant Clauſes, has been carefully preſerved; but it may ſometimes happen, by haſty Detruncation, that the general Tendency of the Sentence may be changed: The Divine may deſert his Tenets, or the Philoſopher his Syſtem.

Some

Some of the Examples have been taken from Writers who were never mentioned as Maſters of Elegance or Models of Stile; but Words muſt be ſought where they are uſed; and in what Pages, eminent for Purity, can Terms of Manufacture or Agriculture be found? Many Quotations ſerve no other Purpoſe, than that of proving the bare Exiſtence of Words; and are therefore ſelected with leſs Scrupulouſneſs than thoſe which are to teach their Structures and Relations.

My Purpoſe was to admit no Teſtimony of living Authours, that I might not be miſled by Partiality, and that none of my Cotemporaries might have Reaſon to complain; nor have I departed from this Reſolution, but when ſome Performance of uncommon Excellence excited my Veneration, when my Memory ſupplied me, from late Books, with an Example that was wanting, or when my Heart, in the Tenderneſs of Friendſhip, ſolicited Amiſſion for a favourite Name.

So far have I been from any Care to grace my Pages with modern Decorations, that I have ſtudiouſly endeavoured to collect Examples and Authorities from the Writers before the Reſtoration, whoſe Works I regard as *the Wells of Engliſh undefiled*, as the pure Sources of genuine Diction. Our Language, for almoſt a Century, has, by the Concurrence of many Cauſes, been gradually departing from its original *Teutonick* Character, and deviating towards a *Gallick* Structure and Phraſeology, from which it ought to be our Endeavour to recal it, by making our ancient Volumes the Ground-work of Style, admitting among the Additions of later Times, only ſuch as may ſupply real Deficiencies, ſuch as are readily adopted by the Genius of our Tongue, and incorporate eaſily with our native Idioms.

But as every Language has a Time of Rudeneſs antecedent to Perfection, as well as of falſe Refine-

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ment and Declenſion, I have been cautious leſt my Zeal for Antiquity might drive me into Times too remote, and croud my Book with Words now no longer underſtood. I have fixed *Sydney*'s Work for the Boundary, beyond which I make few Excurſions. From the Authours which roſe in the Time of *Elizabeth*, a Speech might be formed adequate to all the Purpoſes of Uſe and Elegance. If the Language of Theology were extracted from *Hooker* and the Tranſlation of the Bible; the Terms of Natural Knowledge from *Bacon*; the Phraſes of Policy, War, and Navigation, from *Raleigh*; the Dialect of Poetry and Fiction from *Spenſer* and *Sidney*; and the Diction of common Life from *Shakeſpeare*; few Ideas would be loſt to Mankind, for want of *Engliſh* Words, in which they might be expreſſed.

It is not ſufficient that a Word is found, unleſs it be ſo combined as that its Meaning is apparently determined by the Tract and Tenour of the Sentence; ſuch Paſſages I have therefore choſen; and when it happened that any Authour gave a Definition of a Term, or ſuch an Explanation as is equivalent to a Definition, I have placed his Authority as a Supplement to my own, without Regard to the chronological Order, that is otherwiſe obſerved.

Some Words, indeed, ſtand unſupported by any Authority, but they are commonly derivative Nouns or Adverbs, formed from their Primitives by regular and conſtant Analogy, or Names of Things ſeldom occurring in Books, or Words of which I have Reaſon to doubt the Exiſtence.

There is more Danger of Cenſure from the Multiplicity than Pacuity of Examples; Authorities will ſometimes ſeem to have been accumulated without Neceſſity or Uſe, and perhaps ſome will be found, which might, without Loſs, have been omitted. But a Work of this Kind is not haſtily to be charged with Superfluities: Thoſe Quotations which to careleſs

leſs or unſkilful Peruſers appear only to repeat the ſame Senſe, will often exhibit, to a more accurate Examiner, Diverſities of Signification, or, at leaſt, afford different Shades of the ſame Meaning: One will ſhew the Word applied to Perſons, another to Things; one will expreſs an ill, another a good, and a third a neutral Senſe; one will prove the Expreſſion genuine from an ancient Authour; another will ſhew it elegant from a modern: A doubtful Authority is corroborated by another of more Credit; an ambiguous Sentence is aſcertained by a Paſſage clear and determinate; the Word, how often ſoever repeated, appears with new Aſſociates and in different Combinations, and every Quotation contributes ſomething to the Stability or Enlargement of the Language.

When Words are uſed equivocally, I receive them in either Senſe; when they are metaphorical, I adopt them in their primitive Acceptation.

I have ſometimes, though rarely, yielded to the Temptation of exhibiting a Genealogy of Sentiments, by ſhewing how one Author copied the Thoughts and Diction of another: Such Quotations are indeed little more than Repetitions, which might juſtly be cenſured, did they not gratify the Mind, by affording a Kind of intellectual Hiſtory.

The various ſyntactical Structures occurring in the Examples have been carefully noted; the Licence or Negligence with which many Words have been hitherto uſed, has made our Style capricious and indeterminate; when the different Combinations of the ſame Word are exhibited together, the Preference is readily given to Propriety, and I have often endeavoured to direct the Choice.

Thus have I laboured to ſettle the Orthography, diſplay the Analogy, regulate the Structures, and aſcertain the Signification of *Engliſh* Words, to perform all the Parts of a faithful Lexicographer: But I have not always executed my own Scheme, or ſatisfied

fied my own Expectations. The Work, whatever Proofs of Diligence and Attention it may exhibit, is yet capable of many Improvements: The Orthography which I recommend is ſtill controvertible, the Etymology which I adopt is uncertain, and perhaps frequently erroneous; the Explanations are ſometimes too much contracted, and ſometimes too much diffuſed; the Significations are diſtinguiſhed rather with Subtility than Skill, and the Attention is harraſſed with unneceſſary Minuteneſs.

The Examples are too often injudiciouſly truncated, and perhaps ſometimes, I hope very rarely, alledged in a miſtaken Senſe; for in making this Collection I truſted more to Memory, than, in a State of Diſquiet and Embarraſſment, Memory can contain, and purpoſed to ſupply at the Review what was left incomplete in the firſt Tranſcription.

Many Terms appropriated to particular Occupations, though neceſſary and ſignificant, are undoubtedly omitted; and of the Words moſt ſtudiouſly conſidered and exemplified, many Senſes have eſcaped Obſervation.

Yet theſe Failures, however frequent, may admit Extenuation and Apology. To have attempted much is always laudable, even when the Enterprize is above the Strength that undertakes it: To reſt below his own Aim is incident to every one whoſe Fancy is active, and whoſe Views are comprehenſive; nor is any Man ſatisfied with himſelf becauſe he has done much, but becauſe he can conceive little. When firſt I engaged in this Work, I reſolved to leave neither Words nor Things unexamined, and pleaſed myſelf with a Proſpect of the Hours which I ſhould revel away in Feaſts of Literature, the obſcure Receſſes of Northern Learning which I ſhould enter and ranſack, the Treaſures with which I expected every Search into thoſe neglected Mines to reward my Labour, and the Triumph with which I ſhould diſplay my Acquiſitions to Mankind. When I had thus enquired

enquired into the Original of Words, I resolved to shew likewise my Attention to Things; to pierce deep in every Science, to enquire the Nature of every Substance of which I inserted the Name, to limit every Idea by a Definition strictly logical, and exhibit every Production of Art or Nature in an accurate Description, that my Book might be in Place of all other Dictionaries, whether appellative or technical. But these were the Dreams of a Poet, doomed at last to wake a Lexicographer. I soon found that it is too late to look for Instruments, when the Work calls for Execution; and that whatever Abilities I had brought to my Task, with those I must finally perform it. To deliberate whenever I doubted, to enquire whenever I was ignorant, would have protracted the Undertaking without End, and, perhaps, without much Improvement; for I did not find by my first Experiments, that what I had not of my own was easily to be obtained: I saw that one Enquiry only gave Occasion to another, that Book referred to Book, that to search was not always to find, and to find was not always to be informed; and that thus to pursue Perfection, was, like the first Inhabitants of *Arcadia*, to chace the Sun, which, when they had reached the Hill where he seemed to rest, was still beheld at the same Distance from them.

I then contracted my Design, determining to confide in myself, and no longer to solicit Auxiliaries, which produced more Incumbrance than Assistance: By this I obtained at least one Advantage, that I set Limits to my Work, which would in Time be finished, though not completed.

Despondency has never so far prevailed as to depress me to Negligence: Some Faults will at last appear to be the Effects of anxious Diligence and persevering Activity. The nice and subtle Ramifications of Meaning were not easily avoided by a Mind intent upon Accuracy, and convinced of the Necessity

ceſſity of diſentangling Combinations, and ſeparating Similitudes. Many of the Diſtinctions which to common Readers appear uſeleſs and idle, will be found real and important by Men verſed in the School Philoſophy, without which no Dictionary ever ſhall be accurately compiled, or ſkilfully examined.

Some Senſes however there are, which, though not the ſame, are yet ſo nearly allied, that they are often confounded. Moſt Men think indiſtinctly, and therefore cannot ſpeak with Exactneſs; and conſequently ſome Examples might be indifferently put to either Signification: This Uncertainty is not to be imputed to me, who do not form, but regiſter the Language; who do not teach Men how they ſhould think, but relate how they have hitherto expreſſed their Thoughts.

The imperfect Senſe of ſome Examples I lamented, but could not remedy, and hope they will be compenſated by innumerable Paſſages ſelected with Propriety, and preſerved with Exactneſs; ſome ſhining with Sparks of Imagination, and ſome replete with Treaſures of Wiſdom.

The Orthography and Etymology, though imperfect, are not imperfect for want of Care; but becauſe Care will not always be ſucceſsful, and Recollection or Information come too late for Uſe.

That many Terms of Art and Manufacture are omitted, muſt be frankly acknowledged; but for this Defect, I may boldly alledge that it was unavoidable; I could not viſit Caverns, to learn the Miner's Language, nor take a Voyage, to perfect my Skill in the Dialect of Navigation; nor viſit the Warehouſes of Merchants, and Shops of Artificers, to gain the Names of Wares, Tools, and Operations, of which no Mention is found in Books; what favourable Accident, or eaſy Enquiry, brought within my Reach, has not been neglected; but it had been a hopeleſs Labour to glean up Words, by

courting living Information, and conteſting with the Sullenneſs of one, and the Roughneſs of another.

To furniſh the Academicians *della Cruſca* with Words of this Kind, a Series of Comedies, called *la Fiera*, or *the Fair*, was profeſſedly written by *Buonaroti*; but I had no ſuch Aſſiſtant, and therefore was content to want what they muſt have wanted likewiſe, had they not luckily been ſo ſupplied.

Nor are all Words which are not found in the Vocabulary, to be lamented as Omiſſions. Of the laborious and mercantile Part of the People, the Diction is in a great Meaſure caſual and mutable; many of their Terms are formed for ſome temporary or local Convenience; and though current at certain Times and Places, are in others utterly unknown. This fugitive Cant, which is always in a State of Increaſe or Decay, cannot be regarded as any Part of the durable Materials of a Language, and therefore muſt be ſuffered to periſh with other Things unworthy of Preſervation.

Care will ſometimes betray to the Appearance of Negligence. He that is catching Opportunities which ſeldom occur, will ſuffer thoſe to paſs by unregarded, which he expects hourly to return; he that is ſearching for rare and remote Things, will neglect thoſe that are obvious and familiar: Thus many of the moſt common and curſory Words have been inſerted with little Illuſtration, becauſe in gathering the Authorities, I forbore to copy thoſe which I thought likely to occur whenever they were wanted. It is remarkable that, in reviewing my Collection, I found the Word *Sea* unexemplified.

Thus it happens, that in Things difficult there is Danger from Ignorance, and in Things eaſy from Confidence; the Mind, afraid of Greatneſs, and diſdainful of Littleneſs, haſtily withdraws herſelf from painful Searches, and paſſes with ſcornful Rapidity

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over Tasks not adequate to her Powers; sometimes too secure for Caution, and again too anxious of vigorous Effort; sometimes idle in a plain Path, and sometimes distracted in Labyrinths, and dissipated by different Intentions.

A large Work is difficult because it is large, even though all its Parts might singly be performed with Facility; where there are many Things to be done, each must be allowed its Share of Time and Labour, in the Proportion only which it bears to the Whole; nor can it be expected that the Stones which form the Dome of a Temple, should be squared and polished like the Diamond of a Ring.

Of the Event of this Work, for which, having laboured it with so much Application, I cannot but have some Degree of parental Fondness, it is natural to form Conjectures. Those who have been persuaded to think well of my Design, require that it should fix our Language, and put a Stop to those Alterations which Time and Chance have hitherto been suffered to make in it without Opposition. With this Consequence I will confess that I flattered myself for a while; but now begin to fear that I have indulged Expectation, which neither Reason nor Experience can justify. When we see Men grow old and die, at a certain Time, one after another, from Century to Century, we laugh at the Elixir that promises to prolong Life to a thousand Years; and with equal Justice may the Lexicographer be derided, who being able to produce no Example of a Nation that has preserved their Words and Phrases from Mutability, shall imagine that his Dictionary can embalm his Language, and secure it from Corruption and Decay; that it is in his Power to change sublunary Nature, or clear the World at once from Folly, Vanity, and Affectation.

With this Hope, however, Academies have been instituted, to guard the Avenues of their Languages, to

to retain Fugitives, and repulse Intruders; but their Vigilance and Activity have hitherto been vain; Sounds are too volatile and subtle for legal Restraints; to enchain syllables, and to lash the Wind are equally the Undertakings of Pride, unwilling to measure its Desires by its Strength. The *French* Language has visibly changed under the Inspection of the Academy: the Stile of *Amelot*'s Translation of Father *Paul* is observed by *Le Courayer* to be *un peu passé*; and no *Italian* will maintain, that the Diction of any modern Writer is not perceptibly different from that of *Boccace*, *Machiavel*, or *Caro*.

Total and sudden Transformations of a Language seldom happen; Conquests and Migrations are now very rare; but there are other Causes of Change, which, though slow in their Operation, and invisible in their Progress, are perhaps as much superior to human Resistance, as the Revolutions of the Sky, or Intumescence of the Tide. Commerce, however necessary, however lucrative, as it depraves the Manners, corrupts the Language; they that have frequent Intercourse with Strangers, to whom they endeavour to accommodate themselves, must in Time learn a mingled Dialect, like the Jargon which serves the Traffickers on the *Mediterranean* and *Indian* Coasts. This will not always be confined to the Exchange, the Warehouse, or the Port, but will be communicated by Degrees to other Ranks of the People, and be at last incorporated with the current Speech.

There are likewise internal Causes equally forcible. The Language most likely to continue long without Alteration, would be that of a Nation raised a little, and but a little, above Barbarity, secluded from Strangers, and totally employed in procuring the Conveniences of Life: either without Books, or, like some of the *Mahometan* Countries, with very few: Men thus busied and unlearned, having only

ſuch Words as common Uſe requires, would perhaps long continue to expreſs the ſame Notions by the ſame Signs. But no ſuch Conſtancy can be expected in a People poliſhed by Arts, and claſſed by Subordination, where one Part of the Community is ſuſtained and accommodated by the Labour of the other. Thoſe who have much Leiſure to think, will always be enlarging the ſtock of ideas, and every Increaſe of Knowledge, whether real or fancied, will produce new Words, or Combinations of Words. When the Mind is unchained from Neceſſity, it will range after Convenience; when it is left at large in the Fields of Speculation, it will ſhift Opinions; as any Cuſtom is diſuſed, the Words that expreſſed it muſt periſh with it; as any Opinion grows popular, it will innovate Speech in the ſame Proportion as it alters Practice.

As by the Cultivation of various Sciences a Language is amplified it will be more furniſhed with Words deflected from their original Senſe; the Geometrician will talk of a Courtier's Zenith, or the excentrick Virtue of a wild Hero; and the Phyſician of ſanguine Expectations, and phlegmatick Delays. Copiouſneſs of Speech will give Opportunities to capricious Choice, by which ſome Words will be preferred, and others degraded; Viciſſitudes of Faſhion will enforce the Uſe of new, or extend the Signification of known Terms. The Tropes of Poetry will make hourly Encroachments, and the metaphorical will become the current Senſe: Pronunciation will be varied by Levity or Ignorance, and the Pen muſt at length comply with the Tongue; illiterate Writers will at one Time or other, by publick Infatuation, riſe into Renown; who, not knowing the original Import of Words, will uſe them with colloquial Licentiouſneſs, confound Diſtinction and forget Propriety. As Politeneſs increaſes, ſome Expreſſions will be conſidered as too groſs and vul-

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gar for the Delicate, others as too formal and ceremonious for the Gay and Airy; new Phraſes are therefore adopted, which muſt, for the ſame Reaſons, be in Time diſmiſſed. *Swift*, in his petty Treatiſe on the *Engliſh* Language, allows that new Words muſt ſometimes be introduced, but propoſes that none ſhould be ſuffered to become obſolete. But what makes a Word obſolete, more than general Agreement to forbear it? And how ſhall it be continued, when it conveys an offenſive Idea, or recalled again into Mouths the Mankind, when it has once by Diſuſe become unfamiliar, and by Unfamiliarity unpleaſing.

There is another Cauſe of Alteration more prevalent than any other, which yet, in the preſent State of the World, cannot be obviated. A Mixture of two Languages will produce a Third, diſtinct from both, and they will always be mixed, where the chief Part of Education, and the moſt conſpicuous Accompliſhment, is Skill in ancient or in foreign Tongues. He that has long cultivated another Language, will find its Words and Combinations croud upon his Memory; and Haſte and Negligence, Refinement and Affectation, will obtrude borrowed Terms and exotick Expreſſions.

The great Peſt of Speech is Frequency of Tranſlation. No Book was ever turned from one Language into another, without imparting ſomething of its native Idiom; this is the moſt miſchievous and comprehenſive Innovation; ſingle Words may enter by Thouſands, and the Fabrick of the Tongue continue the ſame, but new Phraſeology changes much at once; it alters not the ſingle Stones of the Building, but the Order of the Columns. If an Academy ſhould be eſtabliſhed for the Cultivation of our Stile, which I, who can never wiſh to ſee Dependance multiplied, hope the Spirit of *Engliſh* Liberty will hinder or deſtroy, let them, inſtead of con-

piling Grammars and Dictionaries, endeavour, with all their Influence, to ſtop the Licence of Tranſlatours, whoſe Idleneſs and Ignorance, if it be ſuffered to proceed, will reduce us to babble a Dialect of *France*.

If the Changes that we fear be thus irreſiſtible what remains but to acquieſce with Silence, as in the other inſurmountable Diſtreſſes of Humanity? It remains that we retard what we cannot repel, that we palliate what we cannot cure. Life may be lengthened by Care, though Death cannot be ultimately defeated: Tongues, like Governments, have a natural Tendency to Degeneration; we have long preſerved our Conſtitution, let us make ſome Struggles for our Language.

In Hope of giving Longevity to that which its own Nature forbids to be immortal, I have devoted this Book, the Labour of Years, to the Honour of my Country, that we may no longer yield the Palm of Philology to the Nations of the Continent. The chief Glory of every People ariſes from its Authours! Whether I ſhall add any Thing by my own Writings to the Reputation of *Engliſh* Literature, muſt be left to Time: Much of my Life has been loſt under the Preſſures of Diſeaſe; much has been trifled away; and much has always been ſpent in Proviſion for the Day that was paſſing over me; but I ſhall not think my Employment uſeleſs or ignoble, if by my Aſſiſtance foreign Nations, and diſtant Ages, gain Acceſs to the Propagators of Knowledge, and underſtand the Teachers of Truth; if my Labours afford Light to the Repoſitories of Science, and add Celebrity to *Bacon*, to *Hooker*, to *Milton* and to *Boyle*.

When I am animated by this Wiſh I look with Pleaſure on my Book, however defective, and deliver it to the World with the Spirit of a Man that has endeavoured well. That it will immediately become

come popular, I have not promiſed to myſelf: A few wild Blunders, and riſible Abſurdities, from which no Work of ſuch Multiplicity was ever free, may for a Time furniſh Folly with Laughter, and harden Ignorance into Contempt; but uſeful Diligence will at laſt prevail, and there never can be wanting ſome who diſtinguiſh Deſert; who will conſider that no Dictionary of a living Tongue ever can be perfect, ſince, while it is haſtening to Publication, ſome Words are budding, and ſome falling away; that a whole Life cannot be ſpent upon Syntax and Etymology; and that even a whole Life would not be ſufficient; that he, whoſe Deſign includes whatever Language can expreſs, muſt often ſpeak of what he does not underſtand; that a Writer will ſometimes be hurried by Eagerneſs to the End, and ſometimes faint with Wearineſs under a Taſk, which *Scaliger* compares to the Labours of the Anvil and the Mine, that what is obvious is not always known, and what is known is not always preſent, that ſudden Fits of Inadvertency will ſurprize Vigilance, ſlight Avocations will ſeduce Attention, and caſual Eclipſes of the Mind will darken Learning; and that the Writer ſhall often in vain trace his Memory, at the Moment of Need, for that which Yeſterday he knew with intuitive Readineſs, and which will come uncalled into his Thoughts To-morrow.

In this Work, when it ſhall be found that much is omitted, let it not be forgotten that much likewiſe is performed; and though no Book was ever ſpared out of Tenderneſs to the Authour, and the World is little ſolicitous to know whence proceeded the Faults of that which it condemns; yet it may gratify Curioſity to inform it, that the *Engliſh Dictionary* was written with little Aſſiſtance of the Learned, and without any Patronage of the Great; not in the ſoft Obſcurities of Retirement, or under the Shelter of academick Bowers, but amidſt Inconve-

nience and Diſtraction, in Sickneſs and in Sorrow: And it may repreſs the Triumph of malignant Criticiſm to obſerve, that if our Language is not here fully diſplayed, I have only failed in an Attempt which no human Powers have hitherto completed. If the Lexicons of ancient Tongues, now immutably fixed, and compriſed in a few Volumes, be yet, after the Toil of ſucceſſive Ages, inadequate and deluſive; if the aggregated Knowledge, and co-operating Diligence, of the *Italian* Academicians, did not ſecure them from the Cenſure of *Beni*; if the embodied Criticks of *France*, when fifty Years had been ſpent upon their Work, were obliged to change its Œconomy, and give their ſecond Edition another Form, I may ſurely be contented without the Praiſe of Perfection, which, if I could obtain, in this Gloom of Solitude, what would it avail me? I have protracted my Work till moſt of thoſe whom I wiſhed to pleaſe have ſunk into the Grave, and Succeſs and Miſcarriage are empty Sounds: I therefore diſmiſs it with frigid Tranquility, having little to fear or hope from Cenſure or from Praiſe.

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PROPOSALS

FOR PRINTING THE

DRAMATICK WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Printed in the Year 1756.

WHEN the Works of *Shakeſpeare* are, after ſo many Editions, again offered to the Publick, it will doubtleſs be enquired, why *Shakeſpeare* ſtands in more Need of critical Aſſiſtance than any other of the *Engliſh* Writers, and what are the Deficiencies of the late Attempts, which another Editor may hope to ſupply.

The Buſineſs of him that republiſhes an ancient Book is, to correct what is corrupt, and to explain what is obſcure. To have a Text corrupt in many Places, and in many doubtful, is, among the Authours that have written ſince the Uſe of Types, almoſt peculiar to *Shakeſpeare*. Moſt Writers, by publiſhing their own Works, prevent all various Readings, and preclude all conjectural Criticiſm. Books indeed are ſometimes publiſhed after the Death of him who produced them; but they are better ſecured from Corruption than theſe unfortunate Compoſitions. They ſubſiſt in a ſingle Copy, written or

reviſed by the Authour; and the Faults of the printed Volume can be only Faults of one Deſcent.

But of the Works of *Shakeſpeare* the Condition has been far different: He ſold them, not to be printed, but to be played. They were immediately copied for the Actors, and multiplied by Tranſcript after Tranſcript, vitiated by the Blunders of the Penman, or changed by the Affectation of the Player; perhaps enlarged to introduce a Jeſt, or mutilated to ſhorten the Repreſentation; and printed at laſt without the Concurrence of the Authour, without the Conſent of the Proprietor, from Compilations made by Chance or by Stealth out of the ſeparate Parts written for the Theatre: And thus thruſt into the World ſurreptitiouſly and haſtily, they ſuffered another Depravation from the Ignorance and Negligence of the Printers, as every Man who knows the State of the Preſs in that Age will readily conceive.

It is not eaſy for Invention to bring together ſo many Cauſes concurring to vitiate the Text. No other Authour ever gave up his Works to Fortune and Time with ſo little Care: No Books could be left in Hands ſo likely to injure them, as Plays frequently acted, yet continued in Manuſcript: No other Tranſcribers were likely to be ſo little qualified for their Taſk as thoſe who copied for the Stage, at a Time when the lower Ranks of the People were univerſally illiterate: No other Editions were made from Fragments ſo minutely broken, and ſo fortuitouſly reunited; and in no other Age was the Art of Printing in ſuch unſkilful Hands.

With the Cauſes of Corruption that make the Reviſal of *Shakeſpeare*'s Dramatick Pieces neceſſary, may be enumerated the Cauſes of Obſcurity, which may be partly imputed to his Age, and partly to himſelf.

When a Writer outlives his Contemporaries, and remains almoſt the only unforgotten Name of a diſtant Time, he is neceſſarily obſcure. Every Age has

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its Modes of Speech, and its Caſt of Thought; which, though eaſily explained when there are many Books to be compared with each other, become ſometimes unintelligible, and always difficult, when there are no parallel Paſſages that may conduce to their Illuſtration. *Shakeſpeare* is the firſt conſiderable Authour of ſublime or familiar Dialogue in our Language. Of the Books which he read, and from which he formed his Style, ſome perhaps have periſhed, and the reſt are neglected. His Imitations are therefore unnoted, his Alluſions are undiſcovered, and many Beauties, both of Pleaſantry and Greatneſs, are loſt with the Objects to which they were united, as the Figures vaniſh when the Canvas has decayed.

It is the great Excellence of *Shakeſpeare*, that he drew his Scenes from Nature, and from Life. He copied the Manners of the World then paſſing before him, and has more Alluſions than other Poets to the Traditions and Superſtition of the Vulgar; which muſt therefore be traced before he can be underſtood.

He wrote at a Time when our poetical Language was yet unformed, when the Meaning of our Phraſes was yet in Fluctuation, when Words were adopted at Pleaſure from the neighbouring Languages, and while the *Saxon* was ſtill viſibly mingled in our Diction. The Reader is therefore embarraſſed at once with dead and with foreign Languages, with Obſoleteneſs and Innovation. In that Age, as in all others, Faſhion produced Phraſeology, which ſucceeding Faſhion ſwept away before its Meaning was generally known, or ſufficiently authoriſed: And in that Age, above all others, Experiments were made upon our Language, which diſtorted its Combinations, and diſturbed its Uniformity.

If *Shakeſpeare* has Difficulties above other Writers, it is to be imputed to the Nature of his Work, which required

required the Uſe of the common colloquial Language, and conſequently admitted many Phraſes alluſive, elliptical, and proverbial, ſuch as we ſpeak and hear every hour without obſerving them; and of which, being now familiar, we do not ſuſpect that they can ever grow uncouth, or that, being now obvious, they can ever ſeem remote.

Theſe are the principal Cauſes of the Obſcurity of *Shakeſpeare*; to which might be added the Fulneſs of Idea, which might ſometimes load his Words with more Sentiment than they could conveniently convey, and that Rapidity of Imagination which might hurry him to a ſecond Thought before he had fully explained the firſt. But my Opinion is, that very few of his Lines were difficult to his Audience, and that he uſed ſuch Expreſſions as were then common, tho' the Paucity of contemporary Writers makes them now ſeem peculiar.

Authours are often praiſed for Improvement, or blamed for Innovation, with very little Juſtice, by thoſe who read few other Books of the ſame Age. *Addiſon* himſelf has been ſo unſucceſsful in enumerating the Words with which *Milton* has enriched our Language, as perhaps not to have named one of which *Milton* was the Author; and *Bentley* has yet more unhappily praiſed him as the Introducer of thoſe Eliſions into *Engliſh* Poetry, which had been uſed from the firſt Eſſays of Verſification among us, and which *Milton* was indeed the laſt that practiſed.

Another Impediment, not the leaſt vexatious to the Commentator, is the Exactneſs with which *Shakeſpeare* followed his Authours. Inſtead of dilating his Thoughts into Generalities, and expreſſing Incidents with poetical Latitude, he often combines Circumſtances unneceſſary to his main Deſign, only becauſe he happened to find them together. Such Paſſages can be illuſtrated only by him who has read

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the ſame Story in the very Book which *Shakeſpeare* conſulted.

He that undertakes an Edition of *Shakeſpeare*, has all theſe Difficulties to encounter, and all theſe Obſtructions to remove.

The Corruptions of the Text will be corrected by a careful Collation of the oldeſt Copies, by which it is hoped that many Reſtorations may yet be made: At leaſt it will be neceſſary to collect and note the Variation as Materials for future Criticks; for it very often happens that a wrong Reading has Affinity to the right.

In this Part all the preſent Editions are apparently and intentionally defective. The Criticks did not ſo much as wiſh to facilitate the Labour of thoſe that followed them. The ſame Books are ſtill to be compared; the Work that has been done, is to be done again; and no ſingle Edition will ſupply the Reader with a Text on which he can rely as the beſt Copy of the Works of *Shakeſpeare*.

The Edition now propoſed will at leaſt have this Advantage over others. It will exhibit all the obſervable Varieties of all the Copies that can be found; that, if the Reader is not ſatisfied with the Editor's Determination, he may have the Means of chooſing better for himſelf.

Where all the Books are evidently vitiated, and Collation can give no Aſſiſtance, then begins the Taſk of critical Sagacity: And ſome Changes may well be admitted in a Text never ſettled by the Authour, and ſo long expoſed to Caprice and Ignorance. But nothing ſhall be impoſed, as in the *Oxford* Edition, without Notice of the Alteration; nor ſhall Conjecture be wantonly or unneceſſarily indulged.

It has been long found, that very ſpecious Emendations do not equally ſtrike all Minds with Conviction, nor even the ſame Mind at different Times; and therefore, though perhaps many Alterations may

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be propoſed as eligible, very few will be obtruded as certain. In a Language ſo ungrammatical as the *Engliſh*, and ſo licentious as that of *Shakeſpeare*, emendatory Criticiſm is always hazardous; nor can it be allowed to any Man who is not particularly verſed in the Writings of that Age, and particularly ſtudious of his Authour's Diction. There is Danger leſt Peculiarities ſhould be miſtaken for Corruptions, and Paſſages rejected as unintelligible, which a narrow Mind happens not to underſtand.

All the former Criticks have been ſo much employed on the Correction of the Text, that they have not ſufficiently attended to the Elucidation of Paſſages obſcured by Accident or Time. The Editor will endeavoured to read the Books which the Authour read, to trace his Knowledge to its Source, and compare his Copies with their Originals. If in this Part of his Deſign he hopes to attain any Degree of Superiority to his Predeceſſors, it muſt be conſidered, that he has the Advantage of their Labours; that Part of the Work being already done, more Care is naturally beſtowed on the other Part; and that, to declare the Truth, Mr. *Rowe* and Mr. *Pope* were very ignorant of the ancient *Engliſh* Literature; Dr. *Warburton* was detained by more important Studies; and Mr. *Theobald*, if Fame be juſt to his Memory, conſidered Learning only as an Inſtrument of Gain, and made no further Enquiry after his Authour's Meaning, when once he had Notes ſufficient to embelliſh his Page with the expected Decorations.

With Regard to obſolete or peculiar Diction, the Editor may perhaps claim ſome Degree of Confidence, having had more Motives to conſider the whole Extent of our Language than any other Man from its firſt Formation. He hopes that, by comparing the Works of *Shakeſpeare* with thoſe of Writers who lived at the ſame Time, immediately preceded, or immediately followed him, he ſhall be able to aſcer-

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tain his Ambiguities, disentangle his Intricacies, and recover the Meaning of Words now lost in the Darkness of Antiquity.

When therefore any Obscurity arises from an Allusion to some other Book, the Passage will be quoted. When the Diction is entangled, it will be cleared by a Paraphrase or Interpretation. When the Sense is broken by the Suppression of Part of the Sentiment in Pleasantry or Passion, the Connexion will be supplied. When any forgotten Custom is hinted, Care will be taken to retrieve and explain it. The Meaning assigned to doubtful Words will be supported by the Authorities of other Writers, or by parallel Passages of *Shakespeare* himself.

The Observation of Faults and Beauties is one of the Duties of an Annotator, which some of *Shakespeare*'s Editors have attempted, and some have neglected. For this Part of his Task, and for this only, was Mr. *Pope* eminently and indisputably qualified; nor has Dr. *Warburton* followed him with less Diligence or less Success. But I have never observed that Mankind was much delighted or improved by their Asteriks, Commas, or double Commas; of which the only Effect is, that they preclude the Pleasure of judging for ourselves, teach the Young and Ignorant to decide without Principles; defeat Curiosity and Discernment, by leaving them less to discover; and at last shew the Opinion of the Critick, without the Reasons on which it was founded, and without affording any Light by which it may be examined.

The Editor, though he may less delight his own Vanity, will probably please his Reader more, by supposing him equally able with himself to judge of Beauties and Faults, which require no previous Acquisition of remote Knowledge. A Description of the obvious Scenes of Nature, a Representation of general Life, a Sentiment of Reflection or Experience,

rience, a Deduction of concluſive Arguments, a forcible Eruption of efferveſcent Paſſion, are to be conſidered as proportionate to common Apprehenſion, unaſſiſted by critical Officiouſneſs; ſince, to convince them, nothing more is requiſite than Acquaintance with the general State of the World, and thoſe Faculties which he muſt almoſt bring with him who would read *Shakeſpeare*.

But when the Beauty ariſes from ſome Adaptation of the Sentiment to Cuſtoms worn out of Uſe, to Opinions not univerſally prevalent, or to any accidental or minute Particularity, which cannot be ſupplied by common Underſtanding, or common Obſervation, it is the Duty of a Commentator to lend his Aſſiſtance.

The Notice of Beauties and Faults thus limited, will make no diſtinct Part of the Deſign, being reducible to the Explanation of obſcure Paſſages.

The Editor does not however intend to preclude himſelf from the Compariſon of *Shakeſpeare*'s Sentiments or Expreſſion with thoſe of ancient or modern Authours, or from the Diſplay of any Beauty not obvious to the Students of Poetry; for as he hopes to leave his Authour better underſtood, he wiſhes likewiſe to procure him more rational Approbation.

The former Editors have affected to ſlight their Predeceſſors: But in this Edition all that is valuable will be adopted from every Commentator, that Poſterity may conſider it as including all the reſt, and exhibiting whatever is hitherto known of the great Father of the *Engliſh* Drama.

PREFACE

TO

SHAKESPEARE.

Publiſhed in the Year 1768.

THAT Praiſes are without Reaſon laviſhed on the Dead, and that the Honours due only to Excellence are paid to Antiquity, is a Complaint likely to be always continued by thoſe, who, being able to add nothing to Truth, hope for Eminence from the Hereſies of Paradox; or thoſe, who, being forced by Diſappointment upon conſolatory Expedients, are willing to hope from Poſterity what the preſent Age refuſes, and flatter themſelves that the Regard which is yet denied by Envy, will be at laſt beſtowed by Time.

Antiquity, like every other Quality that attracts the Notice of Mankind, has undoubtedly Votaries that reverence it, not from Reaſon, but from Prejudice. Some ſeem to admire indiſcriminately whatever has been long preſerved, without conſidering that Time has ſometimes co-operated with Chance; all perhaps are more willing to honour paſt than preſent Excellence; and the Mind contemplates Genius through the Shades of Age, as the Eye ſurveys the Sun through artificial Opacity. The great Contention of Criticiſm is to find the Faults of the Moderns, and the Beauties of the Ancients. While an Authour is yet living, we eſtimate his Powers by his worſt Performance, and when he is dead, we rate them by his beſt.

To Works, however, of which the Excellence is not abſolute and definite, but gradual and comparative;

tive; to Works not raiſed upon Principles demonſtrative and ſcientifick, but appealing wholly to Obſervation and Experience, no other Teſt can be applied than Length of Duration, and Continuance of Eſteem. What Mankind have long poſſeſſed, they have often examined and compared; and if they perſiſt to value the Poſſeſſion, it is becauſe frequent Compariſons have confirmed Opinion in its Favour. As among the Works of Nature no Man can properly call a River deep, or a Mountain high, without the Knowledge of many Mountains and many Rivers; ſo, in the Productions of Genius, nothing can be ſtiled excellent till it has been compared with other Works of the ſame Kind. Demonſtration immediately diſplays its Power, and has nothing to hope or fear from the Flux of Years; but Works tentative and experimental muſt be eſtimated by their Proportion to the general and collective Ability of Man, as it is diſcovered in a long Succeſſion of Endeavours. Of the firſt Building that was raiſed, it might be with Certainty determined that it was round or ſquare; but whether it was ſpacious or lofty muſt have been referred to Time. The *Pythagorean* Scale of Numbers was at once diſcovered to be perfect; but the Poems of *Homer* we yet know not to tranſcend the common Limits of human Intelligence, but by remarking, that Nation after Nation, and Century after Century, has been able to do little more than tranſpoſe his Incidents, new name his Characters, and paraphraſe his Sentiments.

The Reverence due to Writings that have long ſubſiſted, ariſes therefore not from any credulous Confidence in the ſuperior Wiſdom of paſt Ages, or gloomy Perſuaſion of the Degeneracy of Mankind, but is the Conſequence of acknowledged and indubitable Poſitions, that what has been longeſt known

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has been moſt conſidered, and what is moſt conſidered is beſt underſtood.

The Poet, of whoſe Works I have undertaken the Reviſion, may now begin to aſſume the Dignity of an Antient, and claim the Privilege of eſtabliſhed Fame and preſcriptive Veneration. He has long outlived his Century, the Term commonly fixed as the Teſt of literary Merit. Whatever Advantages he might once derive from perſonal Alluſions, local Cuſtoms, or temporary Opinions, have for many Years been loſt; and every Topick of Merriment, or Motive of Sorrow, which the Modes of artificial Life afforded him, now only obſcure the Scenes which they once illuminated. The Effects of Favour and Competition are at an End; the Tradition of his Friendſhips and his Enmities has periſhed; his Works ſupport no Opinion with Arguments, nor ſupply any Faction with Invectives; they can neither indulge Vanity, nor gratify Malignity, but are read without any other Reaſon than the Deſire of Pleaſure, and are therefore praiſed only as Pleaſure is obtained; yet, thus unaſſiſted by Intereſt or Paſſion, they have paſt through Variations of Taſte, and Changes of Manners, and, as they devolved from one Generation to another, have received new Honours at every Tranſmiſſion.

But becauſe human Judgment, though it be gradually gaining upon Certainty, never becomes infallible; and Approbation, though long continued, may yet be only the Approbation of Prejudice or Faſhion: it is proper to inquire by what Peculiarities of Excellence *Shakeſpeare* has gained and kept the Favour of his Countrymen.

Nothing can pleaſe many, and pleaſe long, but juſt Repreſentations of general Nature. Particular Manners can be known to few, and therefore few only can judge how nearly they are copied. The irregular Combinations of fanciful Invention may

delight a-while, by that Novelty of which the common Satiety of Life ſends us all in queſt; but the Pleaſures of ſudden Wonder are ſoon exhauſted, and the Mind can only repoſe on the Stability of Truth.

Shakeſpeare is above all Writers, at leaſt above all modern Writers, the Poet of Nature; the Poet that holds up to his Readers a faithful Mirrour of Manners and of Life. His Characters are not modified by the Cuſtoms of particular Places, unpractiſed by the reſt of the World; by the Peculiarities of Studies or Profeſſions, which can operate but upon ſmall Numbers; or by the Accidents of tranſient Faſhions, or temporary Opinions: They are the genuine Progeny of common Humanity, ſuch as the World will always ſupply, and Obſervation will always find. His Perſons act and ſpeak by the Influence of thoſe general Paſſions and Principles by which all Minds are agitated, and the whole Syſtem of Life is continued in Motion. In the Writings of other Poets a Character is too often an Individual; in thoſe of *Shakeſpeare* it is commonly a Species.

It is from this wide Extenſion of Deſign that ſo much Inſtruction is derived. It is this which fills the Plays of *Shakeſpeare* with practical Axioms and domeſtick Wiſdom. It was ſaid of *Euripides*, that every Verſe was a Precept; and it may be ſaid of *Shakeſpeare*, that from his Works may be collected a Syſtem of civil and œconomical Prudence. Yet his real Power is not ſhown in the Splendour of particular Paſſages, but by the Progreſs of his Fable, and the Tenour of his Dialogue; and he that tries to recommend him by ſelect Quotations, will ſucceed like the Pedant in *Hierocles*, who, when he offered his Houſe to Sale, carried a Brick in his Pocket as a Specimen.

It will not eaſily be imagined how much *Shakeſpeare* excells in accommodating his Sentiments to real

real Life, but by comparing him with other Authours. It was obſerved of the ancient Schools of Declamation, that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the Student diſqualified for the World, becauſe he found nothing there which he ſhould ever meet with in any other Place. The ſame Remark may be applied to every Stage but that of *Shakeſpeare*. The Theatre, when it is under any other Direction, is peopled by ſuch Characters as were never ſeen, converſing in a Language which was never heard, upon Topicks which will never ariſe in the Commerce of Mankind. But the Dialogue of this Authour is often ſo evidently determined by the Incident which produces it, and is purſued with ſo much Eaſe and Simplicity, that it ſeems ſcarcely to claim the Merit of Fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent Selection out of common Converſation, and common Occurrences.

Upon every other Stage the univerſal Agent is Love, by whoſe Power all Good and Evil is diſtributed, and every Action quickened or retarded. To bring a Lover, a Lady and a Rival into the Fable; to entangle them in contradictory Obligations, perplex them with Oppoſitions of Intereſt, and harraſs them with Violence of Deſires inconſiſtent with each other; to make them meet in Rapture, and part in Agony; to fill their Mouths with hyperbolical Joy, and outrageous Sorrow; to diſtreſs them as nothing human ever was diſtreſſed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered, is the Buſineſs of a modern Dramatiſt. For this Probability is violated, Life is miſrepreſented, and Language is depraved. But Love is only one of many Paſſions, and as it has no great Influence upon the Sum of Life, it has little Operation in the Dramas of a Poet, who caught his Ideas from the living World, and exhibited only what he ſaw before him. He

knew that any other Paſſion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a Cauſe of Happineſs or Calamity.

Characters thus ample and general were not eaſily diſcriminated and preſerved, yet perhaps no Poet ever kept his Perſonages more diſtinct from each other. I will not ſay with *Pope*, that every Speech may be aſſigned to the proper Speaker, becauſe many Speeches there are which have nothing characteriſtical; but, perhaps, though ſome may be equally adapted to every Perſon, it will be difficult to find any that can be properly transferred from the preſent Poſſeſſor to another Claimant. The Choice is right, when there is Reaſon for Choice.

Other Dramatiſts can only gain Attention by hyperbolical or aggravated Characters, by fabulous and unexampled Excellence or Depravity, as the Writers of barbarous Romances invigorated the Reader by a Giant and a Dwarf; and he that ſhould form his Expectations of human Affairs from the Play, or from the Tale, would be equally deceived. *Shakeſpeare* has no Heroes; his Scenes are occupied only by Men, who act and ſpeak as the Reader thinks that he ſhould himſelf have ſpoken or acted on the ſame Occaſion: Even where the Agency is ſupernatural, the Dialogue is level with Life. Other Writers diſguiſe the moſt natural Paſſions and moſt frequent Incidents; ſo that he who contemplates them in the Book will not know them in the World: *Shakeſpeare* approximates the Remote, and familiarizes the Wonderful; the Event which he repreſents will not happen, but if it were poſſible, its Effect would be probably ſuch as he has aſſigned; and it may be ſaid, that he has not only ſhewn human Nature as it acts in real Exigencies, but as it will be found in Trials, to which it cannot be expoſed.

This therefore is the Praiſe of *Shakeſpeare*, that his Drama is the Mirrour of Life; that he who has

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mazed his Imagination, in following the Phantoms which other Writers raiſe up before them, may here be cured of his delirious Extaſies, by reading human Sentiments in human Language; by Scenes from which a Hermit may eſtimate the Tranſactions of the World, and a Confeſſor predict the Progreſs of the Paſſions.

His Adherence to general Nature has expoſed him to the Cenſure of Criticks, who form their Judgments upon narrower Principles. *Dennis* and *Rhymer* think his *Romans* not ſufficiently *Roman*; and *Voltaire* cenſures his Kings as not completely royal. *Dennis* is offended, that *Menenius*, a Senator of *Rome*, ſhould play the Buffoon; and *Voltaire* perhaps thinks Decency violated, when the *Daniſh* Uſurper is repreſented as a Drunkard. But *Shakeſpeare* always makes Nature predominate over Accident; and if he preſerves the eſſential Character, is not very careful of Diſtinctions ſuperinduced and adventitious. His Story requires *Romans* or Kings, but he thinks only on Men. He knew that *Rome*, like every other City, had Men of all Diſpoſitions; and wanting a Buffoon, he went into the Senate-houſe for that which the Senate-houſe would certainly have afforded him. He was inclined to ſhew an Uſurper and a Murderer not only odious, but deſpicable; he therefore added Drunkenneſs to his other Qualities, knowing that Kings love Wine like other Men, and that Wine exerts its natural Power upon Kings. Theſe are the petty Cavils of petty Minds; a Poet overlooks the caſual Diſtinction of Country and Condition, as a Painter, ſatisfied with the Figure, neglects the Drapery.

The Cenſure which he has incurred by mixing comick and tragick Scenes, as it extends to all his Works, deſerves more Conſideration. Let the Fact be firſt ſtated, and then examined.

Shakeſpeare's Plays are not in the rigorous or critical Senſe either Tragedies or Comedies, but Compoſitions of a diſtinct Kind; exhibiting the real State of ſublunary Nature, which partakes of Good and Evil, Joy and Sorrow, mingled with endleſs Variety of Proportion and innumerable Modes of Combination: and expreſſing the Courſe of the World, in which the Loſs of one is the Gain of another; in which, at the ſame Time, the Reveller is haſting to his Wine, and the Mourner burying his Friend; in which the Malignity of one is ſometimes defeated by the Frolick of another; and many Miſchiefs and many Benefits are done and hindered without Deſign.

Out of this Chaos of mingled Purpoſes and Caſualties the ancient Poets, according to the Laws which Cuſtom had preſcribed, ſelected ſome the Crimes of Men, and ſome their Abſurdities; ſome the momentous Viciſſitudes of Life, and ſome the lighter Occurrences; ſome the Terrours of Diſtreſs, and ſome the Gayeties of Proſperity. Thus roſe the two Modes of Imitation known by the Names of *Tragedy* and *Comedy*, Compoſitions intended to promote different Ends by contrary Means, and conſidered as ſo little allied, that I do not recollect among the *Greeks* or *Romans* a ſingle Writer who attempted both.

Shakeſpeare has united the Powers of exciting Laughter and Sorrow, not only in one Mind, but in one Compoſition. Almoſt all his Plays are divided between ſerious and ludricous Characters; and, in the ſucceſſive Evolutions of the Deſign, ſometimes produce Seriouſneſs and Sorrow, and ſometimes Levity and Laughter.

That this is a Practice contrary to the Rules of Criticiſm will be readily allowed; but there is always an Appeal open from Criticiſm to Nature. The End of Writing is to inſtruct; the End of Poetry is to inſtruct by pleaſing. That the mingled Drama

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may convey all the Inſtruction of Tragedy or Comedy cannot be denied; becauſe it includes both in its Alterations of Exhibition, and approaches nearer than either to the Appearance of Life, by ſhewing how great Machinations and ſlender Deſigns may promote or obviate one another, and the high and the low co-operate in the general Syſtem by unavoidable Concatenation.

It is objected, that by this Change of Scenes the Paſſions are interrupted in their Progreſſion; and that the principal Event, being not advanced by a due Gradation of preparatory Incidents, wants at laſt the Power to move, which conſtitutes the Perfection of dramatick Poetry. This Reaſoning is ſo ſpecious, that it is received as true even by thoſe who in daily Experience feel it to be falſe. The Interchanges of mingled Scenes ſeldom fail to produce the intended Viciſſitudes of Paſſion. Fiction cannot move ſo much, but that the Attention may be eaſily tranſferred; and though it muſt be allowed that pleaſing Melancholy be ſometimes interrupted by unwelcome Levity; yet let it be conſidered likewiſe, that Melancholy is often not pleaſing, and that the Diſturbance of one Man may be the Relief of another; that different Auditors have different Habitudes; and that, upon the Whole, all Pleaſure conſiſts in Variety.

The Players, who in their Edition divided our Authour's Works into Comedies, Hiſtories, and Tragedies, ſeem not to have diſtinguiſhed the three Kinds by any very exact or definitive Ideas.

An Action which ended happily to the principal Perſons, however ſerious or diſtreſsful through its intermediate Incidents, in their Opinion conſtituted a Comedy. This Idea of a Comedy continued long amongſt us, and Plays were written, which, by changing the Cataſtrophe, were Tragedies to-day, and Comedies to-morrow.

Tragedy was not in thoſe Times a Poem of more general Dignity or Elevation than Comedy; it required only a calamitous Concluſion, with which the common Criticiſm of that Age was ſatisfied, whatever lighter Pleaſure it afforded in its Progreſs.

Hiſtory was a Species of Actions, with no other than chronological Succeſſion, independent of each other, and without any Tendency to introduce or regulate the Concluſion. It is not always very nicely diſtinguiſhed from Tragedy. There is not much nearer Approach to Unity of Action in the Tragedy of *Anthony and Cleopatra*, than in the Hiſtory of *Richard the ſecond*. But a Hiſtory might be continued through many Plays; as it had no Plan, it had no Limits.

Through all theſe Denominations of the Drama, *Shakeſpeare*'s Mode of Compoſition is the ſame; an Interchange of Serioufneſs and Merriment, by which the Mind is ſoftened at one Time, and exhilarated at another. But whatever be his Purpoſe, whether to gladden or depreſs, or to conduct the Story, without Vehemence of Emotion, through Tracts of eaſy and familiar Dialogue, he never fails to attain his Purpoſe; as he commands us, we laugh or mourn, or ſit ſilent with quiet Expectation, in Tranquility without Indifference.

When *Shakeſpeare*'s Plan is underſtood, moſt of the Criticiſms of *Rhymer* and *Voltaire* vaniſh away. The Play of *Hamlet* is opened without Impropriety, by two Sentinels; *Iago* bellows at *Brabantio*'s Window, without Injury to the Scheme of the Play, though in Terms which a modern Audience would not eaſily endure; the Character for *Polonius* is ſeaſonable and uſeful; and the Grave-diggers themſelves may be heard with Applauſe.

Shakeſpeare engaged in dramatick Poetry with the World open before him; the Rules of the Ancients were yet known to few; the publick Judgment was unformed;

unformed; he had no Example of ſuch Fame as might force him upon Imitation, nor Criticks of ſuch Authority as might reſtrain his Extravagance: He therefore indulged his natural Diſpoſition, and his Diſpoſition, as *Rhymer* has remarked, led him to Comedy. In Tragedy he often writes with great Appearance of Toil and Study, what is written at laſt with little Felicity; but in his comic Scenes he ſeems to produce without Labour, what no Labour can improve. In Tragedy he is always ſtruggling after ſome Occaſion to be comick; but in Comedy he ſeems to repoſe, or to luxuriate, as in a Mode of Thinking congenial to his Nature. In his tragick Scenes there is always ſomething wanting; but his Comedy often ſurpaſſes Expectation or Deſire. His Comedy pleaſes by the Thoughts and the Language, and his Tragedy for the greater Part by Incident and Action. His Tragedy ſeems to be Skill, his Comedy to be Inſtinct.

The Force of his comick Scenes has ſuffered little Diminution from the Changes made by a Century and a half in Manners or in Words. As his Perſonages act upon Principles ariſing from genuine Paſſion, very little modified by particular Forms, their Pleaſures and Vexations are communicable to all Times, and to all Places; they are natural, and therefore durable; the adventitious Peculiarities of perſonal Habits are only ſuperficial Dyes, bright and pleaſing for a little while, yet ſoon fading to a dim Tinct, without any Remains of former Luſtre, but the Diſcriminations of true Paſſion and the Colours of Nature; they pervade the whole Maſs, and can only periſh with the Body that exhibits them. The accidental Compoſitions of heterogeneous Modes are diſſolved by the Chance which combined them; but the uniform Simplicity of primitive Qualities neither admits Increaſe, nor ſuffers Decay. The Sand heaped by one Flood is ſcattered by another, but the Rock always continues

continues in its Place. The Stream of Time, which is continually waſhing the diſſoluble Fabricks of other Poets, paſſes without Injury by the Adamant of *Shakeſpeare*.

If there be, what I believe there is, in every Nation, a Stile which never becomes obſolete, a certain Mode of Phraſeology ſo conſonant and congenial to the Analogy and Principles of its reſpective Language, as to remain ſettled and unaltered; this Stile is probably to be ſought in the common Intercourſe of Life among thoſe who ſpeak only to be underſtood, without Ambition of Elegance. The Polite are always catching modiſh Innovations, and the Learned depart from eſtabliſhed Forms of Speech, in Hope of finding or making better; thoſe who wiſh for Diſtinction, forſake the Vulgar, when the Vulgar is right; but there is a Converſation above Groſſneſs, and below Refinement, where Propriety reſides, and where this Poet ſeems to have gathered his Comick Dialogue. He is therefore more agreeable to the Ears of the preſent Age than any other Authour equally remote, and among his other Excellencies, deſerves to be ſtudied as one of the original Maſters of our Language.

Theſe Obſervations are to be conſidered not as unexceptionably conſtant, but as containing general and predominant Truth. *Shakeſpeare*'s familiar Dialogue is affirmed to be ſmooth and clear, yet not wholly without Ruggedneſs or Difficulty; as a Country may be eminently fruitful, though it has Spots unfit for Cultivation: His Characters are praiſed as natural, though their Sentiments are ſometimes forced and their Actions improbable; as the Earth upon the Whole is ſpherical, though its Surface is varied with Protuberances and Cavities.

Shakeſpeare with his Excellencies has likewiſe Faults, and Faults ſufficient to obſcure and overwhelm any other Merit. I ſhall ſhew them in the Pro-

Proportion in which they appear to me, without envious Malignity, or superstitious Veneration. No Question can be more innocently discussed than a dead Poet's Pretensions to Renown; and little Regard is due to that Bigotry which sets Candour higher than Truth.

His first Defect is that to which may be imputed most of the Evil in Books or in Men. He sacrifices Virtue to Convenience, and is so much more careful to please than to instruct, that he seems to write without any moral Purpose. From his Writings indeed a System of social Duty may be selected, for he that thinks reasonably must think morally; but his Precepts and Axioms drop casually from him; he makes no just Distribution of Good or Evil, nor is always careful to shew in the Virtuous a Disapprobation of the Wicked; he carries his Persons indifferently through Right and Wrong, and at the Close dismisses them without further Care, and leaves their Examples to operate by Chance. This Fault the Barbarity of his Age cannot extenuate; for it is always a Writer's Duty to make the World better; and Justice is a Virtue independant on Time or Place.

The Plots are often so loosely formed, that a very slight Consideration may improve them, and so carelessly pursued, that he seems not always fully to comprehend his own Design. He omits Opportunities of instructing or delighting which the Train of his Story seems to force upon him, and apparently rejects those Exhibitions which would be more affecting, for the Sake of those which are more easy.

It may be observed, that in many of his Plays the latter Part is evidently neglected. When he found himself near the End of his Work, and in View of his Reward, he shortened the Labour, to snatch the Profit. He therefore remits his Efforts where he should most vigourously exert them, and

his Catastrophe is improbably produced or imperfectly represented.

He had no Regard to Distinction of Time or Place, but gives to one Age or Nation, without Scruple, the Customs, Institutions, and Opinions of another, at the Expence not only of Likelihood, but of Possibility. These Faults *Pope* has endeavoured, with more Zeal than Judgment, to transfer to his imagined Interpolators. We need not wonder to find *Hector* quoting *Aristotle*, when we see the Loves of *Theseus* and *Hippolyta* combined with the Gothick Mythology of Fairies. *Shakespeare* indeed was not the only Violator of Chronology, for in the same Age *Sydney*, who wanted not the Advantages of Learning, has, in his *Arcadia*, confounded the Pastoral with the Feudal Times, the Days of Innocence, Quiet and Security, with those of Turbulence, Violence and Adventure.

In his Comick Scenes he is seldom very successful, when he engages his Characters in Reciprocations of Smartness, and Contests of Sarcasm; their Jests are commonly gross, and their Pleasantry licentious; neither his Gentlemen nor his Ladies have much Delicacy, nor are sufficiently distinguished from his Clowns by any Appearance of refined Manners. Whether he represented the real Conversation of his Time is not easy to determine: The Reign of *Elizabeth* is commonly supposed to have been a Time of Stateliness, Formality, and Reserve; yet perhaps the Relaxations of that Severity were not very elegant. There must, however, have been always some Modes of Gayety preferable to others, and a Writer ought to chuse the best.

In Tragedy his Performance seems constantly to be worse, as his Labour is more. The Effusions of Passion which Exigence forces out are for the most Part striking and energetick; but whenever he solicits his Invention, or strains his Faculties, the Off-

spring

ſpring of his Throes is Tumour, Meanneſs, Tedioufneſs, and Obſcurity.

In Narration he affects a diſproportionate Pomp of Diction, and a weariſome Train of Circumlocution, and tells the Incident imperfectly in many Words, which might have been more plainly delivered in few. Narration in dramatick Poetry is naturally tedious, as it is unanimated and inactive, and obſtructs the Progreſs of the Action; it ſhould therefore always be rapid, and enlivened by frequent Interruption. *Shakeſpeare* found it an Encumbrance, and inſtead of lightening it by Brevity, endeavoured to recommend it by Dignity and Splendour.

His Declamations or ſet Speeches are commonly cold and weak, for his Power was the Power of Nature; when he endeavoured, like other tragick Writers, to catch Opportunities of Amplification, and inſtead of inquiring what the Occaſion demanded, to ſhow how much his Stores of Knowledge could ſupply, he ſeldom eſcapes without the Pity or Reſentment of his Reader.

It is incident to him to be now and then entangled with an unwieldy Sentiment, which he cannot well expreſs, and will not reject; he ſtruggles with it a while, and if it continues ſtubborn, compriſes it in Words ſuch as occur, and leaves it to be diſentangled and evolved by thoſe who have more Leiſure to beſtow upon it.

Not that always where the Language is intricate the Thought is ſubtle, or the Image always great where the Line is bulky; the Equality of Words to Things is very often neglected, and trivial Sentiments and vulgar Ideas diſappoint the Attention, to which they are recommended by ſonorous Epithets and ſwelling Figures.

But the Admirers of this great Poet have never leſs Reaſon to indulge their Hopes of ſupreme Excellence, than when he ſeems fully reſolved to ſink them

them in Dejection, and mollify them with tender Emotions by the Fall of Greatneſs, the Danger of Innocence, and the Croſſes of Love. He is not long ſoft and pathetick, without ſome idle Conceit, or contemptible Equivocation. He no ſooner begins to move, than he counteracts himſelf; and Terrour and Pity, as they are riſing in the Mind, are checked and blaſted by ſudden Frigidity.

A Quibble is to *Shakeſpeare* what luminous Vapours are to the Traveller; he follows it at all Adventures, it is ſure to lead him out of his Way, and ſure to entangle him in the Mire. It has ſome malignant Power over his Mind, and its Faſcinations are irreſiſtible. Whatever be the Dignity or Profundity of his Diſquiſition, whether he be enlarging Knowledge, or exalting Affection, whether he be amuſing Attention with Incidents, or enchaining it in Suſpenſe, let but a Quibble ſpring up before him, and he leaves his Work unfiniſhed. A Quibble is the golden Apple, for which he will always turn aſide from his Career, or ſtoop from his Elevation. A Quibble, poor and barren as it is, gave him ſuch Delight, that he was content to purchaſe it by the Sacrifice of Reaſon, Propriety, and Truth. A Quibble was to him the fatal *Cleopatra* for which he loſt the World, and was content to loſe it.

It will be thought ſtrange, that in enumerating the Defects of this Writer, I have not yet mentioned his Neglect of the Unities; his Violation of thoſe Laws which have been inſtituted and eſtabliſhed by the joint Authority of Poets and of Criticks.

For his other Deviations from the Art of Writing, I reſign him to critical Juſtice, without making any other Demand in his Favour, than that which muſt be indulged to all human Excellence; that his Virtues be rated with his Failings: But, from the Cenſure which this Irregularity may bring upon him,

him, I ſhall, with due Reverence to that Learning which I muſt oppoſe, adventure to try how I can defend him.

His Hiſtories, being neither Tragedies nor Comedies, are not ſubject to any of their Laws; nothing more is neceſſary to all the Praiſe which they expect, than that the Changes of Action be ſo prepared as to be underſtood, that the Incidents be various and affecting, and the Characters conſiſtent, natural, and diſtinct. No other Unity is intended, and therefore none is to be ſought.

In his other Works he has well enough preſerved the Unity of Action. He has not, indeed, an Intrigue regularly perplexed and regularly unravelled; he does not endeavour to hide his Deſign only to diſcover it, for this is ſeldom the Order of real Events, and *Shakeſpeare* is the Poet of Nature: But his Plan has commonly what *Ariſtotle* requires, a Beginning, a Middle, and an End; one Event is concatenated with another, and the Concluſion follows by eaſy Conſequence. There are perhaps ſome Incidents that might be ſpared, as in other Poets there is much Talk that only fills up Time upon the Stage; but the general Syſtem makes gradual Advances, and the End of the Play is the End of Expectation.

To the Unities of Time and Place he has ſhewn no Regard, and perhaps a nearer View of the Principles on which they ſtand will diminiſh their Value, and withdraw from them the Veneration which, from the Time of *Corneille*, they have very generally received, by diſcovering that they have given more Trouble to the Poet, than Pleaſure to the Auditor.

The Neceſſity of obſerving the Unities of Time and Place ariſes from the ſuppoſed Neceſſity of making the Drama credible. The Criticks hold it impoſſible, that an Action of Months or Years can be poſſibly believed to paſs in three Hours; or that the Spectator

Spectator can ſuppoſe himſelf to ſit in the Theatre, while Ambaſſadors go and return between diſtant Kings, while Armies are levied, and Towns beſieged, while an Exile wanders and returns, or till he whom they ſaw courting his Miſtreſs, ſhall lament the untimely Fall of his Son. The Mind revolts from evident Falſhood, and Fiction loſes its Force when it departs from the Reſemblance of Reality.

From the narrow Limitation of Time neceſſarily ariſes the Contraction of Place. The Spectator, who knows that he ſaw the firſt Act at *Alexandria*, cannot ſuppoſe that he ſees the next at *Rome*, at a Diſtance to which not the Dragons of *Medea* could, in ſo ſhort a Time, have tranſported him: He knows with Certainty that he has not changed his Place; and he knows that Place cannot change itſelf; that what was a Houſe cannot become a Plain; that what was *Thebes* can never be *Perſepolis*.

Such is the triumphant Language with which a Critick exults over the Miſery of an irregular Poet, and exults commonly without Reſiſtance or Reply.

It is Time therefore to tell him, by the Authority of *Shakeſpeare*, that he aſſumes, as an unqueſtionable Principle, a Poſition, which, while his Breath is forming it into Words, his Underſtanding pronounces to be falſe. It is falſe, that any Repreſentation is miſtaken for Reality; that any dramatick Fable, in its Materiality, was ever credible, or, for a ſingle Moment, was ever credited.

The Objection ariſing from the Impoſſibility of paſſing the firſt Hour at *Alexandria*, and the next at *Rome*, ſuppoſes, that when the Play opens, the Spectator really imagines himſelf at *Alexandria*, and believes that his Walk to the Theatre has been a Voyage to *Egypt*, and that he lives in the Days of *Antony* and *Cleopatra*. Surely he that imagines this, may imagine more. He that can take the Stage at one

one Time for the Palace of the *Ptolemies*, may take it in half an Hour for the Promontory of *Actium*. Deluſion, if Deluſion be admitted, has no certain Limitation: If the Spectator can be once perſuaded, that his old Acquaintance are *Alexander* and *Cæſar*, that a Room illuminated with Candles is the Plain of *Pharſalia*, or the Bank of *Granicus*, he is in a State of Elevation above the Reach of Reaſon, or of Truth, and from the Heights of empyrean Poetry may deſpiſe the Circumſcriptions of terreſtrial Nature. There is no Reaſon why a Mind thus wandering in Extaſy ſhould count the Clock, or why an Hour ſhould not be a Century in that Calenture of the Brains that can make the Stage a Field.

The Truth is, that the Spectators are always in their Senſes, and know, from the firſt Act to the laſt, that the Stage is only a Stage, and that the Players are only Players. They come to hear a certain Number of Lines recited with juſt Geſture and elegant Modulation. The Lines relate to ſome Action, and an Action muſt be in ſome Place; but the different Actions that complete a Story may be Places very remote from each other; and where is the Abſurdity of allowing that Space to repreſent firſt *Athens*, and then *Sicily*, which was always known to be neither *Sicily* nor *Athens*, but a modern Theatre.

By Suppoſition, as Place is introduced, Time may be extended: The Time required by the Fable elapſes for the moſt Part between the Acts; for, of ſo much of the Action as is repreſented, the real and poetical Duration is the ſame. If in the firſt Act, Preparations for War againſt *Mithridates* are repreſented to be made in *Rome*, the Event of the War may, without Abſurdity, be repreſented, in the Cataſtrophe, as happening in *Pontus*; we know that there is neither War, nor Preparation for War; we know that we are neither in *Rome* nor *Pontus*; that neither *Mithridates* nor *Lucullus* are before us. The Drama exhi-

bits ſucceſſive Imitations of ſucceſſive Actions; and why may not the ſecond Imitation repreſent an Action that happened Years after the firſt, if it be ſo connected with it, that nothing but Time can be ſuppoſed to intervene? Time is, of all Modes of Exiſtence, moſt obſequious to the Imagination; a Lapſe of Years is as eaſily conceived as a Paſſage of Hours. In Contemplation we eaſily contract the Time of real Actions, and therefore willingly permit it to be contracted when we only ſee their Imitation.

It will be aſked, how the Drama moves, if it is not credited. It is credited, with all the Credit due to a Drama. It is credited, whenever it moves, as a juſt Picture of a real Original; as repreſenting to the Auditor what he would himſelf feel, if he were to do or ſuffer what is there feigned to be ſuffered or to be done. The Reflection that ſtrikes the Heart is not, that the Evils before us are real Evils, but that they are Evils to which we ourſelves may be expoſed. If there be any Fallacy, it is not that we fancy the Players, but that we fancy ourſelves unhappy for a Moment; but we rather lament the Poſſibility, than ſuppoſe the Preſence of Miſery; as a Mother weeps over her Babe, when ſhe remembers that Death may take it from her. The Delight of Tragedy proceeds from our Conſciouſneſs of Fiction; if we thought Murders and Treaſons real, they would pleaſe no more.

Imitations produce Pain or Pleaſure, not becauſe they are miſtaken for Realities, but becauſe they bring Realities to Mind. When the Imagination is recreated by a painted Landſcape, the Trees are not ſuppoſed capable to give us Shade, or the Fountains Coolneſs; but we conſider, how we ſhould be pleaſed with ſuch Fountains playing beſide us, and ſuch Woods waving over us. We are agitated in reading the Hiſtory of *Henry* the Fifth, yet no Man takes his

Book

Book for the Field of *Agencourt*. A dramatick Exhibition is a Book recited with Concomitants that encreaſe or diminiſh its Effect. Familiar Comedy is often more powerful on the Theatre, than in the Page; imperial Tragedy is always leſs. The Humour of *Petruchio* may be heightened by Grimace; but what Voice or what Geſture can hope to add Dignity or Force to the Soliloquy of *Cato*?

A Play read affects the Mind like a Play acted. It is therefore evident, that the Action is not ſuppoſed to be real; and it follows, that between the Acts a longer or ſhorter Time may be allowed to paſs, and that no more Account of Space or Duration is to be taken by the Auditor of a Drama, than by the Reader of a Narrative, before whom may paſs in an Hour the Life of a Hero, or the Revolutions of an Empire.

Whether *Shakeſpeare* knew the Unities, and rejected them by Deſign, or deviated from them by happy Ignorance, it is, I think, impoſſible to decide, and uſeleſs to enquire. We may reaſonably ſuppoſe that, when he roſe to Notice, he did not want the Counſels and Admonitions of Scholars and Criticks, and that he at laſt deliberately perſiſted in a Practice, which he might have begun by Chance. As nothing is eſſential to the Fable, but Unity of Action, and as the Unities of Time and Place ariſe evidently from falſe Aſſumptions, and, by circumſcribing the Extent of the Drama, leſſen its Variety, I cannot think it much to be lamented, that they were not known by him, or not obſerved: Nor, if ſuch another Poet could ariſe, ſhould I very vehemently reproach him, that his firſt act paſſed at *Venice*, and his next in *Cyprus*. Such Violations of Rules merely poſitive, become the comprehenſive Genius of *Shakeſpeare*, and ſuch Cenſures are ſuitable to the minute and ſlender Criticiſms of *Voltaire*:

Non uſque adeo permiſcuit imis
Longus ſumma dies, ut non, ſi voce Metelli
Serventur leges, malint a Cæſare tolli.

Yet when I ſpeak thus ſlightly of dramatick Rules, I cannot but recollect how much Wit and Learning may be produced againſt me; before ſuch Authorities I am afraid to ſtand, not that I think the preſent Queſtion one of thoſe that are to be decided by mere Authority, but becauſe it is to be ſuſpected, that theſe Precepts have not been ſo eaſily received, but for better Reaſons than I have yet been able to find. The Reſult of my Enquiries, in which it would be ludicrous to boaſt of Impartiality, is, that the Unities of Time and Place are not eſſential to a juſt Drama; that tho' they may ſometimes conduce to Pleaſure, they are always to be ſacrificed to the nobler Beauties of Variety and Inſtruction; and that a Play, written with nice Obſervation of critical Rules, is to be contemplated as an elaborate Curioſity, as the Product of ſuperfluous and oſtentatious Art, by which is ſhewn rather what is poſſible, than what is neceſſary.

He that, without Diminution of any other Excellence, ſhall preſerve all the Unities unbroken, deſerves the like Applauſe with the Architect, who ſhall diſplay all the Orders of Architecture in a Citadel, without any Deduction from its Strength; but the principal Beauty of a Citadel is to exclude the Enemy: and the greateſt Graces of a Play are to copy Nature and inſtruct Life.

Perhaps, what I have here not dogmatically, but deliberately written, may recall the Principles of the Drama to a new Examination. I am almoſt frighted at my own Temerity; and when I eſtimate the Fame and the Strength of thoſe that maintain the contrary Opinion, am ready to ſink down in reverential Silence; as *Æneas* withdrew from the Defence of *Troy*, when

when he ſaw *Neptune* ſhaking the Wall, and *Juno* heading the Beſiegers.

Thoſe whom my Arguments cannot perſuade to give their Approbation to the Judgment of *Shakeſpeare*, will eaſily, if they conſider the Condition of his Life, make ſome Allowance for his Ignorance.

Every Man's Performances, to be rightly eſtimated, muſt be compared with the State of the Age in which he lived, and with his own particular Opportunities; and though to the Reader a Book be not worſe or better for the Circumſtances of the Authour, yet as there is always a ſilent Reference of human Works to human Abilities, and as the Enquiry, how far Man may extend his Deſigns, or how high he may rate his native Force, is of far greater Dignity than in what Rank we ſhall place any particular Performance, Curioſity is always buſy to diſcover the Inſtruments, as well as to ſurvey the Workmanſhip, to know how much is to be aſcribed to original Powers, and how much to caſual and adventitious Help. The Palaces of *Peru* or *Mexico* were certainly mean and incommodious Habitations, if compared to the Houſes of *European* Monarchs: yet who could forbear to view them with Aſtoniſhment, who remembered that they were built without the Uſe of Iron?

The *Engliſh* Nation in the Time of *Shakeſpeare*, was yet ſtruggling to emerge from Barbarity. The Philology of *Italy* had been tranſplanted hither in the Reign of *Henry* the Eigthth: and the learned Languages had been ſucceſsfully cultivated by *Lilly*, *Linacer*, and *More*; by *Pole*, *Cheke*, and *Gardiner*; and afterwards by *Smith*, *Clerk*, *Haddon*, and *Aſcham*. *Greek* was now ~~now~~ taught to Boys in the principal Schools; and thoſe who united Elegance with Learning, read, with great Diligence, the *Italian* and *Spaniſh* Poets. But Literature was yet confined to profeſſed Scholars, or to Men and Women of high

Rank. The Publick was groſs and dark; and to be able to read and write, was an Accompliſhment ſtill valued for its Rarity.

Nations, like Individuals, have their Infancy. A People newly awakened to literary Curioſity, being yet unacquainted with the true State of Things, knows not how to judge of that which is propoſed as its Reſemblance. Whatever is remote from common Appearances is always welcome to vulgar, as to childiſh Credulity; and of a Country unenlightened by Learning, the whole People is the Vulgar. The Study of thoſe who then aſpired to plebeian Learning was laid out upon Adventures, Giants, Dragons, and Enchantments. *The Death of Arthur* was the favourite Volume.

The Mind, which has feaſted on the luxurious Wonders of Fiction, has no Taſte of the Inſipidity of Truth. A Play which imitated only the common Occurrences of the World, would, upon the Admirers of *Palmerin* and *Guy* of *Warwick*, have made little Impreſſion; he that wrote for ſuch an Audience was under the Neceſſity of looking round for ſtrange Events and fabulous Tranſactions, and that Incredibility, by which maturer Knowledge is offended, was the chief Recommendation of Writings, to unſkilful Curioſity.

Our Authour's Plots are generally borrowed from Novels, and it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe, that he choſe the moſt popular, ſuch as were read by many, and related by more; for his Audience could not have followed him through the Intricacies of the Drama, had they not held the Thread of the Story in their Hands.

The Stories which we now find only in remoter Authours, were in his Time acceſſible and familiar.

The Fable of *As you like it*, which is ſuppoſed to be copied from *Chaucer's Gamelyn*, was a little Pamphlet of thoſe Times; and old Mr. *Cibber* remembered

bered the Tale of *Hamlet* in plain *Engliſh* Proſe, which the Criticks have now to ſeek in *Saxo Grammaticus*.

His *Engliſh* Hiſtories he took from *Engliſh* Chronnicles and *Engliſh* Ballads; and as the ancient Writers were made known to his Countrymen by Verſions, they ſupplied him with new Subjects; he dilated ſome of *Plutarch*'s Lives into Plays, when they had been tranſlated by *North*.

His Plots, whether Hiſtorical or Fabulous, are always crouded with Incidents, by which the Attention of a rude People was more eaſily caught than by Sentiment or Argumentation; and ſuch is the Power of the Marvellous even over thoſe who deſpiſe it, that every Man finds his Mind more ſtrongly ſeized by the Tragedies of *Shakeſpeare* than of any other Writer; others pleaſe us by particular Speeches, but he always make us anxious for the Event, and has perhaps excelled all but *Homer* in ſecuring the firſt Purpoſe of a Writer, by exciting reſtleſs and unquenchable Curioſity, and compelling him that reads his Work to read it through.

The Shows and Buſtle with which his Plays abound have the ſame Original. As Knowledge advances, Pleaſure paſſes from the Eye to the Ear, but returns, as it declines, from the Ear to the Eye. Thoſe to whom our Authour's Labours were exhibited had more Skill in Pomps or Proceſſions than in poetical Language, and perhaps wanted ſome viſible and diſcriminated Events, as Comments on the Dialogue. He knew how he ſhould moſt pleaſe; and whether his Practice is more agreeable to Nature, or whether his Example has prejudiced the Nation, we ſtill find that on our Stage ſomething muſt be done as well as ſaid, and inactive Declamation is very coldly heard, however muſical or elegant, paſſionate or ſublime.

Voltaire expreſſes his Wonder, that our Authour's Extravagancies are endured by a Nation, which has ſeen the Tragedy of *Cato*. Let him be anſwered,

that *Addiſon* ſpeaks the Language of Poets, and *Shakeſpeare* of Men. We find in *Cato* innumerable Beauties which enamour us of its Authour, but we ſee nothing that acquaints us with human Sentiments or human Actions; we place it with the faireſt and the nobleſt Progeny which Judgment propagates by Conjunction with Learning, but *Othello* is the vigorous and vivacious Offſpring of Obſervation impregnated by Genius. *Cato* affords a ſplendid Exhibition of artificial and fictitious Manners, and delivers juſt and noble Sentiments, in Diction eaſy, elevated, and harmonious; but its Hopes and Fears communicate no Vibration to the Heart; the Compoſition refers us only to the Writer; we pronounce the Name of *Cato*, but we think on *Addiſon*.

The Work of a correct and regular Writer is a Garden accurately formed and diligently planted, varied with Shades, and ſcented with Flowers; the Compoſition of *Shakeſpeare* is a Foreſt, in which Oaks extend their Branches, and Pines tower in the Air, interſperſed ſometimes with Weeds and Brambles, and ſometimes giving Shelter to Myrtles and to Roſes; filling the Eye with awful Pomp, and gratifying the Mind with endleſs Diverſity. Other Poets diſplay Cabinets of precious Rarities, minutely finiſhed, wrought into Shape, and poliſhed unto Brightneſs. *Shakeſpeare* opens a Mine which contains Gold and Diamonds in inexhauſtible Plenty, though clouded by Incruſtations, debaſed by Impurities, and mingled with a Maſs of meaner Minerals.

It has been much diſputed, whether *Shakeſpeare* owed his Excellence to his own native Force, or whether he had the common Helps of ſcholaſtick Education, the Precepts of critical Science, and the Examples of ancient Authours.

There has always prevailed a Tradition, that *Shakeſpeare* wanted Learning, that he had no regular Education, nor much Skill in the dead Languages. *Johnſon*,

ſon, his Friend, affirms, that 'he had ſmall *Latin*, 'and no *Greek*;' who, beſides that he had no imaginable Temptation to Falſehoood, wrote at a Time when the Character and Acquiſitions of *Shakeſpeare* were known to Multitudes. His Evidence ought therefore to decide the Controverſy, unleſs ſome Teſtimony of equal Force could be oppoſed.

Some have imagined, that they have diſcovered deep Learning in many Imitations of old Writers; but the Examples which I have known urged, were drawn from Books tranſlated in his Time; or were ſuch eaſy Coincidencies of Thought, as will happen to all who conſider the ſame Subjects; or ſuch Remarks on Life or Axioms of Morality as float in Converſation, and are tranſmitted through the World in proverbial Sentences.

I have found it remarked, that, in this important Sentence, *Go before, I'll follow*, we read a Tranſlation of, *I præ ſequar*. I have been told, that when *Caliban*, after a pleaſing Dream, ſays, *I cry'd to ſleep again*, the Author imitates *Anacreon*, who had, like every other Man, the ſame Wiſh on the ſame Occaſion.

There are a few Paſſages which may paſs for Imitations, but ſo few, that the Exception only confirms the Rule; he obtained them from accidental Quotations, or by oral Communication, and as he uſed what he had, would have uſed more if he had obtained it.

The *Comedy of Errors* is confeſſedly taken from the *Menæchmi* of *Plautus*; from the only Play of *Plautus* which was then in *Engliſh*. What can be more probable, than that he who copied that, would have copied more; but that thoſe which were not tranſlated were inacceſſible?

Whether he knew the modern Languages is uncertain. That his Plays have ſome *French* Scenes proves but little; he might eaſily procure them to be written;

written; and probably, even though he had known the Language in the common Degree, he could not have written it without Aſſiſtance. In the Story of *Romeo* and *Juliet* he is obſerved to have followed the *Engliſh* Tranſlation, where it deviates from the *Italian*; but this on the other Part proves nothing againſt his Knowledge of the Original. He was to copy, not what he knew himſelf, but what was known to his Audience.

It is moſt likely that he had learned *Latin* ſufficiently to make him acquainted with Conſtruction, but that he never advanced to any eaſy Peruſal of the *Roman* Authours. Concerning his Skill in modern Languages, I can find no ſufficient Ground of Determination; but as no Imitation of *French* or *Italian* Authours have been diſcovered, though the *Italian* Poetry was then in high Eſteem, I am inclined to believe, that he read little more than *Engliſh*, and choſe for his Fables only ſuch Tales as he found tranſlated.

That much Knowledge is ſcattered over his Works is very juſtly obſerved by *Pope*, but it is often ſuch Knowledge as Books did not ſupply. He that will underſtand *Shakeſpeare*, muſt not be content to ſtudy him in the Cloſet, he muſt look for his Meaning ſometimes among the Sports of the Field, and ſometimes among the Manufactures of the Shop.

There is however Proof enough that he was a very diligent Reader, nor was our Language then ſo indigent of Books, but that he might very liberally indulge his Curioſity without Excurſion into foreign Literature. Many of the *Roman* Authors were tranſlated, and ſome of the *Greek*; the Reformation had filled the Kingdom with theological Learning; moſt of the Topicks of human Diſquiſition had found *Engliſh* Writers; and Poetry had been cultivated, not only with Diligence, but Succeſs. This was a Stock of Knowledge

Knowledge ſufficient for a Mind ſo capable of appropriating and improving it.

But the greater Part of his Excellence was the Product of his own Genius. He found the *Engliſh* Stage in a State of the utmoſt Rudeneſs; no Eſſays either in Tragedy or Comedy had appeared, from which it could be diſcovered to what Degree of Delight either one or other might be carried. Neither Character nor Dialogue were yet underſtood. *Shakeſpeare* may be truly ſaid to have introduced them both amongſt us, and in ſome of his happier Scenes to have carried them both to the utmoſt Height.

By what Gradations of Improvement he proceeded, is not eaſily known: for the Chronology of his Works is yet unſettled. *Rowe* is of Opinion, that *perhaps we are not to look for his Beginning, like thoſe of other Writers, in his leaſt perfect Works; Art had ſo little, and Nature ſo large a Share in what he did, that for ought I know*, ſays he, *the Performances of his Youth, as they were the moſt vigorous, were the beſt.* But the Power of Nature, is only the Power of uſing to any certain Purpoſe the Materials which Diligence procures, or Opportunity ſupplies. Nature gives no Man Knowledge, and when Images are collected by Study and Experience, can only aſſiſt in combining or applying them. *Shakeſpeare*, however favoured by Nature, could impart only what he had learned; and as he muſt increaſe his Ideas, like other Mortals, by gradual Acquiſition, he, like them, grew wiſer as he grew older, could diſplay Life better, as he knew it more, and inſtruct with more Efficacy, as he was himſelf more amply inſtructed.

There is a Vigilance of Obſervation and Accuracy of Diſtinction which Books and Precepts cannot confer; from this almoſt all original and native Excellence proceeds. *Shakeſpeare* muſt have looked upon Mankind with Perſpicacity, in the higheſt Degree curious and attentive. Other Writers borrow their

their Characters from preceding Writers, and diverſify them only by the accidental Appendages of preſent Manners; the Dreſs is a little varied, but the Body is the ſame. Our Authour had both Matter and Form to provide; for except the Characters of *Chaucer*, to whom I think he is not much indebted, there were no Writers in *Engliſh*, and perhaps not many in other modern Languages, which ſhewed Life in its native Colours.

The Conteſt about the original Benevolence or Malignity of Man had not yet commenced. Speculation had not yet attempted to analyſe the Mind, to trace the Paſſions to their Sources, to unfold the ſeminal Principles of Vice and Virtue, or ſound the Depths of the Heart for the Motives of Action. All thoſe Enquiries, which from that Time that human Nature became the faſhionable Study, have been made ſometimes with nice Diſcernment, but often with idle Subtilty, were yet unattempted. The Tales, with which the Infancy of Learning was ſatisfied, exhibited only the ſuperficial Appearances of Action, related the Events but omitted the Cauſes, and were formed for ſuch as delighted in Wonders rather than in Truth. Mankind was not then to be ſtudied in the Cloſet; he that would know the World, was under the Neceſſity of gleaning his own Remarks, by mingling as he could in its Buſineſs and Amuſements.

Boyle congratulated himſelf upon his high Birth, becauſe it favoured his Curioſity, by facilitating his Acceſs. *Shakeſpeare* had no ſuch Advantage; he came to *London* a needy Adventurer, and lived for a Time by very mean Employments. Many Works of Genius and Learning have been performed in States of Life, that appear very little favourable to Thought or to Enquiry; ſo many, that he who conſiders them is inclined to think that he ſees Enterpriſe and Perſeverance predominating over all external Agency, and

and bidding Help and Hindrance vaniſh before them. The Genius of *Shakeſpeare* was not to be depreſſed by the Weight of Poverty, nor limited by the narrow Converſation to which Men in Want are inevitably condemned; the Incumbrances of his Fortune were ſhaken from his Mind, *as Dewdrops from a Lion's Mane.*

Though he had ſo many Difficulties to encounter, and ſo little Aſſiſtance to ſurmount them, he has been able to obtain an exact Knowledge of many Modes of Life, and many Caſts of native Diſpoſitions; to vary them with great Multiplicity; to mark them by nice Diſtinctions; and to ſhew them in full View by proper Combinations. In this Part of his Performances he had none to imitate, but has himſelf been imitated by all ſucceeding Writers; and it may be doubted whether from all his Succeſſors more Maxims of theoretical Knowledge, or more Rules of practical Prudence, can be collected, than he alone has given to his Country.

Nor was his Attention confined to the Actions of Men; he was an exact Surveyor of the inanimate World; his Deſcriptious have always ſome Peculiarities, gathered by contemplating Things as they really exiſt. It may be obſerved, that the oldeſt Poets of many Nations preſerve their Reputation, and that the following Generations of Wit, after a ſhort Celebrity, ſink into Oblivion. The firſt, whoever they be, muſt take their Sentiments and Deſcriptions immediately from Knowledge; the Reſemblance is therefore juſt, their Deſcriptions are verified by every Eye, and their Sentiments acknowledged by every Breaſt. Thoſe whom their Fame invites to the ſame Studies, copy partly them, and partly Nature, till the Books of one Age gain ſuch Authority, as to ſtand in the Place of Nature to another, and Imitation, always deviating a little, becomes at laſt capricious and caſual. *Shakeſpeare*, whether Life or Nature

Nature be his Subject, ſhews plainly that he has ſeen with his own Eyes; he gives the Image which he receives. not weakened or diſtorted by the Intervention of any other Mind; the Ignorant feel his Repreſentations to be juſt, and the Learned ſee that they are complete.

Perhaps it would not be eaſy to find any Authour, except *Homer*, who invented ſo much as *Shakeſpeare*, who ſo much advanced the Studies which he cultivated, or effuſed ſo much Novelty upon his Age or Country. The Form, the Characters, the Language, and the Shows of the *Engliſh* Drama are his. 'He ſeems, ſays *Dennis*, to have been 'the 'very Original of our *Engliſh* tragical Harmony, 'that is, the Harmony of Blank Verſe, diverſified 'often by diſſyllable and triſſyllable Terminations. 'For the Diverſity diſtinguiſhes it from heroic 'Harmony, and, by bringing it nearer to common 'Uſe, makes it more proper to gain Attention, 'and more fit for Action and Dialogue. Such 'Verſe we make when we are writing Proſe; we 'make ſuch Verſe in common Converſation.'

I know not whether this Praiſe is rigorouſly juſt. The diſſyllable Termination, which the Critick rightly appropriates to the Drama, is to be found, though, I think, not in *Gorboduc*, which is confeſſedly before our Authour; yet in *Hieronnymo*, of which the Date is not certain, but which there is Reaſon to believe at leaſt as old as his earlieſt Plays. This however is certain, that he is the firſt who taught either Tragedy or Comedy to pleaſe, there being no theatrical Piece of any older Writer, of which the Name is known, except to Antiquaries and Collectors of Books, which are ſought becauſe they are ſcarce, and would not have been ſcarce, had they been much eſteemed.

To him we muſt aſcribe the Praiſe, unleſs *Spenſer* may divide it with him, of having firſt diſcovered to

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how much Smoothneſs and Harmony the *Engliſh* Language could be ſoftened. He has Speeches, perhaps ſometimes Scenes, which have all the Delicacy of *Rowe*, without his Effeminancy. He endeavours indeed commonly to ſtrike by the Force and Vigour of his Dialogue, but he never executes his Purpoſe better than when he tries to ſooth by Softneſs.

Yet it muſt be at laſt confeſſed, that as we owe every Thing to him, he owes ſomething to us; that if much of his Praiſe is paid by Perception and Judgment, much is likewiſe given by Cuſtom and Veneration. We fix our Eyes upon his Graces, and turn them from his Deformities, and endure in him what we ſhould in another loath or deſpiſe. If we endured without praiſing, Reſpect for the Father of our Drama might excuſe us; but I have ſeen, in the Book of ſome modern Critick, a Collection of Anomalies, which ſhew that he has corrupted Language by every Mode of Depravation, but which his Admirer has accumulated as a Monument of Honour.

He has Scenes of undoubted and perpetual Excellence, but perhaps not one Play, which, if it were now exhibited as the Work of a contemporary Writer, would be heard to the Concluſion. I am indeed far from thinking that his Works were wrought to his own Ideas of Perfection: when they were ſuch as would ſatisfy the Audience, they ſatisfied the Writer. It is ſeldom that Authours, though more ſtudious of Fame than *Shakeſpeare*, riſe much above the Standard of their own Age; to add a little to what is beſt will always be ſufficient for preſent Praiſe, and thoſe who find themſelves exalted into Fame, are willing to credit their Encomiaſts, and to ſpare the Labour of contending with themſelves.

It does not appear that *Shakeſpeare* thought his Works worthy of Poſterity, that he levied any ideal Tribute upon future Times, or had any further Pro-

ſpect than of preſent Popularity and preſent Profit. When his Plays had been acted his Hope was at an End; he ſolicited no Addition of Honour from the Reader. He therefore made no Scruple to repeat the ſame Jeſts in many Dialogues, or to entangle different Plots by the ſame Knot of Perplexity, which may be at leaſt forgiven him, by thoſe who recollect, that of *Congreve*'s four Comedies, two are concluded by a Marriage in a Maſk, by a Deception, which perhaps never happened; and which, whether likely or not, he did not invent.

So careleſs was this great Poet of future Fame, that, though he retired to Eaſe and Plenty, while he was yet little declined into the Vale of Years, before he could be diſguſted with Fatigue, or diſabled by Infirmity, he made no Collection of his Works, nor deſired to reſcue thoſe that had been already publiſhed, from the Depravations that obſcured them, or ſecure to the reſt a better Deſtiny, by giving them to the World in their genuine State.

Of the Plays which bear the Name of *Shakeſpeare* in the late Editions, the greater Part were not publiſhed till about ſeven Years after his Death, and the few which appeared in his Life are apparently thruſt into the World without the Care of the Authour, and therefore probably without his Knowledge.

Of all the Publiſhers, clandeſtine or profeſſed, their Negligence and Unſkilfulneſs has by the late Reviſers been ſufficiently ſhown. The Faults of all are indeed numerous and groſs, and have not only corrupted many Paſſages, perhaps beyond Recovery, but have brought others into Suſpicion, which are only obſcured by obſolete Phraſeology, or by the Writer's Unſkilfulneſs and Affectation. To alter is more eaſy than to explain, and Temerity is a more common Quality than Diligence. Thoſe who ſaw that they muſt employ Conjecture to a certain Degree, were willing to indulge it a little further. Had

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the Authour publiſhed his own Works, we ſhould have ſat quietly down to diſentangle his Intricacies, and clear his Obſcurities; but now we tear what we cannot looſe, and eject what we happen not to underſtand.

The Faults are more than could have happened without the Concurrence of many Cauſes. The Stile of *Shakeſpeare* was in itſelf ungrammatical, perplexed, and obſcure; his Works were tranſcribed for the Players by thoſe who may be ſuppoſed to have ſeldom underſtood them; they were tranſmitted by Copiers equally unſkilful, who ſtill multiplied Errours; they were perhaps ſometimes mutilated by the Actors, for the Sake of ſhortening the Speeches; and were at laſt printed without Correction of the Preſs.

In this State they remained, not as Dr. *Warburton* ſuppoſes, becauſe they were unregarded, but becauſe the Editor's Art was not yet applied to modern Languages, and our Anceſtors were accuſtomed to ſo much Negligence of *Engliſh* Printers, that they could very patiently endure it. At laſt an Edition was undertaken by *Rowe*; not becauſe a Poet was to be publiſhed by a Poet, for *Rowe* ſeems to have thought very little on Correction or Explanation, but that our Authour's Works might appear like thoſe of his Fraternity, with the Appendages of a Life and recommendatory Preface. *Rowe* has been clamorouſly blamed for not performing what he did not undertake, and it is Time that Juſtice be done him, by confeſſing, that though he ſeems to have had no Thought of Corruption beyond the Printer's Errours, yet he has made many Emendations, if they were not made before, which his Succeſſors have received without Acknowledgment, and which if they had produced them, would have filled Pages and Pages with Cenſures of the Stupidity by which the Faults we committed, with Diſplays of the Abſurdities, which they involved, with oſtentatious

Expoſitions of the new Reading, and Self-congratulations on the Happineſs of diſcovering it.

Of *Rowe*, as of all the Editors, I have preſerved the Preface, and have likewiſe retained the Anthour's Life, though not written with much Elegance or Spirit; it relates however what is now to be known, and therefore deſerves to paſs through all ſucceeding Publications.

The nation had been for many Years content enough with Mr. *Rowe*'s Performance, when Mr. *Pope* made them acquainted with the true State of *Shakeſpeare*'s Text, ſhewed that it was extremely corrupt, and gave Reaſon to hope that there were Means of reforming it. He collated the old Copies, which none had thought to examine before, and reſtored many Lines to their Integrity; but, by a very compendious Criticiſm, he rejected whatever he diſliked, and thought more of Amputation than of Cure.

I know not why he is commended by Dr. *Warburton* for diſtinguiſhing the genuine from the ſpurious Plays. In this Choice he exerted no Judgment of his own; the Plays which he received, were given by *Hemings* and *Condel*, the firſt Editors; and thoſe which he rejected, though, according to the Licentiouſneſs of the Preſs in thoſe Times, they were printed during *Shakeſpeare*'s Life, with his Name, had been omitted by his Friends, and were never added to his Works before the Edition of 1664, from which they were copied by the later Printers.

This was a Work which *Pope* ſeems to have thought unworthy of his Abilities, bring not able to ſuppreſs his Contempt of *the dull Duty of an Editor*. He underſtood but half his Undertaking. The Duty of a Collator is indeed dull, yet, like other tedious Taſks, is very neceſſary; but an emendatory Critick would ill diſcharge his Duty, without Qualities very different from Dulneſs. In peruſing a corrupted

corrupted Piece, he muſt have before him all Poſſibities of Meaning, with all Poſſibilities of Expreſſion. Such muſt be his Comprehenſion of Thought, and ſuch his Copiouſneſs of Language. Out of many Readings poſſible, he muſt be able to ſelect that which beſt ſuits with the State, Opinions, and Modes of Language prevailing in every Age, and with his Authour's particular Caſt of Thought, and Turn of Expreſſion. Such muſt be his Knowledge, and ſuch his Taſte. Conjectural Criticiſm demands more than Humanity poſſeſſes, and he that exerciſes it with moſt Praiſe has frequent Need of Indulgence. Let us now be told no more of the dull Duty of an Editor.

Confidence is the common Conſequence of Succeſs. They whoſe Excellence of any Kind has been loudly celebrated, are ready to conclude, that their Powers are univerſal. *Pope*'s Edition fell below his own Expectations, and he was ſo much offended, when he was found to have left any Thing for others to do, that he paſſed the latter Part of his Life in a State of Hoſtility with verbal Criticiſm.

I have retained all his Notes, that no Fragment of ſo great a Writer may be loſt; his Preface, valuable alike for Elegance of Compoſition and Juſtneſs of Remark, and containing a general Criticiſm on his Authour, ſo extenſive that little can be added, and ſo exact, that little can be diſputed, every Editor has an Intereſt to ſuppreſs, but that every Reader would demand its Inſertion.

Pope was ſucceeded by *Theobald*, a Man of narrow Comprehenſion and ſmall Acquiſitions, with no native and intrinſick Splendour of Genius, with little of the artificial Light of Learning, but zealous for minute Accuracy, and not negligent in purſuing it. He collated the ancient Copies, and rectified many Errours. A Man ſo anxiouſly ſcrupulous might have

been expected to do more, but what little he did was commonly right.

In his Reports of Copies and Editions he is not to be trusted, without Examination. He speaks sometimes indefinitely of Copies, when he has only one. In his Enumeration of Editions, he mentions the two first Folios as of high, and the third Folio as of middle Authority; but the Truth is, that the first is equivalent to all others, and that the rest only deviate from it by the Printer's Negligence. Whoever has any of the Folios has all, excepting those Diversities which mere Reiteration of Editions will produce. I collated them all at the Beginning, but afterwards used only the first.

Of his Notes I have generally retained those which he retained himself in his second Edition, except when they were confuted by subsequent Annotators, or were too minute to merit Preservation. I have sometimes adopted his Restoration of a Comma, without inserting the Panegyrick in which he celebrated himself for his Atchievement. The exuberant Excrescence of Diction I have often lopped, his triumphant Exultations, over *Pope* and *Rowe* I have sometimes suppressed, and his contemptible Ostentation I have frequently concealed; but I have in some Places shewn him, as he would have shewn himself, for the Reader's Diversion, that the inflated Emptiness of some Notes may justify or excuse the Contraction of the rest.

Theobald, thus weak and ignorant, thus mean and faithless, thus petulent and ostentatious, by the good Luck of having *Pope* for his Enemy, has escaped, and escaped alone, with Reputation from this Undertaking. So willingly does the World support those who solicite Favour, against those who command Reverence; and so easily is he praised, whom no Man can envy.

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Our Authour fell then into the Hands of Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, the *Oxford* Editor, a Man, in my Opinion, eminently qualified by Nature for ſuch Studies. He had, what is the firſt Requiſite to emendatory Criticiſm, that Intuition by which the Poet's Intention is immediately diſcovered, and that Dexterity of Intellect which diſpatches its Work by the eaſieſt Means. He had undoubtedly read much; his Acquaintance with Cuſtoms, Opinions, and Traditions, ſeem to have been large; and he is often learned without Shew. He ſeldom paſſes what he does not underſtand, without an Attempt to find or to make a Meaning, and ſometimes haſtily makes what a little more Attention would have found. He is ſolicitous to reduce to Grammar, what he could not be ſure that his Authour intended to be grammatical. *Shakeſpeare* regarded more the Series of Ideas, than of Words; and his Language, not being deſigned for the Reader's Deſk, was all that he deſired it to be, if it conveyed his Meaning to the Audience.

Hanmer's Care of the Metre has been too violently cenſured. He found the Meaſures reformed in ſo many Paſſages, by the ſilent Labours of ſome Editors, with the ſilent Acquieſcence of the reſt, that he thought himſelf allowed to extend a little further the Licence, which had already been carried ſo far without Reprehenſion; and of his Corrections in general, it muſt be confeſſed, that they are often juſt, and made commonly with the leaſt poſſible Violation of the Text.

But, by inſerting his Emendations, whether invented or borrowed, into the Page, without any Notice of varying Copies, he has appropriated the Labour of his Predeceſſors, and made his own Edition of little Authority. His Confidence indeed, both in himſelf and others, was too great; he ſuppoſes all to be right that was done by *Pope* and *Theobald*;

he ſeems not to ſuſpect a Critick of Fallibility, and it was but reaſonable that he ſhould claim what he ſo liberally granted.

As he never writes without careful Enquiry and diligent Conſideration, I have received all his Notes, and believe that every Reader will wiſh for more.

Of the laſt Editor it is more difficult to ſpeak. Reſpect is due to high Place, Tenderneſs to living Reputation, and Veneration to Genius and Learning: but he cannot be juſtly offended at that Liberty of which he has himſelf ſo frequently given an Example, nor very ſolicitous what is thought of Notes, which he ought never to have conſidered as Part of his ſerious Employments, and which, I ſuppoſe, ſince the Ardour of Compoſition is remitted, he no longer numbers among his happy Effuſions.

The original and predominant Errour of his Commentary, is Acquieſcence in his firſt Thoughts; that Precipitation which is produced by Conſciouſneſs of quick Diſcernment; and that Confidence which preſumes to do, by ſurveying the Surface, what Labour only can perform, by penetrating the Bottom. His Notes exhibit ſometimes perverſe Interpretations, and ſometimes improbable Conjectures; he at one Time gives the Authour more Profundity of Meaning than the Sentence admits, and at another diſcovers Abſurdities, where the Senſe is plain to every other Reader. But his Emendations are likewiſe often happy and juſt; and his Interpretation of obſcure Paſſages learned and ſagacious.

Of his Notes, I have commonly rejected thoſe, againſt which the general Voice of the Publick has exclaimed, or which their own Incongruity immediately condemns, and which, I ſuppoſe, the Authour himſelf would deſire to be forgotten. Of the reſt, to Part I have given the higheſt Approbation,

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by inſerting the offered Reading in the Text; Part I have left to the Judgment of the Reader, as doubtful, though ſpecious; and Part I have cenſured without Reſerve, but I am ſure without Bitterneſs of Malice, and, I hope, without Wantonneſs of Inſult.

It is no Pleaſure to me, in reviſing my Volumes, to obſerve how much Paper is waſted in Confutation. Whoever conſiders the Revolution of Learning, and the various Queſtions of greater or leſs Importance, upon which Wit and Reaſon have exerciſed their Powers, muſt lament the Unſucceſsfulneſs of Enquiry, and the ſlow Advances of Truth, when he reflects, that great Part of the Labour of every Writer is only the Deſtruction of thoſe that went before him. The firſt Care of the Builder of a new Syſtem, is to demoliſh the Fabricks which are ſtanding. The chief Deſire of him that comments an Authour, is to ſhew how much other Commentators have corrupted and obſcured him. The Opinions prevalent in one Age, as Truths above the Reach of Controverſy, are confuted and rejected in another, and riſe again to Reception in remoter Times. Thus the human Mind is kept in Motion without Progreſs. Thus ſometimes Truth and Errour, and ſometimes Contrarieties of Errour, take each others Place by reciprocal Invaſion. The Tide of ſeeming Knowledge which is poured over one Generation, retires and leaves another naked and barren; the ſudden Meteors of Intelligence which for a while appear to ſhoot their Beams into the Regions of Obſcurity, on a Sudden withdraw their Luſtre, and leave Mortals again to grope their Way.

Theſe Elevations and Depreſſions of Renown, and the Contradictions to which all Improvers of Knowledge muſt for ever be expoſed, ſince they are not eſcaped by the higheſt and brighteſt of Mankind, may ſurely be endured with Patience by Cri-

ticks and Annotators, who can rank themſelves but as the Satellites of their Authours. How canſt thou beg for Life, ſays *Achilles* to his Captive, when thou knoweſt that thou art now to ſuffer only for what muſt another Day be ſuffered by *Achilles?*

Dr. *Warburton* had a Name ſufficient to confer Celebrity on thoſe who could exalt themſelves into Antagoniſts, and his Notes have raiſed a Clamour too loud to be diſtinct. His chief Aſſailants are the Authours of *The Canons of Criticiſm*, and of *The Review of* Shakeſpeare's *Text*; of whom one ridicules his Errours with airy Petulance, ſuitable enough to the Levity of the Controverſy; the other attacks them with gloomy Malignity, as if he were dragging to Juſtice an Aſſaſſin or Incendiary. The one ſtings like a Fly, ſucks a little Blood, takes a gay Flutter, and returns for more; the other bites like a Viper, and would be glad to leave Inflammations and Gangrene behind him. When I think on one, with his Confederates, I remember the Danger of *Coriolanus*, who was afraid that 'Girls with Spits, 'and Boys with Stones, ſhould ſlay him in puny 'Battle;' when the other croſſes my Imagination, I remember the Prodigy in *Macbeth*,

'An Eagle tow'ring in his Pride of Place,
'Was by a mouſing Owl hawk'd at and kill'd.'

Let me however do them Juſtice. One is a Wit, and one a Scholar. They have both ſhewn Acuteneſs ſufficient in the Diſcovery of Faults, and have both advanced ſome probable Interpretations of obſcure Paſſages; but when they aſpire to Conjecture and Emendation, it appears how falſely we all eſtimate our own Abilities, and the little which they have been able to perform might have taught them more Candour to the Endeavours of others.

Before Dr. *Warburton*'s Edition, *Critical Obſervations on* Shakeſpeare had been publiſhed by Mr. *Upton*

ton, a Man ſkilled in Languages, and acquainted with Books, but who ſeems to have had no great Vigour of Genius or Nicety of Taſte. Many of his Explanations are curious and uſeful, but he likewiſe, though he profeſſed to oppoſe the licentious Confidence of Editors, and adhere to the old Copies, is unable to reſtrain the Rage of Emendation, though his Ardour is ill ſeconded by his Skill. Every cold Emperick, when his Heart is expanded by a ſucceſsful Experiment, ſwells into a Theoriſt, and the laborious Collator at ſome unlucky Moment frolicks in Conjecture.

Critical, Hiſtorical, and Explanatory Notes have been likewiſe publiſhed upon *Shakeſpeare* by Dr. *Grey*, whoſe diligent Peruſal of the old *Engliſh* Writers has enabled him to make ſome uſeful Obſervations. What he undertook was well enough performed, but as he neither attempts judicial nor emendatory Criticiſm, he employs rather his Memory than his Sagacity. It were to be wiſhed that all would endeavour to imitate his Modeſty who have not been able to ſurpaſs his Knowledge.

I can ſay with great Sincerity of all my Predeceſſors, what I hope will hereafter be ſaid of me, that not one has left *Shakeſpeare* without Improvement, nor is there one to whom I have not been indebted for Aſſiſtance and Information. Whatever I have taken from them it was my Intention to refer to its original Authour, and it is certain, that what I have not given to another, I believed when I wrote it to be my own. In ſome perhaps I have been anticipated; but if I am ever found to encroach upon the Remarks of any other Commentator, I am willing that the Honour, be it more or leſs, ſhould be transferred to the firſt Claimant, for his Right, and his alone, ſtands above Diſpute; the Second can prove his Pretenſions only to himſelf, nor can himſelf

ſelf always diſtinguiſh Invention, with ſufficient Certainty, from Recollection.

They have all been treated by me with Candour, which they have not been careful of obſerving to one another. It is not eaſy to diſcover from what Cauſe the Acrimony of a Scholiaſt can naturally proceed. The Subjects to be diſcuſſed by him are of very ſmall Importance; they involve neither Property nor Liberty; nor favour the Intereſt of Sect or Party. The various Readings of Copies, and different Interpretations of a Paſſage, ſeem to be Queſtions that might exerciſe the Wit, without engaging the Paſſions. But, whether it be, that, 'ſmall Things 'make mean Men proud,' and Vanity catches ſmall Occaſions; or that all Contrariety of Opinion, even in thoſe that can defend it no longer, makes proud Men angry; there is often found in Commentaries a ſpontaneous Train of Invective and Contempt, more eager and venomous than is vented by the moſt furious Controvertiſt in Politicks againſt whom he is hired to defame.

Perhaps the Lightneſs of the Matter may conduce to the Vehemence of the Agency; when the Truth to be inveſtigated is ſo near to Inexiſtence, as to eſcape Attention, its Bulk is to be enlarged by Rage and Exclamation: That to which all would be indifferent in its original State, may attract Notice when the Fate of a Name is appended to it. A Commentator has indeed great Temptations to ſupply by Turbulence what he wants of Dignity, to beat his little Gold to a ſpacious Surface, to work that to Foam which no Art or Diligence can exalt to Spirit.

The Notes which I have borrowed or written are either illuſtrative, by which Difficulties are explained; or judicial, by which Faults and Beauties are remarked; or emendatory, by which Depravations are corrected.

The

The Explanations tranſcribed from others, if I do not ſubjoin any other Interpretation, I ſuppoſe commonly to be right, at leaſt I intend by Acquieſcence to confeſs that I have nothing better to propoſe.

After the Labours of all the Editors, I found many Paſſages which appeared to me likely to obſtruct the greater Number of Readers, and thought it my Duty to facilitate their Paſſage. It is impoſſible for an Expoſitor not to write too little for ſome, and too much for others. He can only judge what is neceſſary by his own Experience; and how long ſoever he may deliberate, will at laſt explain many Lines which the Learned will think impoſſible to be miſtaken, and omit many for which the Ignorant will want his Help. Theſe are Cenſures merely relative, and muſt be quietly endured. I have endeavoured to be neither ſuperfluouſly copious, nor ſcrupulouſly reſerved, and hope that I have made my Authour's Meaning acceſſible to many who before were frighted from peruſing him, and contributed ſomething to the Publick, by diffuſing innocent and rational Pleaſure.

The complete Explanation of an Authour not ſyſtematick and conſequential, but deſultory and vagrant, abounding in caſual Alluſions and light Hints, is not to be expected from any ſingle Scholiaſt. All perſonal Reflections, when Names are ſuppreſſed, muſt be in a few Years irrecoverably obliterated; and Cuſtoms, too minute to attract the Notice of Law, ſuch as Modes of Dreſs, Formalities of Converſation, Rules of Viſits, Diſpoſition of Furniture, and Practices of Ceremony, which naturally find Places in familiar Dialogue, are ſo fugitive and unſubſtantial, that they are not eaſily retained or recovered. What can be known, will be collected by Chance, from the Receſſes of obſcure and obſolete Papers, peruſed commonly with ſome other View.

Of

Of this Knowledge every Man has ſome, and none has much; but when an Authour has engaged the publick Attention, thoſe who can add any Thing to his Illuſtration, communicate their Diſcoveries, and Time produces what had eluded Diligence.

To Time I have been obliged to reſign many Paſſages, which, though I did not underſtand them, will perhaps hereafter be explained; having, I hope, illuſtrated ſome, which others have neglected or miſtaken, ſometimes by ſhort Remarks, or marginal Directions, ſuch as every Editor has added at his Will, and often by Comments more laborious than the Matter will ſeem to deſerve; but that which is moſt difficult is not always moſt important, and to an Editor nothing is a Trifle by which his Authour is obſcured.

The poetical Beauties or Defects I have not been very diligent to obſerve. Some Plays have more, and ſome fewer judicial Obſervations, not in Proportion to their Difference of Merit, but becauſe I gave this Part of my Deſign to Chance and to Caprice. The Reader, I believe, is ſeldom pleaſed to find his Opinion anticipated; it is natural to delight more in what we find or make, than in what we receive. Judgment, like other Faculties, is improved by Practice, and its Advancement is hindered by Submiſſion to dictatorial Deciſions, as the Memory grows torpid by the Uſe of a Table-book. Some Initiation is however neceſſary; of all Skill Part is infuſed by Precept, and Part is obtained by Habit; I have therefore ſhewn ſo much as may enable the Candidate of Criticiſm to diſcover the reſt.

To the End of moſt Plays I have added ſhort Strictures, containing a general Cenſure of Faults, or Praiſe of Excellence; in which I know not how much I have concurred with the current Opinion; but I have not, by any Affectation of Singularity, deviated from it. Nothing is minutely and particularly

larly examined, and therefore it is to be supposed, that in the Plays which are condemned there is much to be praised, and in those which are praised much to be condemned.

The Part of Criticism in which the whole Succession of Editors has laboured with the greatest Diligence, which has occasioned the most arrogant Ostentation, and excited the keenest Acrimony, is the Emendation of corrupted Passages, to which the publick Attention having been first drawn by the Violence of the Contention between *Pope* and *Theobald*, has been continued by the Persecution, which, with a Kind of Conspiracy, has been since raised against all the Publishers of *Shakespeare*.

That many Passages have passed in a State of Depravation through all the Editions, is indubitably certain; of these the Restoration is only to be attempted by Collation of Copies, or Sagacity of Conjecture. The Collator's Province is safe and easy, the Conjecturer's perilous and difficult. Yet, as the greater Part of the Plays are extant only in one Copy, the Peril must not be avoided, nor the Difficulty refused.

Of the Readings which this Emulation of Amendment has hitherto produced, some from the Labours of every Publisher I have advanced into the Text; those are to be considered as in my Opinion sufficiently supported: Some I have rejected without Mention, as evidently erroneous; some I have left in the Notes without Censure or Approbation, as resting in Equipoise between Objection and Defence; and some, which seemed specious, but not right, I have inserted with a subsequent Animadversion.

Having classed the Observations of others, I was at last to try what I could substitute for their Mistakes, and how I could supply their Omissions. I collated such Copies as I could procure, and wished for

for more; but have not found the Collectors of theſe Rarities very communicative. Of the Editions which Chance or Kindneſs put into my Hands, I have given an Enumeration, that I may not be blamed for neglecting what I had not the Power to do.

By examining the old Copies, I ſoon found that the late Publiſhers, with all their Boaſts of Diligence, ſuffered many Paſſages to ſtand unauthoriſed, and contented themſelves with *Rowe*'s Regulation of the Text, even where they knew it to be arbitrary, and with a little Conſideration might have found it to be wrong. Some of theſe Alterations are only the Ejection of a Word for one that appeared to him more elegant, or more intelligible. Theſe Corruptions I have often ſilently rectified; for the Hiſtory of our Language, and the true Force of our Words, can only be preſerved by keeping the Text of Authours free from Adulteration. Others, and thoſe very frequent, ſmoothed the Cadence, or regulated the Meaſure; on theſe I have not exerciſed the ſame Rigour; if only a Word was tranſpoſed, or a Particle inſerted or omitted, I have ſometimes ſuffered the Line to ſtand; for the Inconſtancy of the Copies is ſuch, as that ſome Liberties may be eaſily permitted. But this Practice I have not ſuffered to proceed far, having reſtored the primitive Diction wherever it could for any Reaſon be preferred.

The Emendations, which Compariſon of Copies ſupplied, I have inſerted in the Text; ſometimes where the Improvement was ſlight, without Notice; and ſometimes with an Account of the Reaſons of the Change.

Conjecture, though it is ſometimes unavoidable, I have not wantonly not licentiouſly indulged. It has been my ſettled Principle, that the Reading of the ancient Books is probably true; and therefore is not to be diſturbed for the Sake of Elegance, Perſpicuity, or mere Improvement of the Senſe. For, though

though much Credit is not due to the Fidelity, nor any to the Judgment of the firſt Publiſhers; yet they who had the Copy before their Eyes were more likely to read it right, than we who only read it by Imagination. But it is evident that they have often made ſtrange Miſtakes by Ignorance or Negligence; and that therefore ſomething may be properly attempted by Criticiſm, keeping the middle Way between Preſumption and Timidity.

Such Criticiſm I have attempted to practiſe; and, where any Paſſage appeared inextricably perplexed, have endeavoured to diſcover how it may be recalled to Senſe with leaſt Violence. But my firſt Labour is, always to turn the old Text on every Side, and try if there be any Interſtice, though which Light can find its Way; nor would *Huetius* himſelf condemn me, as refuſing the Trouble of Reſearch, for the Ambition of Alteration. In this modeſt Induſtry I have not been unſucceſsful. I have reſcued many Lines from the Violation of Temerity, and ſecured many Scenes from the Inroads of Correction. I have adopted the *Roman* Sentiment, that it is more honourable to ſave a Citizen, than to kill an Enemy, and have been more careful to protect than to attack.

I have preſerved the common Diſtribution of the Plays into Acts, though I believe it to be in almoſt all the Plays void of Authority. Some of thoſe which are divided in the later Editions have no Diviſion in the firſt Folio, and ſome that are divided in the Folio have no Diviſion in the preceding Copies. The ſettled Mode of the Theatre requires four Intervals in the Play; but few, if any, of our Authour's Compoſitions can be properly diſtributed in that Manner. An Act is ſo much of the Drama as paſſes without Intervention of Time, or Change of Place. A Pauſe makes a new Act. In every real, and therefore in every imitative Action, the Intervals may be more

more or fewer, the Reſtriction of five Acts being accidental and arbitrary. This *Shakeſpeare* knew, and this he practiſed: His Plays were written, and at firſt printed, in one broken Continuity, and ought now to be exhibited with ſhort Pauſes, interpoſed as often as the Scene is changed, or any conſiderable Time is required to paſs. This Method would at once quell a thouſand Abſurdities,

In reſtoring the Author's Works to their Integrity, I have conſidered the Punctuation as wholly in my Power: For what could be their Care of Colons and Commas, who corrupted Words and Sentences; Whatever could be done by adjuſting Points is therefore ſilently performed, in ſome Plays with much Diligence, in others with leſs: It is hard to keep a buſy Eye ſtedfaſtly fixed upon evaneſcent Atoms, or a diſcurſive Mind upon evaneſcent Truth.

The ſame Liberty has been taken with a few Particles, or other Words of ſlight Effect. I have ſometimes inſerted or omitted them without Notice. I have done that ſometimes, which the other Editors have done always, and which indeed the State of the Text may ſufficiently juſtify.

The greater Part of Readers, inſtead of blaming us for paſſing Trifles, will wonder that on mere Trifles ſo much Labour is expended, with ſuch Importance of Debate, and ſuch Solemnity of Diction. To theſe I anſwer with Confidence, that they are judging of an Art which they do not underſtand; yet cannot much reproach them with their Ignorance, nor promiſe that they would become in general, by learning Criticiſm, more uſeful, happier, or wiſer.

As I practiſed Conjecture more, I learned to truſt it leſs; and after I had printed a few Plays, reſolved to inſert none of my own Readings in the Text. Upon this Caution I now congratulate myſelf, for every Day encreaſes my Doubt of my Emendations.

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Since I have confined my Imagination to the Margin, it muſt not be conſidered as very reprehenſible, if I have ſuffered it to play ſome Freaks in its own Dominion. There is no Danger in Conjecture, if it be propoſed as Conjecture; and while the Text remains uninjured, thoſe Changes may be ſafely offered, which are not conſidered, even by him that offers them, as neceſſary or ſafe.

If my Readings are of little Value, they have not been oſtentatiouſly diſplayed, or importunately obtruded. I could have written longer Notes, for the Art of writing Notes is not of difficult Attainment. The Work is performed firſt, by railling at the Stupidity, Negligence, Ignorance, and aſinine Taſteleſſneſs of the former Editors, and ſhewing, from all that goes before, and all that follows, the Inelegance and Abſurdity of the old Reading; then by propoſing ſomething, which, to ſuperficial Readers, would ſeem ſpecious, but which, the Editor rejects with Indignation; then by producing the true Reading, with a long Paraphraſe, and concluding with loud Acclamations on the Diſcovery, and a ſober Wiſh for the Advancement and Proſperity of genuine Criticiſm.

All this may be done, and perhaps done ſometimes without Impropriety. But I have always ſuſpected that the Reading is right, which requires many Words to prove it wrong; and the Emendation wrong, that cannot, without ſo much Labour, appear to be right. The Juſtneſs of a happy Reſtoration ſtrikes at once, and the moral Precept may be well applied to Criticiſm, *quod dubitas ne feceris.*

To dread the Shore which he ſees ſpread with Wrecks, is natural to the Sailor. I had before my Eye ſo many critical Adventures ended in Miſcarriage, that Caution was forced upon me. I encountered in every Page Wit ſtruggling with its own Sophiſtry, and Learning couſuſed by the Multiplicity of its Views. I was forced to cenſure thoſe

whom I admired, and could not but reflect, while I was diſpoſſeſſing their Emendations, how ſoon the ſame Fate might happen to my own, and how many of the Readings which I have corrected may be, by ſome other Editor, defended and eſtabliſhed.

'Criticks, I ſaw, that other's Names efface,
'And fix their own, with Labour, in the Place;
'Their own, like others, ſoon the Place reſign'd,
'Or diſappear'd, and left the firſt behind.'

POPE.

That a conjectural Critick ſhould often be miſtaken cannot be wonderful, either to others or to himſelf, if it be conſidered, that in his Art there is no Syſtem, no principal and axiomatical Truth, that regulates ſubordinate Poſitions. His Chance of Errour is renewed at every Attempt; an oblique View of the Paſſage, a ſlight Miſapprehenſion of a Phraſe, a caſual Inattention to the Parts connected, is ſufficient to make him not only fail, but fail ridiculouſly; and when he ſucceeds beſt, he produces perhaps but one Reading of many probable; and he that ſuggeſts another will always be able to diſpute his Claims.

It is an unhappy State in which Danger is hid under Pleaſure. The Allurements of Emendation are ſcarcely reſiſtible. Conjecture has all the Joy and all the Pride of Invention, and he that has once ſtarted a happy Change is too much delighted to conſider what Objections may riſe againſt it.

Yet conjectural Criticiſm has been of great Uſe in the learned World; nor is it my Intention to depreciate a Study, that has exerciſed ſo many mighty Minds, from the Revival of Learning to our own Age, from the Biſhop of *Aleria* to *Engliſh Bentley*. The Criticks on ancient Authours have, in the Exerciſe of their Sagacity, many Aſſiſtances which the Editor of *Shakeſpeare* is condemned to want. They

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are employed upon grammatical and settled Languages, whose Construction contributes so much to Perspicuity, that *Homer* has fewer Passages unintelligible than *Chaucer*. The Words have not only a known Regimen, but invariable Quantities, which direct and confine the Choice. There are commonly more Manuscripts than one; and they do not often conspire in the same Mistakes. Yet *Scaliger* could confess to *Salmasius* how little Satisfaction his Emendations gave him. *Illudunt nobis conjecturæ nostræ, quarum nos pudet, postea quam in meliores codices incidimus.* And *Lipsius* could complain, that Criticks were making Faults, by trying to remove them: *Ut olim vitiis, ita nunc remediis laboratur.* And indeed, where mere Conjecture is to be used, the Emendations of *Scaliger* and *Lipsius*, notwithstanding their wonderful Sagacity and Erudition, are often vague and disputable, like mine or *Theobald*'s.

Perhaps I may not be more censured for doing wrong, than for doing little; for raising in the Publick Expectations, which at last I have not answered. The Expectation of Ignorance is indefinite, and that of Knowledge is often tyrannical. It is hard to satisfy those who know not what to demand, or those who demand by Design what they think impossible to be done. I have indeed disappointed no Opinion more than my own; yet I have endeavoured to perform my Task with no slight Solicitude. Not a single Passage in the whole Work has appeared to me corrupt, which I have not attempted to restore; or obscure, which I have not endeavoured to illustrate. In many I have failed like others; and from many, after all my Efforts, I have retreated, and confessed the Repulse. I have not passed over, with affected Superiority, what is equally difficult to the Reader and to myself, but where I could not instruct him, have owned my Ignorance. I might easily have accumulated a Mass

of ſeeming Learning upon eaſy Scenes; but it ought not to be imputed to Negligence, that, where nothing was neceſſary, nothing has been done; or that, where others have ſaid enough, I have ſaid no more.

Notes are often neceſſary, but they are neceſſary Evils. Let him that is yet unacquainted with the Powers of *Shakeſpeare*, and who deſires to feel the higheſt Pleaſure that the Drama can give, read every Play, from the firſt Scene to the laſt, with utter Negligence of all his Commentators. When his Fancy is once on the Wing, let it not ſtoop at Correction or Explanation. When his Attention is ſtrongly engaged, let it diſdain alike to turn aſide to the Name of *Theobald* and *Pope*. Let him read on through Brightneſs and Obſcurity, through Integrity and Corruption; let him preſerve his Comprehenſion of the Dialogue, and his Intereſt in the Fable; and when the Pleaſures of Novelty have ceaſed, let him attempt Exactneſs, and read the Commentators.

Particular Paſſages are cleared by Notes, but the general Effect of the Work is weakened. The Mind is refrigerated by Interruption; the Thoughts are diverted from the principal Subject, the Reader is weary, he ſuſpects not why, and at laſt throws away the Book, which he has too diligently ſtudied.

Parts are not to be examined till the Whole has been ſurveyed; there is a Kind of intellectual Remoteneſs neceſſary for the Comprehenſion of any great Work, in its full Deſign and its true Proportions; a cloſe Approach ſhews the ſmaller Nicetie, but the Beauty of the Whole is diſcerned no longer.

It is not very grateful to conſider how little the Succeſſion of Editors has added to this Authour's Power of pleaſing. He was read, admired, ſtudied, and imitated, while he was yet deformed with all the Improprieties which Ignorance and Neglect could accumulate

accumulate upon him; while the Reading was yet not rectified, nor his Alluſions underſtood; yet then did *Dryden* pronounce, that 'Shakeſpeare was the 'Man, who, of all modern, and perhaps ancient 'Poets, had the largeſt and moſt comprehenſive 'Soul. All the Images of Nature were ſtill pre-'ſent to him, and he drew them not laborioufly, but 'luckily: When he deſcribes any Thing, you more 'than ſee it, you feel it too. Thoſe who accuſe 'him to have wanted Learning, give him the greater 'Commendation: He was naturally learned: He 'needed not the Spectacles of Books to read Na-'ture; he looked inwards, and found her there. 'I cannot ſay he is every where alike; were he ſo 'I ſhould do him Injury to compare him with the 'Greateſt of Mankind. He is many times flat and 'inſipid; his comick Wit degenerating into Clenches, 'his ſerious Swelling into Bombaſt. But he is al-'ways great when ſome great Occaſion is preſented 'to him: No Man can ſay he ever had a fit Sub-'ject for his Wit, and did not then raiſe himſelf as 'high above the Reſt of Poets,

'*Quantum lenta ſolent inter viburna cupreſſi.*'

It is to be lamented that ſuch a Writer ſhould want a Comentary; that his Language ſhould become obſolete, or his Sentiments obſcure. But it is vain to carry Wiſhes beyond the Condition of human Things; that which muſt happen to all, has happened to *Shakeſpeare*, by Accident and Time; and more than has been ſuffered by any other Writer ſince the Uſe of Types, has been ſuffered by him through his own Negligence of Fame, or perhaps by that Superiority of Mind which deſpiſed its own Performances, when it compared them with its Powers, and judged thoſe Works unworthy to be preſerved, which the Criticks of following Ages were to contend for the Fame of reſtoring and explaining.

Among theſe Candidates of inferiour Fame, I am now to ſtand the Judgment of the Publick, and wiſh that I could confidently produce my Commentary as equal to the Encouragement which I have had the Honour of receiving. Every Work of this Kind is by its Nature deficient; and I ſhould feel little Solicitude about the Sentence, were it to be pronounced only by the Skilful and the Learned.

PREFACE

TO THE

ARTIST's CATALOGUE

For 1762.

THE public may juſtly require to be informed of the Nature and Extent of every Deſign, for which the Favour of the Publick is openly ſolicited. The Artiſts, who were themſelves the firſt Projectors of an Exhibition in this Nation, and who have now contributed to the following Catalogue, think it therefore neceſſary to explain their Purpoſe, and juſtify their Conduct. An Exhibition of the Works of Art, being a Spectacle new in this Kingdom, has raiſed various Opinions and Conjectures among thoſe who are unacquainted with the Practice in foreign Nations. Thoſe who ſet out their Performances to general View, have been too often conſidered as the Rivals of each other, as Men actuated, if not by Avarice, at leaſt by Vanity, and contending for Superiority of Fame, though not for a pecuniary Prize. It cannot be denied or doubted, that all who offer themſelves to Criticiſm are deſirous of Praiſe; this Deſire is not only innocent, but virtuous, while it is undebaſed by Artifice, and unpolluted by Envy; and of Envy or Artifice theſe Men can never be accuſed, who, already enjoying all the Honours and Profits of their Profeſſion, are content to ſtand Candidates for public Notice, with Genius yet unexperienced, and Diligence yet unrewarded; who, without any Hope of increaſing their own Reputation or Intereſt, expoſe their Names and their Works only that they may furniſh an Opportunity of Appearance to the

Young, the Diffident, and the Neglected. The Purpoſe of this Exhibition is not to enrich the Artiſts, but to advance the Art; the Eminent are not flattered with Preference, nor the Obſcure inſulted with Contempt, whoever hopes to deſerve public Favour, is here invited to diſplay his Merit.

Of the Price put upon this Exhibition ſome Account may be demanded. Whoever ſets his Work to be ſhewn, naturally deſires a Multitude of Spectators; but his Deſire defeats its own End, when Spectators aſſemble in ſuch Numbers as to obſtruct one another. Though we are far from wiſhing to diminiſh the Pleaſures, or depreciate the Sentiments of any Claſs of the Community, we know, however, what every one knows, that all cannot be Judges or Purchaſers of Works of Art: yet we have already found by Experience, that all are deſirous to ſee an Exhibition. When the Terms of Admiſſion were low, our Room was thronged with ſuch Multitudes as made Acceſs dangerous, and frightened away thoſe whoſe Approbation was moſt deſired.

Yet, becauſe it is ſeldom believed that Money is got but for the Love of Money, we ſhall tell the Uſe which we intend to make of our expected Profits.

Many Artiſts of great Abilities are unable to ſell their Works for their due Price; to remove this Inconvenience, an annual Sale will be appointed, to which every Man muſt ſend his Works, and ſend them if he will without his Name. Theſe Works will be reviewed by the Committee that conduct the Exhibition. A Price will be ſecretly ſet on every Piece, and regiſtered by the Secretary. If the Piece expoſed is ſold for more, the whole Price ſhall be the Artiſt's; but if the Purchaſer's Value it at leſs than the Committee, the Artiſt ſhall be paid the Deficiency from the Profits of the Exhibition.

PRELI-

PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE

TO THE

LONDON CHRONICLE,

In which is delineated what a NEWS-PAPER may and ought to be.

IT has always been lamented, that of the little Time allotted to Man, much muſt be ſpent upon Superfluities. Every Proſpect has its Obſtructions which we muſt break to enlarge our View: Every Step of our Progreſs finds Impediments, which however eager to go forward we muſt ſtop to remove. Even thoſe who profeſs to teach the Way to Happineſs, have multiplied our Incumbrances, and the Authour of almoſt every Book retards his Inſtructions by a Preface.

The Writers of the Chronicle hope to be eaſily forgiven, though they ſhould not be free from an Infection that has ſeized the whole Fraternity, and inſtead of falling immediately to their Subjects, ſhould detain the Reader for a Time with an Account of the Importance of their Deſign, the Extent of their Plan, and the Accuracy of the Method which they intend to proſecute. Such Premonitions, though not always neceſſary when the Reader has the Book complete in his Hand, and may find by his own Eyes whatever can be found in it, yet may more eaſily be allowed to Works publiſhed

gradually in ſucceſſive Parts, of which the Scheme can only be ſo far known, as the Authour ſhall think fit to diſcover it.

The Paper which we now invite the Public to add to the Papers with which it is already rather wearied than ſatisfied, conſiſts of many Parts; ſome of which it has in common with other periodical Sheets, and ſome peculiar to itſelf.

The firſt Demand made by the Reader of a Journal is, that he ſhould find an accurate Account of foreign Tranſactions and domeſtic Incidents. This is always expected, but this is very rarely performed. Of thoſe Writers who have taken upon themſelves the Taſk of Intelligence, ſome have given and others have ſold their Abilities, whether ſmall or great, to one or other of the Parties that divide us; and without a Wiſh for Truth or Thought of Decency, without Care of any other Reputation than that of a ſtubborn Adherence to their Abettors, carry on the ſame Tenor of Repreſentation through all the Viciſſitudes of Right and Wrong, neither depreſſed by Detection, nor abaſhed by Confutation, proud of the hourly Increaſe of Infamy, and ready to boaſt of all the Contumelies that Falſehood and Slander may bring upon them, as new Proofs of their Zeal and Fidelity.

With theſe Heroes we have no Ambition to be numbered, we leave to the Confeſſors of Faction the Merit of their Sufferings, and are deſirous to ſhelter ourſelves under the Protection of Truth. That all our Facts will be authentic, or all our Remarks juſt, we dare not venture to promiſe: We can relate but what we hear, we can point out but what we ſee. Of remote Tranſactions, the firſt Accounts are always confuſed, and commonly exaggerated; and in domeſtic Affairs, if the Power to conceal is leſs, the Intereſt to miſrepreſent is often greater; and what is ſufficiently vexatious, Truth ſeems to

fly

fly from Curiosity, and as many Enquirers produce many Narratives, whatever engages the public Attention is immediately disguised by the Embellishments of Fiction. We pretend to no peculiar Power of disentangling Contradiction or denuding Forgery, we have no settled Correspondence with the Antipodes, nor maintain any Spies in the Cabinets of Princes. But as we shall always be conscious that our Mistakes are involuntary, we shall watch the gradual Discoveries of Time, and retract what we have hastily and erroneously advanced.

In the Narratives of the daily Writers every Reader perceives somewhat of Neatness and Purity wanting, which at the first View it seems easy to supply; but it must be considered, that those Passages must be written in Haste, and that there is often no other Choice, but that they must want either Novelty or Accuracy; and that as Life is very uniform, the Affairs of one Week are so like those of another, that by any Attempt after Variety of Expression, Invention would soon be wearied, and Language exhausted. Some Improvements however we hope to make; and for the rest we think that when we commit only common Faults, we shall not be excluded from common Indulgence. The Accounts of Prices of Corn and Stocks are to most of our Readers of more Importance than Narratives of greater Sound, and as Exactness is here within the Reach of Diligence, our Readers may justly require it from us.

Memorials of a private and personal Kind, which relate Deaths, Marriages, and Preferments, must always be imperfect by Omission, and often erroneous by Misinformation; but even in these there shall not be wanting Care to avoid Mistakes, or to rectify them whenever they shall be found.

That Part of our Work, by which it is distinguished from all others, is the literary Journal, or Account

Account of the Labours and Productions of the Learned. This was for a long Time among the Deficiencies of *Engliſh* Literature, but as the Caprice of Man is always ſtarting from too little to too much, we have now amongſt other Diſturbers of human Quiet, a numerous Body of Reviewers and Remarkers.

Every Art is improved by the Emulation of Competitors; thoſe who make no Advances towards Excellence, may ſtand as Warnings againſt Faults. We ſhall endeavour to avoid that Petulance which treats with Contempt whatever has hitherto been reputed ſacred.

We ſhall repreſs that Elation of Malignity, which wantons in the Cruelties of Criticiſm, and not only murders Reputation, but murders it by Torture. Whenever we feel ourſelves ignorant we ſhall at leaſt be modeſt. Our Intention is not to pre-occupy Judgment by Praiſe or Cenſure, but to gratify Curioſity by early Intelligence, and to tell rather what our Authours have attempted, than what they have performed. The Titles of Books are neceſſarily ſhort, and therefore diſcloſe but imperfectly the Contents; they are ſometimes fraudulent and intended to raiſe falſe Expectations. In our account this Brevity will be extended, and theſe Frauds whenever they are detected will be expoſed; for though we write without Intention to injure, we ſhall not ſuffer ourſelves to be made Parties to Deceit.

If any Authour ſhall tranſmit a Summary of his Work, we ſhall willingly receive it; if any literary Anecdote, or curious Obſervation ſhall be communicated to us, we ſhall carefully inſert it. Many Facts are known and forgotten, many Obſervations are made and ſuppreſſed; and Entertainment and Inſtruction are frequently loſt, for want of a Repoſitory

poſitory in which they may be conveniently preſerved.

No Man can modeſtly promiſe what he cannot aſcertain: we hope for the Praiſe of Knowledge and Diſcernment, but we claim only that of Diligence and Candour.

INTRODUC-

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

Proceedings of the Committee appointed to manage the Contributions begun at *London*, *Dec.* 18, 1758, for Cloathing *French* Priſoners of War.

THE Committee intruſted with the Money contributed to the Relief of the Subjects of *France*, now Priſoners in the *Britiſh* Dominions, here lay before the Public an exact Account of all the Sums received and expended, that the Donors may judge how properly their Benefactions have been applied.

Charity would loſe its Name, were it influenced by ſo mean a Motive as human Praiſe: It is therefore not intended to celebrate by any particular Memorial, the Liberality of ſingle Perſons, or diſtinct Societies; it is ſufficient that their Works praiſe them.

Yet he who is far from ſeeking Honour, may very juſtly obviate Cenſure. If a good Example has been ſet, it may loſe its Influence by Miſrepreſentation; and to free Charity from Reproach, is itſelf a charitable Action.

Againſt the Relief of the *French* only one Argument has been brought; but that one is ſo popular and ſpecious, that if it were to remain unexamined, it would by many be thought irrefragable. It has been urged that Charity, like other Virtues, may be improperly and unſeaſonably exerted; that while we are relieving *Frenchmen*, there remain many *Engliſhmen* unrelieved; that while we laviſh Pity on our Enemies, we forget the Miſery of our Friends.

Grant

Grant this Argument all it can prove, and what is the Concluſion?—That to relieve the *French* is a good Action, but that a better may be conceived. This is all the Reſult, and this All is very little. To do the beſt can ſeldom be the Lot of Man; it is ſufficient if, when Opportunities are preſented, he is ready to do Good. How little Virtue could be practiſed, if Beneficence were to wait always for the moſt proper Objects, and the nobleſt Occaſions; Occaſions that may never happen, and Objects that may never be found?

It is far from certain, that a ſingle *Engliſhman* will ſuffer by the Charity to the *French*. New Scenes of Miſery make new Impreſſions; and much of the Charity which produced theſe Donations, may be ſuppoſed to have been generated by a Species of Calamity never known among us before. Some imagine that the Laws have provided all neceſſary Relief in common Caſes, and remit the Poor to the Care of the Public; ſome have been deceived by fictitious Miſery, and are afraid of encouraging Impoſture; many have obſerved Want to be the Effect of Vice, and conſider caſual Almſgivers as Patrons of Idleneſs. But all theſe Difficulties vaniſh in the preſent Caſe: We know that for the Priſoners of War there is no legal Proviſion; we ſee their Diſtreſs, and are certain of its Cauſe; we know that they are poor and naked, and poor and naked without a Crime.

But it is not neceſſary to make any Conceſſions. The Opponents of this Charity muſt allow it to be good, and will not eaſily prove it not to be the beſt. That Charity is beſt, of which the Conſequences are moſt extenſive: The Relief of Enemies has a Tendency to unite Mankind in fraternal Affection; to ſoften the Acrimony of adverſe Nations, and diſpoſe them to Peace and Amity: In the mean Time, it alleviates Captivity, and takes away ſomething from the

the Miſeries of War. The Rage of War, however mitigated, will always fill the World with Calamity and Horror: Let it not then be unneceſſarily extended; let Animoſity and Hoſtility ceaſe together; and no Man be longer deemed an Enemy, than while his Sword is drawn againſt us.

The Effects of theſe Contributions may, perhaps, reach ſtill further. Truth is beſt ſupported by Virtue: We may hope from thoſe who feel or who ſee our Charity, that they ſhall no longer deteſt as Hereſy that Religion, which makes its Profeſſors the Followers of Him, who has commanded us to 'do good 'to them that hate us.'

SOME

THOUGHTS on AGRICULTURE;

BOTH

ANCIENT AND MODERN:

With an Account of the Honour that is due to an ENGLISH FARMER.

AGRICULTURE, in the primeval Ages, was the common Parent of Traffick; for the Opulence of Mankind then conſiſted in Cattle, and the Product of Tillage; which are now very eſſential for the Promotion of Trade in general, but more particularly ſo to ſuch Nations as are moſt abundant in Cattle, Corn, and Fruits. The Labour of the Farmer gives Employment to the Manufacturer, and yields a Support for the other Parts of a Community: It is now the Spring which ſets the whole grand Machine of Commerce in Motion; and the Sail could not be ſpread without the Aſſiſtance of the Plough. But, though the Farmers are of ſuch Utility in a State, we find them in general too much diſregarded among the politer Kind of People in the preſent Age: While we cannot help obſerving the Honour that Antiquity has always paid to the Profeſſion of the Huſbandman: Which na-

turally leads us into ſome Reflections upon that Occaſion.

Though Mines of Gold and Silver ſhould be exhauſted, and the Species made of them loſt; though Diamonds and Pearls ſhould remain concealed in the Bowels of the Earth, and the Womb of the Sea; though Commerce with Strangers be prohibited; though all Arts, which have no other Object than Splendor and Embelliſhment, ſhould be aboliſhed; yet, the Fertility of the Earth alone would afford an abundant Supply for the Occaſions of an induſtrious People, by furniſhing Subſiſtence for them, and ſuch Armies as ſhould be muſtered in their Defence. We, therefore, ought not to be ſurprized, that Agriculture was in ſo much Honour among the Ancients: For it ought rather to ſeem wonderful that it ſhould ever ceaſe to be ſo, and that the moſt neceſſary and moſt indiſpenſible of all Profeſſions ſhould have fallen into any Contempt.

Agriculture was in no Part of the World in higher Conſideration than *Egypt*, where it was the particular Object of Government and Policy: Nor was any Country ever better peopled, richer, or more powerful. The *Satrapæ*, among the *Aſſyrians* and *Perſians*, were rewarded, if the Lands in their Governments were well cultivated; but were puniſhed, if that Part of their Duty was neglected. *Africa* abounded in Corn; but the moſt famous Countries were *Thrace*, *Sardinia*, and *Sicily*.

Cato, the Cenſor, has juſtly called *Sicily* the Magazine and nurſing Mother of the *Roman* People, who were ſupplied from thence with almoſt all their Corn, both for the Uſe of the City, and the Subſiſtence of her Armies: Though we alſo find in *Livy*, that the *Romans* received no inconſiderable Quantities of Corn from *Sardinia*. But, when *Rome* had made herſelf Miſtreſs of *Carthage* and *Alexandria*, *Africa* and *Egypt* became her Store-houſes: For thoſe

thoſe Cities ſent ſuch numerous Fleets every Year, freighted with Corn to *Rome*, that *Alexandria* alone annually ſupplied twenty Millions of Buſhels: And, when the Harveſt happened to fail in one of theſe Provinces, the other came in to its Aid, and ſupported the Metropolis of the World; which, without this Supply, would have been in Danger of periſhing by Famine. *Rome* actually ſaw herſelf reduced to this Condition under *Auguſtus*; for there remained only three Days Proviſion of Corn in the City: And that Prince was ſo full of Tenderneſs for the People, that he had reſolved to poiſon himſelf, if the expected Fleets did not arrive before the Expiration of that Time; but they came; and the Preſervation of the *Romans* was attributed to the good Fortune of their Emperor: But wiſe Precautions were taken to avoid the like Danger for the future.

When the Seat of Empire was tranſplanted to *Conſtantinople*, that City was ſupplied in the ſame Manner: And when the Emperor *Septimus Severus* died, there was Corn in the publick Magazines for ſeven Years, expending daily 75,000 Buſhels in Bread, for 600,000 Men.

The Ancients were no leſs induſtrious in the Cultivation of the Vine than in that of Corn, though they applied themſelves to it later: For *Noah* planted it by Order, and diſcovered the Uſe that might be made of the Fruit, by preſſing out, and preſerving the Juice. The Vine was carried by the Offspring of *Noah* into the ſeveral Countries of the World: But *Aſia* was the firſt to experience the Sweets of this Gift; from whence it was imparted to *Europe* and *Africa*. *Greece* and *Italy*, which were diſtinguiſhed in ſo many other Reſpects, were particularly ſo by the Excellency of their Wines. *Greece* was moſt celebrated for the Wines of *Cyprus*, *Leſbos*, and *Chio*; the former of which is in great Eſteem at preſent: Though the Cultivation of the Vine has

been generally ſuppreſſed in the *Turkiſh* Dominions. As the *Romans* were indebted to the *Grecians* for the Arts and Sciences, ſo were they likewiſe for the Improvement of their Wines; the beſt of which were produced in the Country of *Capua*, and were called the *Maſſic*, *Calenian*, *Formian*, *Cæcuban*, and *Falernian*, ſo much celebrated by *Horace*. *Domitian* paſſed an Edict for deſtroying all the Vines, and that no more ſhould be planted throughout the greateſt Part of the Weſt; which continued almoſt two hundred Years afterwards, when the Emperor *Probus* employed his Soldiers in planting Vines in *Europe*, in the ſame Manner as *Hannibal* had formerly employed his Troops in planting Olive-trees in *Africa*. Some of the Ancients have endeavoured to prove, that the Cultivation of Vines is more beneficial than any other Kind of Huſbandry: But, if this was thought ſo in the Time of *Columella*, it is very different at preſent; nor were all the Ancients of his Opinion, for ſeveral gave the Preference to paſture Lands.

The Breeding of Cattle has always been conſidered as an important Part of Agriculture. The Riches of *Abraham*, *Laban*, and *Job*, conſiſted in their Flocks and Herds. We alſo find from *Latinus* in *Virgil*, and *Ulyſſes* in *Homer*, that the Wealth of thoſe Princes conſiſted in Cattle. It was likewiſe the ſame among the *Romans*, till the Introduction of Money, which put a Value upon Commodities, and eſtabliſhed a new Kind of Barter. *Varro* has not diſdained to give an extenſive Account of all the Beaſts that are of any Uſe to the Country, either for Tillage, Breed, Carriage, or other Conveniencies of Man. And *Cato*, the Cenſor, was of Opinion, that the Feeding of Cattle was the moſt certain and ſpeedy Method of enriching a Country.

Luxury, Avarice, Injuſtice, Violence, and Ambition, take up their ordinary Reſidence in populous Cities: While the hard and laborious Life of the Huſbandman

Husbandman will not admit of these Vices. The honest Farmer lives in a wise and happy State, which inclines him to Justice, Temperance, Sobriety, Sincerity, and every Virtue that can dignify the human Nature. This gave Room for the Poets to feign, that *Astræa*, the Goddess of Justice, had her last Residence among Husbandmen, before she quitted the Earth. *Hesiod* and *Virgil* have brought the Assistance of the Muses in Praise of Agriculture. Kings, Generals, and Philosophers, have not thought it unworthy their Birth, Rank, and Genius, to leave Precepts to Posterity upon the Utility of the Husbandman's Profession. *Hiero*, *Attalus*, and *Archelaus*, Kings of *Syracuse*, *Pergamus*, and *Cappadocia*, have composed Books for supporting and augmenting the Fertility of their different Countries. The *Carthaginian* General, *Mago*, wrote twenty-eight Volumes upon this Subject; and *Cato*, the Censor, followed his Example. Nor have *Plato*, *Xenophon*, and *Aristotle*, omitted this Article, which makes an essential Part of their Politicks. And *Cicero*, speaking of the Writings of *Xenophon*, says, 'How fully and 'excellently does he, in that Book called his *Oeconomics*, set out the Advantages of Husbandry, and a 'country Life?'

When *Britain* was subject to the *Romans*, she annually supplied them with great Quantities of Corn; and the *Isle of Anglesea* was then looked upon as the Grainary for the Western Provinces: But the *Britons*, both under the *Romans* and *Saxons*, were employed like Slaves at the Plough. On the Intermixture of the *Danes* and *Normans*, Possessions were better regulated, and the State of Vassalage gradually declined, till it was entirely wore off under the Reigns of *Henry* VII. and *Edward* VI. for they hurt the old Nobility by favouring the Commons, who grew rich by Trade, and purchased Estates.

The Wines of *France*, *Portugal*, and *Spain*, are now the beſt; while *Italy* can only boaſt of the Wine made in *Tuſcany*. The Breeding of Cattle is now chiefly confined to *Denmark* and *Ireland*. The Corn of *Sicily* is ſtill in great Eſteem, as well as what is produced in the Northern Countries: But *England* is the happieſt Spot in the Univerſe for all the principal Kinds of Agriculture, and eſpecially its great Produce of Corn.

The Improvement of our landed Eſtates, is the Enrichment of the Kingdom: For, without this, how could we carry on our Manufactures, or proſecute our Commerce? We ſhould look upon the *Engliſh* Farmer as the moſt uſeful Member of Society. His arable Grounds not only ſupply his Fellow-ſubjects with all Kinds of the beſt Grain, but his Induſtry enables him to Export great Quantities to other Kingdoms, which might otherwiſe ſtarve; particularly *Spain* and *Portugal*: For, in one Year, there have been exported 51,520 Quarters of Barley, 219,781 of Malt, 1920 of Oatmeal, 1329 of Rye, and 153,343 of Wheat; the Bounty on which amounted to 72,433 Pounds. What a Fund of Treaſure ariſes from his paſture Lands, which breed ſuch innumerable Flocks of Sheep, and afford ſuch fine Herds of Cattle, to feed *Britons*, and cloath Mankind? He rears Flax and Hemp for the making of Linen; while his Plantations of Apples and Hops ſupply him with generous Kinds of Liquors.

The Land-tax, when at four Shillings in the Pound, produces 2,000,000 Pounds a Year. This ariſes from the Labour of the Huſbandman: It is a great Sum: But how greatly is it increaſed by the Means it furniſhes for Trade? Without the Induſtry of the Farmer, the Manufacturer could have no Goods to ſupply the Merchant, nor the Merchant find any Employment for the Mariners: Trade would

would be ſtagnated; Riches whould be of no Advantage to the Great; and Labour of no Service to the Poor.

The *Romans*, as Hiſtorians all allow,
Sought, in extreme Diſtreſs, the rural Plough;
Io Triumphe! for the village Swain
Retir'd to be a * Nobleman again.

* *Cincinnatus.*

INTRODUCTION

TO THE

WORLD DISPLAYED.

NAVIGATION, like other Arts, has been perfected by Degrees. It is not eafy to conceive that any Age or Nation was without fome Veffel, in which Rivers might be paffed by Travellers, or Lakes frequented by Fifhermen; but we have no Knowledge of any Ship that could endure the Violence of the Ocean, before the Ark of *Noah*.

As the Tradition of the Deluge has been tranfmitted to almoft all the Nations of the Earth; it muft be fuppofed that the Memory of the Means by which *Noah* and his Family were preferved, would be continued long among their Defcendants, and that the Poffibility of paffing the Seas could never be doubted.

What Men know to be practicable, a thoufand Motives will incite them to try; and there is Reafon to believe, that from the Time that the Generations of the poftdiluvian Race fpread to the Sea Shores, there were always Navigators that ventured upon the Sea, though, perhaps, not willingly beyond the Sight of Land.

Of the ancient Voyages little certain is known, and it is not neceffary to lay before the Reader fuch Conjectures as learned Men have offered to the World. The *Romans* by conquering *Carthage*, put a Stop to a great Part of the Trade of diftant Nations with one another, and becaufe they thought only on War and Conqueft, as their Empire encreafed,

creaſed, Commerce was diſcouraged; till under the latter Emperors, Ships ſeem to have been of little other Uſe than to tranſport Soldiers.

Navigation could not be carried to any great Degree of Certainty, without the Compaſs; which was unknown to the Ancients. The wonderful Quality by which a Needle, or ſmall Bar of Steel, touched with a Loadſtone or Magnet, and turning freely by Equilibration on a Point, always preſerves the Meridian, and directs its two Ends North and South, was diſcovered according to the common Opinion in 1299, by *John Gela* of *Amalphi*, a Town in *Italy*.

From this Time it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe that Navigation made continual, though ſlow, Improvements, which the Confuſion and Barbarity of the Times, and the Want of Communication between Orders of Men ſo diſtant as Sailors and Monks, hindered from being diſtinctly and ſucceſſively recorded.

It ſeems, however, that the Sailors ſtill wanted either Knowledge or Courage, for they continued for two Centuries to creep along the Coaſt, and conſidered every Headland as unpaſſable, which ran far into the Sea, and againſt which the Waves broke with uncommon Agitation.

The Firſt who is known to have formed the Deſign of new Diſcoveries, or the Firſt who had Power to execute his Purpoſes, was Don *Henry* the Fifth, Son of *John* the Firſt, King of *Portugal*, and *Philippina*, Siſter of *Henry* the Fourth of *England*. Don *Henry* having attended his Father to the Conqueſt of *Ceuta*, obtained by Converſation with the Inhabitants of the Continent, ſome Accounts of the interior Kingdoms and ſouthern Coaſt of *Africa*; which, though rude and indiſtinct, were ſufficient to raiſe his Curioſity, and convince him that there were Countries yet unknown and worthy of Diſcovery.

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He therefore equipped ſome ſmall Veſſels, and commanded that they ſhould paſs as far as they could along that Coaſt of *Africa*, which looked upon the great *Atlantick Ocean*, the Immenſity of which ſtruck the groſs and unſkilful Navigators of theſe Times, with Terror and Amazement. He was not able to communicate his own Ardour to his Seamen, who proceeded very ſlowly in the new Attempt; each was afraid to venture much further than he that went before him, and ten Years were ſpent before they had advanced beyond *Cape Bajador*, ſo called from its long Progreſſion into the Ocean, and the Circuit by which it muſt be doubled. The Oppoſition of this Promontory to the Courſe of the Sea, produced a violent Current and high Waves, into which they durſt not venture, and which they had not yet Knowledge enough to avoid by ſtanding off from the Land into the open Sea.

The Prince was deſirous to know ſomething of the Countries that lay beyond this formidable Cape, and ſent two Commanders, named *John Gonzales Zarco*, and *Triſtran Vaz*, (1418) to paſs beyond *Bajador*, and ſurvey the Coaſt behind it. They were caught by a Tempeſt, which drove them out into the unknown Ocean, where they expected to periſh by the Violence of the Wind, or perhaps to wander for ever in the boundleſs Deep. At laſt, in the Midſt of their Deſpair, they found a ſmall Iſland, where they ſheltered themſelves, and which the Senſe of their Deliverance diſpoſed them to call *Puerto Santo*, or the *Holy Haven*.

When they returned with an Account of this new Iſland, *Henry* performed a publick Act of Thankſgiving, and ſent them again with Seeds and Cattle; and we are told by the *Spaniſh* Hiſtorian, that they ſet two Rabbits on Shore, which encreaſed ſo much in a few Years, that they drove away the Inhabitants,

tants, by deſtroying their Corn and Plants, and were ſuffered to enjoy the Iſland without Oppoſition.

In the ſecond or third Voyage to *Puerto Santo*, for Authours do not well agree, a third Captain called *Perello*, was joined to the two former. As they looked round the Iſland upon the Ocean, they ſaw at a Diſtance ſomething which they took for a Cloud, till they perceived that it did not change its Place. They directed their Courſe towards it, and (1419) diſcovered another Iſland covered with Trees, which they therefore called *Madera*, or the *Iſle of Wood*.

Madera was given to *Vaz* or *Zarco*, who ſet Fire to the Woods, which are reported by *Souza*, to have burnt for ſeven Years together, and to have been waſted, till Want of Wood was the greateſt Inconvenience of the Place. But green Wood is not very apt to burn, and the heavy Rains which fall in theſe Countries muſt ſurely have extinguiſhed the Conflagration, were it ever ſo violent.

There was yet little Progreſs made upon the Southern Coaſt, and *Henry*'s Project was treated as chimerical by many of his Countrymen. At laſt *Gilianes* (1433) paſſed the dreadful Cape, to which he gave the Name of *Bajador*, and came back, to the Wonder of the Nation.

In two Voyages more, made in the two following Years, they paſſed forty-two Leagues further, and in the latter, two Men with Horſes being ſet on Shore, wandered over the Country, and found nineteen Men, whom according to the ſavage Manners of that Age they attacked, the Natives having Javelins, wounded one of the *Portugueſe*, and received ſome Wounds from them. At the Mouth of a River they found Sea-wolves in great Numbers, and brought home many of their Skins, which were much eſteemed.

Antonio

Antonio Gonzales, who had been one of the Associates of *Gilianes*, was sent again (1440) to bring back a Cargo of the Skins of Sea-wolves. He was followed in another Ship by *Nunno Triſtam*. They were now of Strength ſufficient to venture upon Violence, they therefore landed, and without either Right or Provocation, made all whom they ſeized their Priſoners, and brought them to *Portugal*, with great Commendations both from the Prince and the Nation.

Henry now began to pleaſe himſelf with the Succeſs of his Projects, and as one of his Purpoſes was the Converſion of Infidels, thought it neceſſary to impart his Undertaking to the Pope, and to obtain the Sanctions of Eccleſiaſtical Authority. To this End *Fernando Lopez d'Azevedo* was diſpatched to *Rome*, who related to the Pope and Cardinals the great Deſigns of *Henry*, and magnified his Zeal for the Propagation of Religion. The Pope was pleaſed with the Narrative, and by a formal Bull conferred upon the Crown of *Portugal*, all the Countries which ſhould be diſcovered as far as *India*, together with *India* itſelf, and granted ſeveral Privileges and Indulgences to the Churches, which *Henry* had built in his new Regions, and to the Men engaged in the Navigation for Diſcovery. By this Bull all other Princes are forbidden to encroach upon the Conqueſts of the *Portugueſe*, on Pain of the Cenſures incurred by the Crime of Uſurpation.

The Approbation of the Pope, the Sight of Men whoſe Manners and Appearance were ſo different from thoſe of *Europeans*, and the Hope of Gain from golden Regions, which has been always the great Incentive of Hazard and Diſcovery, now began to operate with full Force. The Deſire of Riches and of Dominion, which is yet more pleaſing to the Fancy, filled the Courts of the *Portugueſe* Prince with innumerable Adventurers from very diſtant Parts

of

of *Europe*. Some wanted to be employed in the Search after new Countries, and some to be settled in those which had been already found.

Communities now began to be seized with the Infection of Enterprise, and many Associations were formed for the Equipment of Ships, and the Acquisition of the Riches of distant Regions, which perhaps were always supposed to be more wealthy, as more remote. These Undertakers agreed to pay the Prince a fifth Part of the Profit, sometimes a greater Share, and sent out the Armament at their own Expence.

The City of *Lagos* was the first that carried on this Design by Contribution. The Inhabitants fitted out six Vessels, under the Command of *Lugarot*, one of the Prince's Houshold, and soon after fourteen more were furnished for the same Purpose, under the same Commander; to those were added many belonging to private Men, so that in a short Time, twenty-six Ships put to Sea in quest of whatever Fortune should present.

The Ships of *Lagos* were soon separated by foul Weather, and the rest, taking each its own Course, stopped at different Parts of the *African* Coast, from *Cape Blanco* to *Cape Verd*. Some of them, in 1444, anchored at *Gomera*, one of the *Canaries*, where they were kindly treated by the Inhabitants, who took them into their Service, against the People of the Isle of *Palma*, with whom they were at War; but the *Portuguese* at their Return to *Gomera*, not being made so rich as they expected, fell upon their Friends, in contempt of all the Laws of Hospitality, and Stipulations of Alliance, and, making several of them Prisoners and Slaves, set sail for *Lisbon*.

The *Canaries* are supposed to have been known, however imperfectly, to the Antients, but in the Confusion of the subsequent Ages, they were lost and forgotten, till about the Year 1340, the *Biscay-*

neers found *Luçarot*, and invading it, for to find a new Country and invade it has always been the ſame, brought away ſeventy Captives, and ſome Commodities of the Place. *Louis de la Cerda*, Count of *Clermont*, of the Blood Royal both of *France* and *Spain*, Nephew of *John de la Cerda*, who called himſelf the Prince of Fortune, had once a Mind to ſettle in thoſe Iſlands, and applying himſelf firſt to the King of *Arragon*, and then to *Clement* VI. was by the Pope crowned at *Avignon*, King of the *Canaries*, on Condition that he ſhould reduce them to the true Religion; but the Prince altered his Mind, and went into *France* to ſerve againſt the *Engliſh*. The Kings both of *Caſtile* and *Portugal*, though they did not oppoſe the papal Grant, yet complained of it, as made without their Knowledge, and in Contravention of their Rights.

The firſt Settlement in the *Canaries* was made by *John de Betancour*, a *French* Gentleman, for whom his Kinſman *Robin de Braquement*, Admiral of *France*, begged them, with the Title of King, from *Henry the Magnificent of Caſtile*, to whom he had done eminent Services. *John* made himſelf Maſter of ſome of the Iſles, but could never conquer the *Grand Canary*, and having ſpent all that he had, went back to *Europe*, leaving his Nephew *Maſſiot de Betancour*, to take Care of his new Dominion. *Maſſiot* had a Quarrel with the Vicar-General, and was likewiſe diſguſted by the long Abſence of his Uncle, whom the *French* King detained in his Service, and being able to keep his Ground no longer, he transferred his Rights to Don *Henry*, in Exchange for ſome Diſtricts in the *Madera*, where he ſettled his Family.

Don *Henry*, when he had purchaſed thoſe Iſlands, ſent thither in 1424, two thouſand five hundred Foot, and an hundred and twenty Horſe; but the Army was too numerous to be maintained by the Country.

Country. The King of *Caſtile* afterwards claimed them, as conquered by his Subjects under *Betancour*, and held under the Crown of *Caſtile* by Fealty and Homage; his Claim was allowed, and the *Canaries* were reſigned.

It was the conſtant Practice of *Henry*'s Navigators, when they ſtopped at a deſert Iſland, to land Cattle upon it, and leave them to breed, where neither wanting Room nor Food, they multiplied very faſt, and furniſhed a very commodious Supply to thoſe who came afterwards to the ſame Place. This was imitated in ſome Degree by *Anſon*, at the Iſle of *Juan Fernandez*.

The Iſlands of *Madera* he not only filled with Inhabitants, aſſiſted by Artificers of every Kind, but procured ſuch Plants as ſeemed likely to flouriſh in that Climate, and introduced the Sugar Canes and Vines, which afterwards produced a very large Revenue.

The Trade of *Africa* now began to be gainful, but a great Part of the Gain aroſe from the Sale of Slaves, who were annually brought into *Portugal* by Hundreds, as *Lafitau* relates, and relates without any Appearance of Indignation or Compaſſion; they likewiſe imported Gold Duſt in ſuch Quantities, that *Alphonſus* V. coined it into a new Species of Money called *Cruſades*, which is ſtill continued in *Portugal*.

In Time they made their Way along the South Coaſt of *Africa*, Eaſtward to the Country of the Negroes, whom they found living in Tents, without any political Inſtitutions, ſupporting Life with very little Labour by the Milk of their Kine, and Millet, to which thoſe who inhabited the Coaſt added Fiſh dried in the Sun. Having never ſeen the Natives or heard of the Arts of *Europe*, they gazed with Aſtoniſhment on the Ships when they approached their Coaſts, ſometimes thinking them Birds, and ſometimes Fiſhes, according as their

Sails were ſpread or lowered; and ſometimes conceiving them to be only Phantoms, which played to and fro in the Ocean. Such is the Account given by the Hiſtorian, perhaps with too much Prejudice againſt a Negroe's Underſtanding; who tho' he might well wonder at the Bulk and Swiftneſs of the firſt Ship, would ſcarcely conceive it to be either a Bird or a Fiſh; but having ſeen many Bodies floating in this Water, would think it what it really is, a large Boat; and if he had no knowledge of any Means by which ſeparate Pieces of Timber may be joined together, would form very wild Notions concerning its Conſtruction, or perhaps ſuppoſe it to be a hollow Trunk of a Tree, from ſome Country where Trees grow to a much greater Height and Thickneſs than in his own.

When the *Portugueze* came to land, they encreaſed the Aſtoniſhment of the poor Inhabitants, who ſaw Men clad in Iron, with Thunder and Lightning in their Hands. They did not underſtand each other, and Signs are a very imperfect Mode of Communication even to Men of more Knowledge than the Negroes, ſo that they could not eaſily negotiate or traffick: At laſt the *Portugueze* laid Hands on ſome of them to carry them home for a Sample; and their Dread and Amazement was raiſed, ſays *Laſitau*, to the higheſt Pitch, when the *Europeans* fired their Cannons and Muſkets among them, and they ſaw their Companions fall dead at their Feet without any Enemy at Hand, or any viſible Cauſe of their Deſtruction.

On what Occaſion, or for what Purpoſe, Cannons and Muſkets were diſcharged among a People harmleſs and ſecure, by Strangers who without any Right viſited their Coaſt; it is not thought neceſſary to inform us. The *Portugueze* could fear nothing from them, and had therefore no adequate Provocation; nor is there any Reaſon to believe but that they murdered

dered the Negroes in wanton Merriment, perhaps only to try how many a Volley would deſtroy, or what would be the Conſternation of thoſe that ſhould eſcape. We are openly told, that they had the leſs Scruple concerning their Treatment of the ſavage People, becauſe they ſcarcely conſidered them as diſtinct from Beaſts; and indeed the Practice of all the *European* Nations, and among others of the *Engliſh* Barbarians that cultivate the ſouthern Iſlands of *America* proves, that this Opinion, however abſurd and fooliſh, however wicked and injurious, ſtill continues to prevail. Intereſt and Pride harden the Heart, and it is vain to diſpute againſt Avarice and Power.

By theſe Practices the firſt Diſcoverers alienated the Natives from them; and whenever a Ship appeared, every one that could fly betook himſelf to the Mountains and the Woods, ſo that nothing was to be got more than they could ſteal: They ſometimes ſurpriſed a few Fiſhers, and made them Slaves, and did what they could to offend the Negroes, and enrich themſelves. This Practice of Robbery continued till ſome of the Negroes who had been enſlaved learned the Language of *Portugal*, ſo as to be able to interpret for their Countrymen, and one *John Fernandez* applied himſelf to the Negroe Tongue.

From this Time began ſomething like a regular Traffick, ſuch as can ſubſiſt between Nations where all the Power is on one Side; and a Factory was ſettled in the Iſle of *Arguin*, under the Protection of a Fort. The Profit of this new Trade was aſſigned for a certain Term to *Ferdinando Gomez*; which ſeems to be the common Method of eſtabliſhing a Trade that is yet too ſmall to engage the Care of a Nation, and can only be enlarged by that Attention which is beſtowed by private Men upon private Advantage. *Gomez* continued the Diſcoveries to *Cape Catharine*, two Degrees and a half beyond the Line.

In the latter Part of the Reign of *Alphonſo* V. the Ardour of Diſcovery was ſomewhat intermitted, and all commercial Enterpriſes were interrupted by the Wars, in which he was engaged with various Succeſs. But *John* II. who ſucceeded, being fully convinced both of the Honour and Advantage of extending his Dominions in Countries hitherto unknown, proſecuted the Deſigns of Prince *Henry* with the utmoſt Vigour, and in a ſhort Time added to his other Titles, that of King of *Guinea* and of the Coaſt of *Africa*.

In 1463, in the third Year of the Reign of *John* II. died Prince *Henry*, the firſt Encourager of remote Navigation, by whoſe Incitement, Patronage, and Example, diſtant Nations have been made acquainted with each other, unknown Countries have been brought into general View, and the Power of *Europe* has been extended to the remoteſt Parts of the World. What Mankind has loſt and gained by the Genius and Deſigns of this Prince, it would be long to compare, and very difficult to eſtimate. Much Knowledge has been acquired, and much Cruelty been committed, the Belief of Religion has been very little propagated, and its Laws have been outrageouſly and enormouſly violated. The *Europeans* have ſcarcely viſited any Coaſt, but to gratify Avarice, and extend Corruption; to arrogate Dominion without Right, and practiſe Cruelty without Incentive. Happy had it then been for the Oppreſſed, if the Deſigns of *Henry* had ſlept in his Boſom, and ſurely more happy for the Oppreſſors. But there is Reaſon to hope that out of much Evil Good may be ſometimes produced; and that the Light of the Goſpel will at laſt illuminate the Sands of *Africa*, and the Deſarts of *America*, though its Progreſs cannot but be ſlow, when it is ſo much obſtructed by the Lives of Chriſtians.

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The Death of *Henry* did not interrupt the Progreſs of King *John*, who was very diligent in his Injunctions, not only to make Diſcoveries, but to ſecure Poſſeſſion of the Countries that were found. The Practice of the firſt Navigators was only to raiſe a Croſs upon the Coaſt, and to carve upon Trees the Device of Don *Henry*, the Name which they thought it proper to give to the new Coaſt, and any other Information, for thoſe that might happen to follow them; but now they began to erect Piles of Stone, with a Croſs on the Top, and engraved on the Stone, the Arms of *Portugal*, the Name of the King, and of the Commander of the Ship, with the Day and Year of the Diſcovery. This was accounted ſufficient to prove their Claim to the new Lands; which might be pleaded with Juſtice enough againſt any other *Europeans*, and the Rights of the original Inhabitants were never taken into Notice. Of theſe Stone Records, nine more were erected in the Reign of King *John*, along the Coaſt of *Africa*, as far as the Cape of *Good Hope*.

The Fortreſs in the Iſle of *Arguin* was finiſhed, and it was thought neceſſary to build another at *S. Georgio de la Mina*, a few Degrees North of the Line, to ſecure the Trade of Gold Duſt, which was chiefly carried on at that Place. For this Purpoſe a Fleet was fitted out, of ten large, and three ſmaller Veſſels, freighted with Materials for building the Fort, and with Proviſions and Ammunition for Six hundred Men, of whom One hundred were Workmen and Labourers. Father *Laſitau* relates, in very particular Terms, that theſe Ships carried hewn Stones, Bricks, and Timber, for the Fort, ſo that nothing remained but barely to erect it. He does not ſeem to conſider how ſmall a Fort could be made out of the Lading of ten Ships.

The Command of the Fleet was given to Don *Diego d'Azambue*, who ſet ſail *Dec.* 11, 1481, and

reaching *La Mina Jan.* 19, 1482, gave immediate Notice of his Arrival to *Caramanſa*, a petty Prince of that Part of the Country, whom he very earneſtly invited to an immediate Conference.

Having received a Meſſage of Civility from the Negro Chief, he landed, and choſe a riſing Ground, proper for his intended Fortreſs, on which he planted a Banner, with the Arms of *Portugal*, and took Poſſeſſion in the Name of his Maſter. He then raiſed an Altar at the Foot of a great Tree, on which Maſs was celebrated, the whole Aſſembly, ſays *Lafitau*, breaking out into Tears of Devotion at the Proſpect of inviting theſe barbarous Nations to the Profeſſion of the true Faith. Being ſecure of the Goodneſs of the End, they had no Scruple about the Means, nor ever conſidered how differently from the primitive Martyrs and Apoſtles they were attempting to make Proſelytes. The firſt Propagators of Chriſtianity recommended their Doctrines by their Sufferings and Virtues; they entered no defenceleſs Territories with Swords in their Hands; they built no Forts upon Ground to which they had no Right, nor polluted the Purity of Religion with the Avarice of Trade, or Inſolence of Power.

What may ſtill raiſe higher the Indignation of a Chriſtian Mind, this Purpoſe of propagating Truth appears never to have been ſeriouſly purſued by any *European* Nation; no Means, whether lawful or unlawful, have been practiſed with Diligence and Perſeverance for the Converſion of Savages. When a Fort is built, and a Factory eſtabliſhed, there remains no other Care than to grow rich. It is ſoon found that Ignorance is moſt eaſily kept in Subjection, and that by enlightening the Mind with Truth, Fraud and Uſurpation would be made leſs practicable, and leſs ſecure.

In a few Days an Interview was appointed between *Caramanſa* and *Azambue*. The *Portugueſe* uttered

tered by his Interpreter a pompous Speech, in which he made the Negroe Prince large Offers of his Maſter's Friendſhip, exhorted him to embrace the Religion of his new Ally, and told him, that as they came to form a League of Friendſhip with him, it was neceſſary that they ſhould build a Fort, which might ſerve as a Retreat from their common Enemies, and in which the *Portugueſe* might be always at hand to lend him Aſſiſtance.

The Negroe, who ſeemed very well to underſtand what the Admiral intended, after a ſhort Pauſe, returned an Anſwer full of Reſpect to the King of *Portugal*, but appeared a little doubtful what to determine with relation to the Fort. The Commander ſaw his Diffidence, and uſed all his Art of Perſuaſion to overcome it. *Caramanſa*, either induced by Hope, or conſtrained by Fear, either deſirous to make them Friends, or not daring to make them Enemies, conſented, with a Shew of Joy, to that which it was not in his Power to refuſe, and the new Comers began next Day to break the Ground for the Foundation of a Fort.

Within the Limit of their intended Fortification were ſome Spots appropriated to ſuperſtitious Practices; which the Negroes no ſooner perceived in Danger of Violation by the Spade and Pickax, than they ran to Arms, and began to interrupt the Work. The *Portugueſe* perſiſted in their Purpoſe, and there had ſoon been Tumult and Bloodſhed, had not the Admiral, who was at a Diſtance, to ſuperintend the unlading the Materials for the Edifice, been informed of the Danger. He was told at the ſame Time, that the Support of their Superſtition was only a Pretence, and that all their Rage might be appeaſed by the Preſents which the Prince expected, and of which he had been offended by the Delay.

The *Portugueſe* Admiral immediately ran to his Men, prohibited all Violence, and ſtopped the Commotion;

motion; he then brought out the Preſents, and ſpread them with great Pomp before the Prince; if they were of no great Value, they were rare, for the Negroes had never ſeen ſuch Wonders before, they were therefore received with Extaſy, and perhaps the *Portugueſe* derided them for their Fondneſs of Trifles, without conſidering how many Things derive their Value only from their Scarcity; and that Gold and Rubies would be Trifles, if Nature had ſcattered them with leſs Frugality.

The Work was now peaceably continued, and ſuch was the Diligence with which the Strangers haſtened to ſecure the Poſſeſſion of the Country, that in twenty Days they had ſufficiently fortified themſelves againſt the Hoſtility of Negroes. They then proceeded to complete their Deſign. A Church was built in the Place where the firſt Altar had been raiſed, on which a Maſs was eſtabliſhed to be celebrated for ever, once a Day, for the Repoſe of the Soul of *Henry*, the firſt Mover of theſe Diſcoveries.

In this Fort the Admiral remained, with ſixty Soldiers, and ſent back the Reſt in the Ships, with Gold, Slaves, and other Commodities. It may be obſerved that Slaves were never forgotten, and that wherever they went, they gratified their Pride, if not their Avarice, and brought ſome of the Natives, when it happened that they brought nothing elſe.

The *Portugueſe* endeavoured to extend their Dominions ſtill farther. They had gained ſome Knowledge of the *Jaloffs*, a Nation inhabiting the Coaſt of *Guinea*, between the *Gambia* and *Senegal*. The King of the *Jaloffs* being vicious and luxurious, remitted the Care of the Government to *Bemoin*, his Brother by the Mother's Side, in Preference to two other Brothers by his Father. *Bemoin*, who wanted neither Bravery nor Prudence, knew that his Station was invidious and dangerous, and therefore made an Alliance with the *Portugueſe*, and retained them

in

in his Defence by Liberality and Kindneſs. At laſt the King was killed, by the Contrivance of his Brothers, and *Bemoin* was to loſe his Power, or maintain it by War.

He had Recourſe in this Exigence to his great Ally, the King of *Portugal*, who promiſed to ſupport him, on Condition that he ſhould become a Chriſtian, and ſent an Ambaſſador, accompanied with Miſſionaries. *Bemoin* promiſed all that was requeſted, objecting only that the Time of a Civil War was not a proper Seaſon for a Change of Religion, which would alienate his Adherents; but ſaid, that when he was once peaceably eſtabliſhed, he would not only embrace the true Religion himſelf, but would endeavour the Converſion of the Kingdom.

This Excuſe was admitted, and *Bemoin* delayed his Converſion for a Year, renewing his Promiſe from Time to Time. But the War was unſucceſsful, Trade was at a Stand, and *Bemoin* was not able to pay the Money which he had borrowed of the *Portugueſe* Merchants, who ſent Intelligence to *Liſbon* of his Delays, and received an Order from the King, commanding them, under ſevere Penalties, to return Home.

Bemoin here ſaw his Ruin approaching, and hoping that Money would pacify all Reſentment, borrowed of his Friends a Sum ſufficient to diſcharge his Debts; and finding that even this Enticement would not delay the Departure of the *Portugueſe*, he embarked his Nephew in their Ships, with an hundred Slaves, whom he preſented to the King of *Portugal*, to ſolicit his Aſſiſtance. The Effect of this Embaſſy he could not ſtay to know; for being ſoon after depoſed, he ſought Shelter in the Fortreſs of *Arguin*, whence he took Shipping for *Portugal*, with twenty-five of his principal Followers.

The King of *Portugal* pleaſed his own Vanity and that of his Subjects, by receiving him with

great State and Magnificence, as a mighty Monarch who had fled to an Ally for Succour in Misfortune. All the Lords and Ladies of the Court were assembled, and *Bemoin* was conducted with a splendid Attendance into the Hall of Audience, where the King rose from his Throne to welcome him. *Bemoin* then made a Speech with great Ease and Dignity, representing his unhappy State, and imploring the Favour of this powerful Ally. The King was touched with his Affliction and struck by his Wisdom.

The Conversion of *Bemoin* was much desired by the King, and it was therefore immediately proposed to him that he should become a Christian. Ecclesiasticks were sent to instruct him, and having now no more Obstacles from Interest, he was easily perswaded to declare himself whatever would please those on whom he now depended. He was baptized on the third Day of *December* 1489, in the Palace of the Queen with great Magnificence, and named *John* after the King.

Some Time was spent in Feasts and Sports on this great Occasion, and the Negroes signalized themselves by many Feats of Agility, far surpassing the Power of *Europeans*, who having more Helps of Art, are less diligent to cultivate the Qualities of Nature. In the mean Time twenty large Ships were fitted out, well manned, stored with Ammunition, and laden with the Materials necessary for the Erection of a Fort. With this powerful Armament were sent a great Number of Missionaries under the Direction of *Alvarez* the King's Confessor. The Command of this Force, which filled the Coast of *Africa* with Terror, was given to *Pedro Vaz d'Acugna* surnamed *Bisagu*; who soon after they had landed, not being well pleased with his Expedition, put an End to its Inconveniences by stabbing *Bemoin* suddenly to the Heart. The King heard of this

this Outrage with great Sorrow, but did not attempt to punish the Murderer.

The King's Concern for the Restoration of *Bemoin* was not the mere Effect of amicable Kindness, he hoped by his Help to facilitate greater Designs. He now began to form Hopes of finding a Way to the *East-Indies*, and of enriching his Country by that gainful Commerce: This he was encouraged to believe practicable, by a Map which the Moors had given to Prince *Henry*, and which subsequent Discoveries have shewn to be sufficiently near to Exactness, where a Passage round the South-east Part of *Africa*, was evidently described.

The King had another Scheme yet more likely to engage Curiosity, and not irreconcileable with his Interest. The World had for some Time been filled with the Report of a powerful Christian Prince called *Prester John*, whose Country was unknown, and whom some, after *Paulus Venetus*, supposed to reign in the Midst of *Asia*, and others in the Depth of *Ethiopia*, between the Ocean and Red-sea. The Account of the *African* Christians was confirmed by some *Abissinians* who had travelled into *Spain*, and by some Friars that had visited the Holy Land; and the King was extremely desirous of their Correspondence and Alliance.

Some obscure Intelligence had been obtained, which made it seem probable that a Way might be found from the Countries lately discovered, to those of this far famed Monarch. In 1486, an Ambassador came from the King of *Bemin*, to desire that Preachers might be sent to instruct him and his Subjects in the true Religion. He related that in the inland Country, three hundred and fifty Leagues Eastward from *Bemin*, was a mighty Monarch called *Ogane*, who had Jurisdiction both spiritual and temporal over other Kings; that the King of *Bemin* and his Neighbours at their Accession,

ſion, ſent Ambaſſadors to him with rich Preſents, and received from him the Inveſtiture of their Dominions, and the Marks of Sovereignity, which were a Kind of Scepter, a Helmet, and a Latten Croſs, without which they could not be conſidered as lawful Kings; that this great Prince was never ſeen, but on the Day of Audience, and then held out one of his Feet to the Ambaſſador, who kiſſed it with great Reverence, and who at his Departure had a Croſs of Latten hung on his Neck, which ennobled him thenceforward, and exempted him from all ſervile Offices.

Bemoin had likewiſe told the King that to the Eaſt of the Kingdom of *Tombut*, there was among other Princes, one that was neither Mahometan nor Idolater, but who ſeemed to profeſs a Religion nearly reſembling the Chriſtian. Theſe Informations compared with each other, and with the current Accounts of *Preſter John*, induced the King to an Opinion, which though formed ſomewhat at hazard, is ſtill believed to be right, that by paſſing up the River *Senegal* his Dominions would be found. It was therefore ordered that when the Fortreſs was finiſhed, an Attempt ſhould be made to paſs upward to the Source of the River. The Deſign failed then, and has never yet ſucceeded.

Other Ways likewiſe were tried of penetrating to the Kingdom of *Preſter John*, for the King reſolved to leave neither Sea or Land unſearched till he ſhould be found. The two Meſſengers who were ſent firſt on this Deſign, went to *Jeruſalem* and then returned, being perſuaded that for Want of underſtanding the Language of the Country, it would be vain or impoſſible to travel farther. Two more were then diſpatched, one of whom was *Pedro de Covillan*, the other *Alphonſo de Paiva*; they paſſed from *Naples* to *Alexandria*, and then travelled to *Cairo*, from whence they went to *Aden*, a Town of

of *Arabia*, on the Read Sea near its Mouth. From *Aden*, *Paiva* ſet Sail for *Ethiopia*, and *Covillan* for the *Indies*. *Covillan* viſited *Canavar*, *Calicut*, and *Goa* in the *Indies*, and *Sofula* in the eaſtern *Africa*, thence he returned to *Aden*, and then to *Cairo*, where he had agreed to meet *Paiva*. At *Cairo* he was informed that *Paiva* was dead, but he met with two *Portugueze Jews*, one of whom had given the King an Account of the Situation and Trade of *Ormus*: They brought Orders to *Covillan*, that he ſhould ſend one of them home with the Journal of his Travels, and go to *Ormus* with the other.

Covillan obeyed the Orders, ſending an exact Account of his Adventures to *Liſbon*, and proceeding with the other Meſſenger to *Ormus*; where having made ſufficient Enquiry, he ſent his Companion homewards with the Caravans that were going to *Aleppo*, and embarking once more on the Red Sea, arrived in Time at *Abiſſinia*, and found the Prince whom he had fought ſo long with ſo much Danger.

Two Ships were ſent out upon the ſame Search, of which *Bartholomew Diaz* had the chief Command; they were attended by a ſmaller Veſſel laden with Proviſions, that they might not return upon Pretence of Want either felt or feared.

Navigation was now brought nearer to Perfection. The *Portugueze* claim the Honour of many Inventions by which the Sailor is aſſiſted, and which enable him to leave Sight of Land, and commit himſelf to the boundleſs Ocean. *Diaz* had Orders to proceed beyond the *River Zaire*, where *Diego Can* had ſtopped, to build Monuments of his Diſcoveries, and to leave upon the Coaſts Negroe Men and Women well inſtructed, who might Enquire after *Preſter John*, and fill the Natives with Reverence for the *Portugueſe*.

Diaz

Diaz with much Oppoſition from his Crew, whoſe Mutinies he repreſſed partly by Softneſs and partly by Steadineſs, ſailed on till he reached the utmoſt Point of *Africa*, which from the bad Weather that he met there, he called *Cabo Tormentoſo*, or *The Cape of Storms*. He would have gone forward, but his Crew forced him to return. In his Way he met the Victualler, from which he had been parted nine Months before: of the nine Men which were in it at the Separation, ſix had been killed by the Negroes, and of the three remaining, one died for Joy at the Sight of his Friends. *Diaz* returned to *Liſbon* in *December* 1487, and gave an Account of his Voyage to the King, who ordered the *Cape of Storms* to be called thenceforward *Cabo de buena Eſperanza*, or *The Cape of Good Hope*.

Some Time before the Expedition of *Diaz*, the River *Zaire* and the Kingdom of *Congo* had been diſcovered by *Diego Can*, who found a Nation of Negroes who ſpoke a Language which thoſe that were in his Ships could not underſtand. He landed, and the Natives whom he expected to fly like the other Inhabitants of the Coaſt, met them with Confidence, and treated them with Kindneſs; but *Diego*, finding that they could not underſtand each other, ſeized ſome of their Chiefs, and carried them to *Portugal*, leaving ſome of his own People in their Room to learn the Language of *Congo*.

The Negroes were ſoon pacificed, and the *Portugueſe* left to their Mercy were well treated, and as they by Degrees grew able to make themſelves underſtood, recommended themſelves, their Nation, and their Religion. The King of *Portugal* ſent *Diego* back in a very ſhort Time with the Negroes whom he had forced away; and when they were ſet ſafe on Shore, the King of *Congo* conceived ſo much

much Esteem for *Diego*, that he sent one of those who had returned, back again in his Ship to *Lisbon*, with two young Men dispatched as Ambassadors, to desire Instructors to be sent for the Conversion of his Kingdom.

The Ambassadors were honourably received, and baptized with great Pomp, and a Fleet was immediately fitted out for *Congo*, under the Command of *Gonsalvo Sorza*, who dying in his Passage, was succeeded in Authority by his Nephew *Roderigo*.

When they came to Land, the King's Uncle, who commanded the Province, immediately requested to be solemnly initiated in the Christian Religion, which was granted to him and his young Son, on *Easter* Day 1491. The Father was named *Manuel*, and the Son *Antonio*. Soon afterward the King, Queen, and eldest Prince received at the Font, the Names of *John*, *Eleanor*, and *Alphonso*; and a War breaking out, the whole Army was admitted to the Rites of Christianity, and then sent against the Enemy. They returned victorious, but soon forgot their Faith, and formed a Conspiracy to restore Paganism; a powerful Opposition was raised by Infidels and Apostates, headed by one of the King's younger Sons; and the Missionaries had been destroyed had not *Alphonso* pleaded for them and for Christianity.

The Enemies of Religion now became the Enemies of *Alphonso*, whom they accused to his Father of Disloyalty. His Mother, the Queen *Eleanor*, gained Time by one Artifice after another, till the King was calmed; he then heard the Cause again, declared his Son innocent, and punished his Accusers with Death.

The King died soon after, and the Throne was disputed by *Alphonso*, supported by the Christians, and *Aquitimo* his Brother, followed by the Infidels.

Infidels. A Battle was fought, *Aquitimo* was taken and put to Death, and Chriſtianity was for a Time eſtabliſhed at *Congo*: but the Nation has relapſed into its former Follies.

Such was the State of the *Portugueze* Navigation, when in 1492, *Columbus* made the daring and proſperous Voyage, which gave a new World to *European* Curioſity and *European* Cruelty. He had offered his Propoſal, and declared his Expectations to King *John* of *Portugal*, who had ſlighted him as a fanciful and raſh Projector, that promiſed what he had no reaſonable Hopes to perform. *Columbus* had ſolicited other Princes, and had been repulſed with the ſame Indignity; at laſt *Iſabella* of *Arragon*, furniſhed him with Ships, and having found *America*, he entered the Mouth of the *Tagus* in his Return, and ſhewed the Natives of the new Country. When he was admitted to the King's Preſence, he acted and talked with ſo much Haughtineſs, and reflected on the Neglect which he had undergone with ſo much Acrimony, that the Courtiers who ſaw their Prince inſulted, offered to deſtroy him; but the King who knew that he deſerved the Reproaches that had been uſed, and who now ſincerely regretted his Incredulity, would ſuffer no Violence to be offered him, but diſmiſſed him with Preſents and with Honours.

The *Portugueze* and *Spaniards* became now jealous of each others Claim to Countries, which neither had yet ſeen; and the Pope, to whom they appealed, divided the new World between them by a Line drawn from North to South, a hundred Leagues weſtward from *Cape Verd* and the *Azores*, giving all that lies weſt from that Line to the *Spaniards*, and all that lies eaſt to the *Portugueze*. This was no very ſatisfactory Diviſion, for the eaſt and weſt muſt meet at laſt, but that Time was then at great Diſtance.

According to this Grant, the *Portugueſe* continued their Diſcoveries eaſtward, and became Maſters of much of the Coaſt both of *Africa* and the *Indies*, but they ſeized much more than they could occupy, and while they were under the Dominion of *Spain*, loſt the greater Part of their *Indian* Territories.

A DIS-

A DISSERTATION ON THE EPITAPHS WRITTEN BY POPE.

EVERY Art is beſt taught by Example. Nothing contributes more to the Cultivation of Propriety than Remarks on the Works of thoſe who have moſt excelled. I ſhall therefore endeavour, at this Viſit, to entertain the young Students in Poetry, with an Examination of *Pope*'s Epitaphs.

To define an Epitaph is uſeleſs; every one knows that it is an Inſcription on a Tomb. An Epitaph, therefore, implies no particular Character of Writing, but may be compoſed in Verſe or Proſe. It is indeed commonly Panegyrical; becauſe we are ſeldom diſtinguiſhed with a Stone, but by our Friends; but it has no Rule to reſtrain or modify it, except this, that it ought not to be longer than common Beholders may be expected to have Leiſure and Patience to peruſe.

I.

On CHARLES *Earl of* DORSET, *in the Church of* Wythyham *in* Suſſex.

'*DORSET*, the Grace of Courts, the Muſes Pride,
'Patron of Arts, and Judge of Nature, dy'd.

'The

'The Scourge of Pride, tho' ſanctify'd or great,
'Of Fops in Learning, and of Knaves in State;
'Yet ſoft his Nature, tho' ſevere his Lay,
'His Anger moral, and his Wiſdom gay.
'Bleſt Satyriſt! who touch'd the Mean ſo true,
'As ſhow'd, Vice had his Hate and Pity too.
'Bleſt Courtier! who could King and Country pleaſe,
'Yet ſacred keep his Friendſhips, and his Eaſe.
'Bleſt Peer! his great Forefathers ev'ry Grace
'Reflecting, and reflected on his Race;
'Where other *Buckhurſts*, other *Dorſets* ſhine,
'And Patriots ſtill, or Poets, deck the Line.'

The firſt Diſtich of this Epitaph contains a Kind of Information which few would want, that the Man, for whom the Tomb was erected, *died*. There are indeed ſome Qualities worthy of Praiſe aſcribed to the Dead, but none that were likely to exempt him from the Lot of Man, or incline us much to wonder that he ſhould die. What is meant by *Judge of Nature*, is not eaſy to ſay. Nature is not the Object of human Judgment, for it is vain to judge where we cannot alter. If by Nature is meant, what is commonly called *Nature* by the Criticks, a juſt Repreſentation of Things really exiſting and Actions really performed, Nature cannot be properly oppoſed to *Art*; Nature being, in this Senſe, only the beſt Effect of *Art*.

The Scourge of Pride——

Of this Couplet, the ſecond Line is not, what is intended, an Illuſtration of the former. Pride, in the Great, is indeed well enough connected with Knaves in State, though Knaves is a Word rather too ludicrous and light; but the mention of *ſanctified* Pride will not lead the Thoughts to *Fops in Learning*, but rather to ſome Species of Tyranny or Oppreſſion, ſomething more gloomy and more formidable than Foppery.

Yet ſoft his Nature——

This is a high Compliment, but was not firſt beſtowed on *Dorſet* by *Pope*. The next Verſe is extremely beautiful.

Bleſt Satyriſt!——

In this Diſtich is another Line of which *Pope* was not the Authour. I do not mean to blame theſe Imitations with much Harſhneſs; in long Performances they are ſcarcely to be avoided, and in ſlender they may be indulged, becauſe the Train of the Compoſition may naturally involve them, or the Scantineſs of the Subject allow little Choice. However, what is borrowed is not to be enjoyed as our own, and it is the Buſineſs of critical Juſtice to give every Bird of the Muſes his proper Feather.

Bleſt Courtier!——

Whether a Courtier can be properly commended for keeping his *Eaſe ſacred* may perhaps be diſputable. To pleaſe King and Country, without ſacrificing Friendſhip to any Change of Times, was a very uncommon Inſtance of Prudence or Felicity, and deſerved to be kept ſeparate from ſo poor a Commendation as Care of this Eaſe. I wiſh our Poets would attend a little more accurately to the Uſe of the Word *ſacred*, which ſurely ſhould never be applied in a ſerious Compoſition, but where ſome Reference may be made to a higher Being, or where ſome Duty is exacted or implied. A man may keep his Friendſhip *ſacred*, becauſe Promiſes of Friendſhip are very awful Ties; but methinks he cannot, but in a burleſque Senſe, be ſaid to keep his Eaſe *ſacred*.

Bleſt Peer!——

The Bleſſing aſcribed to the *Peer* has no Connection with his Peerage; they might happen to any other Man, whoſe Anceſtors were remembered, or whoſe Poſterity were likely to be regarded.

I know not whether this Epitaph be worthy either of the Writer, or of the Man entombed.

II.

On Sir WILLIAM TRUMBUL, *One of the Principal Secretaries of State to King* WILLIAM III. *who having reſigned his Place, died in his Retirement at* Eaſthamſted, *in* Berkſhire, 1716.

'A pleaſing Form, a firm, yet cautious Mind,
'Sincere, tho' prudent; conſtant, yet reſign'd;
'Honour unchang'd, a Principle profeſt,
'Fix'd to one Side, but mod'rate to the reſt:
'An honeſt Courtier, yet a Patriot too,
'Juſt to his Prince, and to his Country true.
'Fill'd with the Senſe of Age, the Fire of Youth,
'A Scorn of Wrangling, yet a Zeal for Truth;
'A gen'rous Faith, from Superſtition free;
'A Love to Peace, and Hate of Tyranny;
'Such this Man was; who now, from Earth remov'd,
'At length enjoys that Liberty he lov'd.

In this Epitaph, as in many others, there appears, at the firſt View, a Fault which I think ſcarcely any Beauty can compenſate. The Name is omitted. The End of an Epitaph is to convey ſome Account of the Dead, and to what Purpoſe is any Thing told of him whoſe Name is concealed? An Epitaph, and a Hiſtory, of a nameleſs Hero, are equally abſurd, ſince the Virtues and Qualities ſo recounted in either, are ſcattered at the Mercy of Fortune to be appropriated by Gueſs. The Name, it is true, may be read upon the Stone, but what Obligation has it to the Poet, whoſe Verſes wander over the Earth, and leave their Subject behind them, and who is forced, like an unſkilful Painter, to make his Purpoſe known by adventitious Help?

This Epitaph is wholly without Elevation, and contains nothing ſtriking or particular; but the Poet is not to be blamed for the Defects of his Subject. He ſaid perhaps the beſt that could be ſaid. There

are however ſome Defects which were not made neceſſary by the Character in which he was employed. There is no Oppoſition between an *honeſt Courtier* and a *Patriot*, for an *honeſt Courtier* cannot but be a *Patriot*.

It was unſuitable to the Nicety required in ſhort Compoſitions, to cloſe his Verſe with the Word *too*; every Rhyme ſhould be a Word of Emphaſis, nor can this Rule be ſafely neglected, except where the Length of the Poem makes ſlight Inaccuracies excuſable, or allows Room for Beauties ſufficient to overpower the Effects of petty Faults.

At the Beginning of the ſeventh Line the Word *filled* is weak and proſaic, having no particular Adaptation to any of the Words that follow it.

The Thought in the laſt Line is Impertinent, having no Connection with the foregoing Character, nor with the Condition of the Man deſcribed. Had the Epitaph been written on the poor Conſpirator who died lately in Priſon, after a Confinement of more than forty Years, without any Crime proved againſt him, the Sentiment had been juſt and pathetical; but why ſhould *Trumbul* be congratulated upon his Liberty, who had never known Reſtraint?

III.

On the Hon. SIMON HARCOURT, *only Son of the Lord Chancellor* HARCOURT; *at the Church of* Stanton-Harcourt *in* Oxfordſhire, 1720.

'To this ſad Shrine, whoe'er thou art! draw near,
'Here lies the Friend moſt lov'd, the Son moſt dear:
'Who ne'er knew Joy, but Friendſhip might divide,
'Or gave his Father Grief but when he dy'd.
'How vain is Reaſon, Eloquence how weak!
'If *Pope* muſt tell what *Harcourt* cannot ſpeak.
'Oh, let thy once-lov'd Friend inſcribe thy Stone,
'And, with a Father's Sorrows, mix his own!'

This

This Epitaph is principally remarkable for the artful Introduction of the Name, which is inserted with a peculiar Felicity, to which Chance muſt concur with Genius, which no Man can hope to attain twice, and which cannot be copied but with ſervile Imitation.

I cannot but wiſh that, of this Inſcription, the two laſt Lines had been omitted, as they take away from the Energy what they do not add to the Senſe.

IV.

On JAMES CRAGGS, *Eſq. in* Weſtminſter-Abbey.

'JACOBUS CRAGGS,
'REGI MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ A SECRETIS
'ET CONSILIIS SANCTIORIBUS,
'PRINCIPIS PARITER AC POPULI AMOR ET DELICIÆ:
'VIXIT TITULIS ET INVIDIA MAJOR,
'ANNOS HEU PAUCOS, XXXV.
'OB. FEB. XVI. MDCCXX.'

'Stateſman, yet Friend to Truth! of Soul ſincere,
'In Action faithful, and in Honour clear!
'Who broke no Promiſe, ſerv'd no private End,
'Who gain'd no Title, and who loſt no Friend,
'Ennobled by himſelf, by all approv'd,
'Prais'd, wept, and honour'd, by the Muſe he lov'd.'

The Lines on *Craggs* were not originally intended for an Epitaph; and therefore ſome Faults are to be imputed to the Violence with which they are torn from the Poem that firſt contained them. We may, however, obſerve ſome Defects. There is a Redundancy of Words in the firſt Couplet: It is ſuperfluous to tell of him, who was *ſincere*, *true*, and *faithful*, that he was *in honour clear*.

There ſeems to be an Oppoſition intended in the fourth Line, which is not very obvious: Where is

the Wonder, that he who *gained no Title*, ſhould *loſe no Friend?*

It may be proper here to remark the Abſurdity of joining, in the ſame Inſcription, *Latin* and *Engliſh*, or Verſe and Proſe. If either Language be preferable to the other, let that only be uſed: For no Reaſon can be given why Part of the Information ſhould be given in one Tongue, and Part in another, on a Tomb, more than in any other Place, on any other Occaſion; and to tell all that can be conveniently told in Verſe, and then to call in the Help of Proſe, has always the Appearance of a very artleſs Expedient, or of an Attempt unaccompliſhed. Such an Epitaph reſembles the Converſation of a Foreigner, who tells Part of his Meaning by Words, and conveys Part by Signs.

V.

Intended for Mr. ROWE. *In* Weſtminſter-Abbey.

'Thy Reliques, *Rowe*, to this fair Urn we truſt,
'And ſacred, place by *Dryden*'s awful Duſt:
'Beneath a rude and nameleſs Stone he lies,
'To which thy Tomb ſhall guide inquiring Eyes.
'Peace to thy gentle Shade, and endleſs Reſt;
'Bleſt in thy Genius, in thy Love too bleſt!
'One grateful Woman to thy Fame ſupplies
'What a whole Thankleſs Land to his denies.'

Of this Inſcription the chief Fault is, that it belongs leſs to *Rowe*, for whom it was written, than to *Dryden*, who was buried near him; and indeed gives very little Information concerning either.

To wiſh, *Peace to thy Shade*, is too mythological to be admitted into a Chriſtian Temple: The ancient Worſhip has infected almoſt all our other Compoſitions, and might therefore be contented to ſpare our Epitaphs. Let Fiction, at leaſt, ceaſe with Life, and let us be ſerious over the Grave.

VI.

On Mrs. CORBET, *who died of a Cancer in her Breaſt.*

'Here reſts a Woman, good without Pretence,
'Bleſt with plain Reaſon, and with ſober Senſe:
'No Conqueſts She, but o'er herſelf deſir'd;
'No Arts eſſay'd, but not to be admir'd.
'Paſſion and Pride were to her Soul unknown,
'Convinc'd that Virtue only is our own.
'So unaffected, ſo compos'd a Mind,
'So firm, yet ſoft, ſo ſtrong, yet ſo refin'd,
'Heav'n, as its pureſt Gold, by Tortures try'd,
'The Saint ſuſtain'd it, but the Woman dy'd.

I have always conſidered this as the moſt valuable of all *Pope*'s Epitaphs; the Subject of it is a Character not diſcriminated by any ſhining or eminent Peculiarities; yet that which really makes, though not the Splendor, the Felicity of Life, and that which every wiſe Man will chooſe for his final and laſting Companion in the Languor of Age, in the Quiet of Privacy, when he departs weary and diſguſted from the Oſtentatious, the Volatile, and the Vain. Of ſuch a Character, which the Dull overlook, and the Gay deſpiſe, it was fit that the Value ſhould be made known, and the Dignity eſtabliſhed. Domeſtic Virtue, as it is exerted without great Occaſions, or conſpicuous Conſequences, in an even unnoted Tenor, required the Genius of *Pope* to diſplay it in ſuch a Manner as might attract Regard, and enforce Reverence. Who can forbear to lament that this amiable Woman has no Name in the Verſes?

If the particular Lines of this Inſcription be examined, it will appear leſs faulty than the reſt. There is ſcarce one Line taken from Common Places, unleſs it be that in which *only Virtue* is ſaid to be *our own*. I once heard a Lady of great Beauty and Elegance object to the fourth Line, that it contained an unna-

tural and incredible Panegyrick. Of this let the Ladies judge.

VII.

On the Monument of the Hon. ROBERT DIGBY, *and of his Sister* Mary, *erected by their Father the Lord* DIGBY, *in the Church of* Sherborne *in* Dorsetshire, 1727.

'Go! fair Example of untainted Youth,
'Of modest Wisdom, and pacifick Truth:
'Compos'd in Suff'rings, and in Joy sedate,
'Good without Noise, without Pretension great.
'Just of thy Word, in ev'ry Thought sincere,
'Who knew no Wish but what the World might hear:
'Of softest Manners, unaffected Mind,
'Lover of Peace, and Friend of human Kind:
'Go, live! for Heav'n's eternal Year is thine,
'Go, and exalt thy Moral to Divine.
'And thou, blest Maid! Attendant on his Doom,
'Pensive hast follow'd to the silent Tomb,
'Steer'd the same Course to the same quiet Shore,
'Not parted long, and now to part no more!
'Go, then, where only Bliss sincere is known!
'Go, where to love and to enjoy are one!
'Yet take these Tears, Mortality's Relief,
'And till we share your Joys, forgive our Grief:
'These little Rites, a Stone, a Verse receive,
''Tis all a Father, all a Friend can give!'

This Epitaph contains of the Brother, only a general indiscriminate Character, and of the Sister tells nothing, but that she died. The Difficulty in writing Epitaphs is to give a particular and appropriate Praise. This, however, is not always to be performed, whatever be the Diligence or Ability of the Writer; for the greater Part of Mankind *have no Character at all*, have little that distinguishes them from others equally good or bad, and therefore nothing

nothing can be ſaid of them which may not be applied with equal Propriety to a thouſand more. It is indeed no great Panegyrick, that there is incloſed in this Tomb one who was born in one Year, and died in another; yet many uſeful and amiable Lives have been ſpent which yet leave little Materials for any other Memorial. Theſe are however not the proper Subjects of Poetry; and whenever Friendſhip, or any other Motive, obliges a Poet to write on ſuch Subjects, he muſt be forgiven if he ſometimes wanders in Generalities, and utters the ſame Praiſes over different Tombs.

The Scantineſs of human Praiſes can ſcarcely be made more apparent, than by remarking how often *Pope* has, in the few *Epitaphs* which he compoſed, found it neceſſary to borrow from himſelf. The fourteen *Epitaphs*, which he has written, compriſe about an hundred and forty Lines, in which there are more Repetitions than will eaſily be found in all the reſt of his Works. In the eight Lines which make the Character of *Digby*, there is ſcarce any Thought, or Word, which may not be found in the other Epitaphs.

The ninth Line, which is far the ſtrongeſt and moſt elegant, is borrowed. The Concluſion is the ſame with that on *Harcourt*, but is here more elegant and better connected.

VIII.

On Sir GODFREY KNELLER. *In* Weſtminſter-Abbey, 1723.

'*KNELLER*, by Heav'n, and not a Maſter taught,
' Whoſe Art was Nature, and whoſe Pictures thought;
' Now for two Ages, having ſnatch'd from Fate
' Whate'er was beauteous, or whate'er was great,
' Lies crown'd with Princes Honours, Poets Lays,
' Due to his Merit, and brave Thirſt of Praiſe.

' Living,

'Living, great Nature fear'd he might outvie
'Her Works; and, dying fears herſelf may die.'

Of this Epitaph the firſt Couplet is good, the ſecond not bad, the third is deformed with a broken Metaphor, the Word *crowned* not being applicable to the *Honours* or the *Lays*, and the fourth wants grammatical Conſtruction, the Word *dying* being no Subſtantive.

IX.

On General HENRY WITHERS. *In* Weſtminſter-Abbey, 1729.

'Here, *WITHERS*, reſt! thou braveſt, gentleſt
'Mind,
'Thy Country's Friend, but more of human Kind,
'O! born to Arms! O! Worth in Youth approv'd!
'O! ſoft Humanity in Age belov'd!
'For thee the hardy Vet'ran drops a Tear,
'And the gay Courtier feels the Sigh ſincere.
'*WITHERS*, adieu! yet not with thee remove
'Thy martial Spirit, or thy ſocial Love!
'Amidſt Corruption, Luxury, and Rage,
'Still leave ſome ancient Virtues to our Age:
'Nor let us ſay, (thoſe *Engliſh* Glories gone)
'The laſt true *Briton* lies beneath this Stone.'

The Epitaph on *Withers* affords another Inſtance of Common Places, though ſomewhat diverſified, by mingled Qualities, and the Peculiarity of a Profeſſion.

The ſecond Couplet is abrupt, general, and unpleaſing; Exclamation ſeldom ſucceeds in our Language; and, I think it may be obſerved, that the Particle O! uſed at the Beginning of a Sentence, always offends.

The third Couplet is more happy; the Value expreſſed for him, by different Sorts of Men, raiſes him

him to Eſteem; there is yet ſomething of the common Cant of ſuperficial Satiriſts, who ſuppoſe that the Inſincerity of a Courtier deſtroys all his Senſations, and that he is equally a Diſſembler to the Living and the Dead.

At the third Couplet I ſhould wiſh the *Epitaph* to cloſe, but that I ſhould be unwilling to loſe the two next Lines, which yet are dearly bought if they cannot be retained without the four that follow them.

X.

On Mr. ELIJAH FENTON. *At* Eaſthamſted *in* Berkſhire, 1730.

'This modeſt Stone, what few vain Marbles can,
'May truly ſay, Here lies an honeſt Man:
'A Poet, bleſt beyond the Poet's Fate,
'Whom heav'n kept ſacred from the Proud and Great:
'Foe to loud Praiſe, and Friend to learned Eaſe,
'Content with Science in the Vale of Peace.
'Calmly he look'd on either Life, and here
'Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear;
'From Nature's temp'rate Feaſt roſe ſatisfy'd,
'Thank'd Heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.

The firſt Couplet of this Epitaph is borrowed. The four next Lines contain a Species of Praiſe peculiar, original, and juſt. Here, therefore, the Inſcription ſhould have ended, the latter Part containing nothing but what is common to every Man who is wiſe and good. The Character of *Fenton* was ſo amiable, that I cannot forbear to wiſh for ſome Poet or Biographer to diſplay it more fully for the Advantage of Poſterity. If he did not ſtand in the firſt Rank of Genius he may claim a Place in the ſecond; and, whatever Criticiſm may object to his Writings, Cenſure could find very little to blame in his Life.

XI. *On*

XI.

On Mr. GAY. *In* Weſtminſter-Abbey, 1732.

'Of Manners gentle, of Affections mild;
'In Wit, a Man; Simplicity, a Child:
'With native Humour temp'ring virtuous Rage,
'Form'd to delight at once and laſh the Age:
'Above Temptation, in a low Eſtate,
'And uncorrupted, even among the Great:
'A ſafe Companion, and an eaſy Friend,
'Unblam'd thro' Life, lamented in thy End.
'Theſe are thy Honours! not that here thy Buſt
'Is mix'd with Heroes, or with Kings thy Duſt;
'But that the Worthy and the Good ſhall ſay,
'Striking their penſive Boſoms—*Here lies GAY.*'

As *Gay* was the Favourite of our Authour, this Epitaph was probably written with an uncommon Degree of Attention; yet it is not more happily executed than the reſt, for it does not always happen that the Succeſs of a Poet is proportionate to his Labour. The ſame Obſervation may be extended to all Works of Imagination, which are often influenced by Cauſes wholly out of the Performer's Power, by Hints of which he perceives not the Origin, by ſudden Elevations of Mind which he cannot produce in himſelf, and which ſometimes riſe when he expects them leaſt.

The two Parts of the firſt Line are only Echoes of each other, *gentle Manners* and *mild Affections*, if they mean any Thing, muſt mean the ſame.

That *Gay* was a *Man in Wit* is a very frigid Commendation; to have the Wit of a Man is not much for a Poet. The *Wit of Man*, and the *Simplicity of a Child*, make a poor and vulgar Contraſt, and raiſe no Ideas of Excellence, either Intellectual or Moral.

In the next Couplet *Rage* is leſs properly introduced after the Mention of *Mildneſs* and *Gentleneſs*, which

which are made the Conſtituents of his Character, for a Man ſo *mild* and *gentle* to *temper* his *Rage* was not difficult.

The next Line is unharmonious in its Sound, and mean in its Conception, the Oppoſition is obvious, and the Word *laſh* uſed abſolutely, and without any Modification, is groſs and improper.

To be *above Temptation* in Poverty, and *free from Corruption among the Great*, is indeed ſuch a Peculiarity as deſerved Notice. But to be a *ſafe Companion* is Praiſe merely negative, ariſing not from the Poſſeſſion of Virtue, but the Abſence of a Vice, and that one of the moſt odious.

As little can be added to his Character, by aſſerting that he was *lamented in his End.* Every Man that dies is at leaſt, by the Writer of his Epitaph, ſuppoſed to be lamented, and therefore this general Lamentation does no Honour to *Gay*.

The eight firſt Lines have no Grammar, the Adjectives are without any Subſtantive, and the Epithets without a Subject.

The Thought in the laſt Line, that *Gay* is buried in the Boſoms of the *Worthy* and the *Good*, who are diſtinguiſhed only to lengthen the Line, is ſo dark that few underſtand it; and ſo harſh, when it is explained, that ſtill fewer approve.

XII.

Intended for Sir ISAAC NEWTON. *In* Weſtminſter-Abbey.

'ISAACUS NEWTONIUS:
'Quem Immortalem
'Teſtantur, *Tempus*, *Natura*, *Cœlum*:
'Mortalem
'Hoc marmor fatetur.

'Nature, and Nature's Laws, lay hid in Night:
'God ſaid, *Let Newton be!* And all was Light.'

Of

Of this Epitaph, ſhort as it is, the Faults ſeem not to be very few. Why Part ſhould be *Latin* and Part *Engliſh*, it is not eaſy to diſcover. In the *Latin*, the Oppoſition of *Immortalis* and *Mortalis*, is a mere Sound, or a mere Quibble, he is not *Immortal* in any Senſe contrary to that in which he is *Mortal*.

In the Verſes the Thought is obvious, and the Words *Night* and *Light* are too nearly allied.

XIII.

On EDMUND *Duke of* Buckingham, *who died in the 19th Year of his Age*, 1735.

' If modeſt Youth, with cool Reflection crown'd,
' And ev'ry opening Virtue blooming round,
' Could ſave a Parent's juſteſt Pride from Fate,
' Or add one Patriot to a ſinking State;
' This weeping Marble had not aſk'd thy Tear,
' Or ſadly told, how many Hopes lie here!
' The living Virtue now had ſhone approv'd,
' The Senate heard him, and his Country lov'd.
' Yet ſofter Honours, and leſs noiſy Fame
' Attend the Shade of gentle *Buckingham:*
' In whom a Race, for Courage fam'd and Art,
' Ends in the milder Merit of the Heart;
' And Chiefs or Sages long to *Britain* giv'n,
' Pays the laſt Tribute of a Saint to Heav'n.'

This Epitaph Mr. *Warburton* prefers to the reſt, but I know not for what Reaſon. To *Crown* with *Reflection* is ſurely a Mode of Speech approaching to Nonſenſe. *Opening Virtues blooming round*, is ſomething like Tautology; the ſix following Lines are Poor and Proſaic. *Art* is in another Couplet uſed for *Arts*, that a Rhyme may be had to *Heart*. The ſix laſt Lines are the beſt, but not excellent.

The

The reſt of his ſepulchral Performances hardly deſerve the Notice of Criticiſm. The contemptible *Dialogue* between HE and SHE, ſhould have been ſuppreſſed for the Author's Sake.

In his laſt Epitaph on himſelf, in which he attempts to be jocular upon one of the few Things that make wiſe Men ſerious, he confounds the living Man with the Dead:

'Under this Stone, or under this Sill,
'Or under this Turf, &c.'

When a Man is once buried, the Queſtion, under what he is buried, is eaſily decided. He forgot that though he wrote the Epitaph in a State of Uncertainty, yet it could not be laid over him till his Grave was made. Such is the Folly of Wit when it is ill employed.

THE

THE

LIFE

OF THAT

EMINENT PHYSICIAN

HERMAN BOERHAAVE.

HERMAN BOERHAAVE was born on the laſt Day of *December*, 1668, about One in the Morning, at *Voorhout*, a Village two Miles diſtant from *Leyden*. His Father, *James Boerhaave*, was Miniſter of *Voorhout*, of whom his Son, in a ſmall Account of his own Life, has given a very amiable Character, for the Simplicity and Openneſs of his Behaviour, for his exact Frugality, in the Management of a narrow Fortune, and the Prudence, Tenderneſs, and Diligence with which he educated a numerous Family of nine Children. He was eminently ſkilled in Hiſtory and Genealogy, and well verſed in the *Latin*, *Greek*, and *Hebrew* Languages.

His Mother was *Hagar Daelder*, a Tradeſman's Daughter of *Amſterdam*, from whom he might perhaps derive an hereditary Inclination to the Study of Phyſic; in which ſhe was very inquiſitive, and had obtained a Knowledge of it, not common in female Students.

This Knowledge, however, ſhe did not live to communicate to her Son; for ſhe died in 1673, ten Years after her Marriage.

His Father finding himſelf incumbered with the Care of ſeven Children, thought it neceſſary to take

a ſecond Wife, and in *July*, 1674, was married to *Eve du Bois*, Daughter of a Miniſter of *Leyden*, who, by her prudent and impartial Conduct, ſo endeared herſelf to her Huſband's Children, that they all regarded her as their own Mother.

Herman Boerhaave was always deſigned by his Father for the Miniſtry, and with that View inſtructed by him in grammatical Learning, and the firſt Elements of Languages; in which he made ſuch a Proficiency, that he was, at the Age of eleven Years, not only Maſter of the Rules of Grammar, but capable of tranſlating, with tolerable Accuracy; and not wholly ignorant of critical Niceties.

At Intervals, to recreate his Mind, and ſtrengthen his Conſtitution, it was his Father's Cuſtom to ſend him into the Fields, and employ him in Agriculture, and ſuch Kind of rural Occupations, which he continued through all his Life to love and practiſe; and by this Viciſſitude of Study and Exerciſe, preſerved himſelf, in a great Meaſure, from thoſe Diſtempers and Depreſſions, which are frequently the Conſequences of indiſcreet Diligence, and uninterrupted Application; and from which Students, not well acquainted with the Conſtitution of the human Body, ſometimes fly for Relief to Wine, inſtead of Exerciſe, and purchaſe temporary Eaſe, at the Hazard of chronical Diſtempers.

The Studies of young *Boerhaave* were about this Time interrupted by an Accident, which deſerves a particular Mention, as it firſt inclined him to that Science, to which he was by Nature ſo well adapted, and which he afterwards carried to ſo great Perfection.

In the twelfth Year of his Age a ſtubborn painful, and malignant Ulcer broke out upon his left Thigh, which, for near five Years, defeated all the Art of the Surgeons and Phyſicians, and not only afflicted him with the moſt excruciating Pains, but

expoſed him to ſuch ſharp and tormenting Applications, that the Diſeaſe and Remedies were equally inſufferable. Then it was that his own Anguiſh taught him to compaſſionate that of others; and his Experience of the Ineffiacy of the Methods then in Uſe, incited him to attempt the Diſcovery of others more certain.

He began to practiſe at leaſt honeſtly, for he began upon himſelf, and his firſt Eſſay was a Prelude to his future Succeſs; for having laid aſide all the Preſcriptions of his Phyſicians, and all the Applications of his Surgeons, he at laſt, by fomenting the Part with Salt and Urine, effected a Cure.

That he might on this Occaſion obtain the Aſſiſtance of Surgeons with leſs Inconvenience and Expence, he was brought by his Father, at Fourteen, to *Leyden*, and placed in the fourth Claſs of the public School, after having been examined by the Maſter: Here his Application and Abilities were equally conſpicuous. In ſix Months, by gaining the firſt Prize in the fourth Claſs, he was raiſed to the Fifth; and in ſix Months more, upon the ſame Proof of the Superiority of his Genius, rewarded with another Prize, and tranſlated to the Sixth; from whence it is uſual, in ſix Months more, to be removed to the Univerſity.

Thus did our young Student advance in Learning and Reputation, when, as he was within View of the Univerſity, a ſudden and unexpected Blow threatened to defeat all his Expectations.

On the 12th of *November*, 1682, his Father died, and left behind him a very ſlender Proviſion for his Widow and nine Children, of which the Eldeſt was not ſeventeen Years old.

This was a moſt afflicting Loſs to the young Scholar, whoſe Fortune was by no means ſufficient to bear the Expences of a learned Education, and who therefore now ſeemed to be ſummoned by Neceſſity

ceſſity, to ſome Way of Life more immediately and certainly lucrative; but with a Reſolution equal to his Abilities, and a Spirit not to be depreſſed or ſhaken, he determined to break through the Obſtacles of Poverty, and ſupply by Diligence the Want of Fortune.

He therefore aſked and obtained the Conſent of his Guardian, to proſecute his Studies as long as his Patrimony would ſupport him; and, continuing his wonted Induſtry, gained another Prize.

He was now to quit the School for the Univerſity; but, on Account of the Weakneſs yet remaining in his Thigh, was, at his own Intreaty, continued ſix Months longer, under the Care of his Maſter the learned Wynſchoton, where he once more was honoured with the Prize.

At his Removal to the Univerſity, the ſame Genius and Induſtry met with the ſame Encouragement and Applauſe. The learned *Triglandius*, one of his Father's Friends, made ſoon after Profeſſor of Divinity of *Leyden*, diſtinguiſhed him in a particular Manner, and recommended him to the Friendſhip of Mr. *Van Apphen*, in whom he found a generous and conſtant Patron.

He became now a diligent Hearer of the moſt celebrated Profeſſors, and made great Advances in all the Sciences, ſtill regulating his Studies with a View principally to Divinity, for which he was originally intended by his Father; and for that Reaſon he exerted his utmoſt Application to attain an exact Knowledge of the Hebrew Tongue.

Being convinced of the Neceſſity of mathematical Learning, he began to ſtudy thoſe Sciences in 1687, but without that intenſe Induſtry with which the Pleaſure he found in that Kind of Knowledge induced him afterwards to cultivate them.

In 1690, having performed the Exerciſes of the Univerſity with uncommon Reputation, he took his

Degree in Philoſophy; and on that Occaſion diſcuſſed the important and arduous Queſtion of the diſtinct Natures of the Soul and Body, with ſuch Accuracy, Perſpicuity, and Subtilty, that he entirely confuted all the Sophiſtry of *Epicurus*, *Hobbes*, and *Spinoſa*, and equally raiſed the Character of his Piety and Erudition.

Divinity was ſtill his great Employment, and the chief Aim of all his Studies. He read the Scriptures in their original Languages; and when Difficulties occurred, conſulted the Interpretations of the moſt ancient Fathers, whom he read in order of Time, beginning with *Clemens Romanus*.

In the Peruſal of thoſe early Writers, he was ſtruck with the profoundeſt Veneration for the Simplicity and Purity of their Doctrine, the Holineſs of their Lives, and the Sanctity of the Diſcipline practiſed by them; but as he deſcended to the lower Ages, he found the Peace of Chriſtianity broken by uſeleſs Controverſies, and its Doctrines ſophiſticated by the Subtilties of the Schools. He found the Holy Writers interpreted according to the Notions of Philoſophers, and the Chimeras of Metaphyſicians adopted as Articles of Faith. He found Difficulties raiſed by idle Curioſity, and fomented to Bitterneſs and Rancour. He ſaw the Simplicity of the Chriſtian Doctrine corrupted by the private Notions of particular Parties, of which each adhered to its own Philoſophy, and Orthodoxy was confined to the Sect in Power.

Having now exhauſted his Fortune in the Purſuit of his Studies, he found the Neceſſity of applying to ſome Profeſſion, that, without engroſſing all his Time, might enable him to ſupport himſelf: and having obtained a very uncommon Knowledge of the Mathematicks, he read Lectures in thoſe Sciences to a ſelect Number of young Gentlemen in the Univerſity.

At length his Propenſion to the Study of Phyſic grew too violent to be reſiſted; and though he ſtill intended to make Divinity the great Employment of his Life, he could not deny himſelf the Satisfaction of ſpending ſome Time upon the medicinal Writers, for the peruſal of which he was ſo well qualified by his Acquaintance with the Mathematics and Philoſophy.

But this Science correſponded ſo much with his natural Genius, that he could not forbear making that his Buſineſs, which he intended only as his Diverſion; and ſtill growing more eager, as he advanced further, he at length determined wholly to maſter that Profeſſion, and to take his Degree in Phyſic, before he engaged in the Duties of the Miniſtry.

It is, I believe, a very juſt Obſervation, that Mens Ambition is generally proportioned to their Capacity. Providence ſeldom ſends any into the World with an Inclination to attempt great Things, who have not Abilities likewiſe to perform them. To have formed the Deſign of gaining a competent Knowledge in Medicine by way of Digreſſion from theological Studies, would have been little leſs than Madneſs in moſt Men, and would have expoſed them to Ridicule and Contempt: But *Boerhaave* was one of thoſe mighty Capacities to whom ſcarce any Thing appears impoſſible, and who think nothing worthy of their Efforts but what appears inſurmountable to common Underſtandings.

He began this new Courſe of Study by a diligent Peruſal of *Verſalius*, *Bartholine*, and *Fallopius*; and to acquaint himſelf more fully with the Structure of Bodies, was a conſtant Attendant upon *Nuck*'s public Diſſections in the Theatre, and himſelf very accurately inſpected the Bodies of different Animals.

Having furniſhed himſelf with this preparatory Knowledge, he began to read the ancient Phyſicians in the Order of Time, purſuing his Inquiries down-

wards from *Hippocrates* through all the *Greek* and *Latin* Writers.

Finding, as he tells himself, that *Hippocrates* was the original Source of all medicinal Knowledge, and that all the later Writers were little more than Tranſcribers from him, he returned to him with more Attention, and ſpent much Time in making Extracts from him, digeſting his Treatiſes into Method, and fixing them in his Memory.

He then deſcended to the Moderns, among whom none engaged him longer, or improved him more, than Sydenham, to whoſe Merits he has left this Atteſtation; that he frequently peruſed him, and always with greater Eagerneſs.

His inſatiable Curioſity after Knowledge engaged him now in the Practice of Chymiſtry, which he proſecuted with all the Ardor of a Philoſopher, whoſe Induſtry was not to be wearied, and whoſe Love of Truth was too ſtrong to ſuffer him to acquieſce in the Reports of others.

Yet did he not ſuffer one Branch of Science to withdraw his Attention from others; Anatomy did not withold him from the Proſecution of Chymiſtry, nor Chymiſtry, enchanting as it is, from the Study of Botany. He was not only a careful Examiner of all the Plants in the Garden of the Univerſity, but made Excurſions, for his further Improvement, into the Woods and Fields, and left no Place unviſited where any Increaſe of botanical Knowledge could be reaſonably hoped for.

In Conjunction with all theſe Enquiries, he ſtill purſued his theological Studies; and ſtill, as we are informed by himſelf, propoſed, when he had made himſelf Maſter of the whole Art of Phyſic, and obtained the Honor of a Degree in that Science, to petition regularly for a Licence to preach, and to engage in the Cure of Souls; and intended, in his theological Exerciſes, to diſcuſs this Queſtion; 'Why ſo [illegible] many

'many were formerly converted to Chriſtianity 'by illiterate Perſons, and ſo few at preſent by Men 'of Learning.'

In Purſuance of their Plan he went to *Hardwick*, in order to take the Degree of Doctor in Phyſic, which he obtained in *July* 1693, having performed a public Diſputation, *De Utilitate explorandarum excrementorum in Ægris, ut Signorum.*

Then returning to *Leyden* full of his pious Deſign of undertaking the Miniſtry, he found, to his Surprize unexpected Obſtacles thrown in his Way, and an Inſinuation diſperſed through the Univerſity, that made him ſuſpected, not of any ſlight Deviation from received Opinions, not of any pertinacious Adherence to his own Notions in doubtful and diſputable Matters, but of no leſs than Spinoſiſm; or in plainer Terms, of Atheiſm itſelf.

How ſo injurious a Report came to be raiſed, circulated and credited, will be doubtleſs very eagerly inquired, and an exact Relation of the Affair will not only ſatisfy the Curioſity of Mankind, but ſhew that no Merit, however exalted, is exempt from being not only attacked, but wounded, by the moſt contemptible Whiſpers. Thoſe who cannot ſtrike with Force, can however poiſon their Weapon, and weak as they are give mortal Wounds, and bring a Hero to the Grave: ſo true is that Obſervation, that many are able to do Hurt, but few to do Good.

This deteſtable Calumny owed its Riſe to an Incident from which no Conſequence of Importance could be reaſonably apprehended. As *Boerhaave* was ſitting in a common Boat, there aroſe a Converſation among the Paſſengers upon the impious and pernicious Doctrine of *Spinoſa*, which as they all agreed tends to the utter Overthrow of all Religion. *Boerhaave* ſat and ſilently attended to this Diſcourſe for ſome Time, till one of the Company, willing to diſtinguiſh himſelf by his Zeal, inſtead

of confuting the Positions of *Spinosa* by Argument, began to give a Loose to contumelious Language and virulent Invectives, with which *Boerhaave* was so little pleased, that at last he could not forbear asking him, "Whether he had ever read the Author against whom he declaimed?"

The Orator not being able to make much Answer, was check'd in the Midst of his Invectives, but not without feeling a secret Resentment against him who at once interrupted his Harangue and exposed his Ignorance.

This was observed by a Stranger who was in the Seat with them: he inquired of his Neighbour the Name of the young Man, whose Question had put an End to the Discourse; and having learned it, set it down in his Pocket Book, as it soon appeared with a malicious Design; for in a few Days, it was the common Conversation at *Leyden*, that *Boerhaave* had revolted to *Spinosa*.

It was in vain that his Advocates and Friends pleaded his learned and unanswerable Confutation of all atheistical Opinions, and particularly of the System of *Spinosa*, in his Discourse of the Distruction between Soul and Body; such Calumnies are not easily suppressed, when they are once become general: They are kept alive and supported by the Malice of bad, and sometimes by the Zeal of good Men: who, though they do not absolutely believe them, think it yet the surest Method, to keep not only guilty, but suspected Men out of public Employments, upon this Principle, that the Safety of many is to be preferred before the Advantage of a few.

Boerhaave finding this formidable Opposition raised against his Pretensions to ecclesiastical Honours and Preferments, and even against his Design of assuming the Character of a Divine, thought it neither necessary nor prudent to struggle with the Torrent

rent of popular Prejudice, as he was equally qualified for a Profeſſion, not indeed of equal Dignity or Importance, but which muſt undoubtedly claim the ſacred Place among thoſe which are of the greateſt Benefit to Mankind.

He therefore applied himſelf to his medicinal Studies with freſh Ardour and Alacrity, reviewed all his former Obſervations and Inquiries, and was continually employed in making new Acquiſitions.

Having now qualified himſelf for the Practice of Phyſic, he began to viſit Patients, but without that Encouragement which others, not equally deſerving, have ſometimes met with: His Buſineſs was at firſt not great, and his Circumſtances by no Means eaſy; but, ſtill ſuperior to any Diſcouragement, he continued his Search after Knowledge, and determined, that Proſperity, if ever he was to enjoy it, ſhould be the Conſequence, not of mean Art or diſingenuous Solicitations, but of real Merit and ſolid Learning.

His ſteady Adherence to his Reſolutions appears yet more plainly from this Circumſtance: He was, while yet he remained in this unpleaſing Situation, invited by one of the firſt Favourites of King *William* the Third, to ſettle at the *Hague* upon very advantageous Conditions, but declined the Offer: For having no Ambition but after Knowledge, he was deſirous of living at Liberty, without any Reſtraint upon his Looks, his Thoughts, or his Tongue, and at the utmoſt Diſtance from all Contentions and ſtate Parties. His Time was wholly taken up in viſiting the Sick, ſtudying, making chymical Experiments, ſearching into every Part of Medicine, with the utmoſt Diligence, teaching the Mathematicks, and reading the Scriptures and thoſe Authours who profeſs to teach a certain Method of loving God.

This was his Method of living to the Year 1701, when he was recommended by Mr. *Vanberg* to the Univerſity,

Univerſity, as a proper Perſon to ſucceed *Drelincourt* in the Office of Lecturer on the Inſtitutes of Phyſic, and elected without any Solicitation on his Part, and almoſt without his Conſent on the 18th of *May*.

On this Occaſion having obſerved, with Grief, that *Hippocrates*, whom he regarded not only as the Father, but as the Prince of Phyſicians, was not ſufficiently read or eſteemed by young Students, he pronounced an Oration, *De commendando Studio Hippocratico*; by which he reſtored that great Author to his juſt and antient Reputation.

He now began to read public Lectures with great Applauſe, and was prevailed upon by his Audience to enlarge his original Deſign, and inſtruct them in Chymiſtry.

This he undertook not only to the great Advantage of his Pupils, but to the great Improvement of the Art itſelf, which had hitherto been treated only in a confuſed and irregular Manner, and was little more than a Hiſtory of Particular Experiments, not reduced to certain Principles nor connected one with another. This vaſt Chaos he reduced to Order, and made that clear and eaſy, which was before to the laſt Degree perplexed and obſcure.

His Reputation began now to bear ſome Proportion to his Merit, and extended itſelf to diſtant Univerſities; ſo that in 1703 the Profeſſorſhip of Phyſic being vacant at *Groningen*, he was invited thither, but he choſe to continue his preſent Courſe of Life, and therefore refuſed to quit *Leyden*.

This Invitation and Refuſal being related to the Governors of the Univerſity of *Leyden*, they had ſo grateful a Senſe of his Regard for them, that they immediately voted an honorary Increaſe of his Salary, and promiſed him the firſt Profeſſorſhip that ſhould be vacant.

On this Occaſion he pronounced an Oration upon the Uſe of Mechanics in the Science of Phyſic;

ſic; in which he endeavoured to recommend a rational and mathematical Inquiry into the Cauſes of Diſeaſes and the Structure of Bodies; and to ſhew the Folly and Weakneſs of the Jargon introduced by *Paracelſus*, *Helmont*, and other chymical Enthuſiaſts, who have obtruded idle Dreams upon the World, and inſtead of enlightening their Readers with explicating of Nature, have darkened the plaineſt Appearances, and bewildered Mankind in Error and Obſcurity.

Boerhaave had now for nine Years read Phyſical Lectures, but without the Title or Dignity of a Profeſſor, when, by the Death of Profeſſor *Hotten*, the Profeſſorſhip of Phyſic and Botany fell to him of Courſe.

On this Occaſion he aſſerted the Simplicity and Facility of the Science of Phyſic, in Oppoſition to thoſe who think that Obſcurity contributes to the Dignity of Learning, and that to be admired it is neceſſary not to be underſtood.

His Profeſſion of Botany made it a Part of his Duty to ſuperintend the phyſical Garden, which he improved ſo much by the immenſe Number of new Plants which he procured, that it was inlarged to twice its original Extent.

In 1714 he was deſervedly advanced to the higheſt Dignities of the Univerſity, and in the ſame Year made Phyſician of St. *Auguſtine*'s Hoſpital in *Leyden*, into which the Students are admitted twice a Week to learn the Practice of Phyſic.

This was of equal Advantage to the Sick and to the Students, for the Succeſs of his Practice was the beſt Demonſtration of the Soundneſs of his Principles.

When he laid down his Office of Governor of the Univerſity, in 1715, he made an Oration upon the Subject "of Attaining to Certainty in Natural Philoſophy;" in which he declares himſelf, in the ſtrongeſt Terms, a Favourer of Experimental Knowledge,

ledge, and reflects with juſt Severity upon thoſe arrogant Philoſophers who are too eaſily diſguſted with the ſlow Methods of obtaining true Notions by frequent Experiments, and who, poſſeſſed with too high an Opinion of their own Abilities, rather chuſe to conſult their own Imaginations, than inquire into Nature; and are better pleaſed with the delightful Amuſements of forming Hypotheſes, than the toilſome Drudgery of amaſſing Obſervations.

The Emptineſs and Uncertainty of all thoſe Syſtems, whether venerable for their Antiquity, or agreeable for their Novelty, he has evidently ſhewn; and not only declared, but proved, that we are entirely Ignorant of the Principles of Things; and that all the Knowledge we have is of ſuch Qualities alone as are diſcoverable by Experience, or ſuch as may be deduced from them by Mathematical Demonſtration.

This Diſcourſe, filled as it was with Piety, and a true Senſe of the Greatneſs of the Supreme Being, and the Incomprehenſibility of his Works, gave ſuch Offence to a Profeſſor of *Franker*, who having long entertained a high Eſteem for *Deſcartes*, conſidered his Principles as the Bulwark of Orthodoxy, that he appeared in Vindication of his darling Authour, and complained of the Injury done him with the greateſt Vehemence, declaring little leſs than that the *Carteſian* Syſtem and the Chriſtian muſt inevitably ſtand and fall together; and that to ſay we were Ignorant of the Principles of Things, was not only to enliſt among the Scepticks, but to ſink into Atheiſm itſelf. So far can Prejudice darken the Underſtanding, as to make it conſider precarious and uncertain Syſtems as the chief Support of ſacred and unvariable Truth.

This Treatment of *Boerhaave* was ſo far reſented by the Governors of his Univerſity, that they procured from *Franker* a Recantation of the Invective that had been thrown out againſt him. This was

not

not only complied with, but Offers were made him of more ample Satisfaction, to which he returned an Anſwer not leſs to his Honour than the Victory he gained: 'That he ſhould think himſelf ſufficiently 'compenſated, if his warned Adverſary received no 'farther Moleſtation on his Account.'

So far was this weak and injudicious Attack from ſhaking a Reputation, not caſually raiſed by Faſhion or Caprice, but founded upon ſolid Merit, that the ſame Year his Correſpondence was deſired upon Botany and Natural Philoſophy, by the Academy of Sciences at *Paris*, of which he was, upon the Death of Count *Marſigli*, in the Year 1728, elected a Member.

Nor were the *French* the only Nation by which this great Man was courted and diſtinguiſhed; for two Years after he was elected Fellow of our Royal Society.

It cannot be doubted, but thus careſſed and honoured with the higheſt and moſt publick Marks of Eſteem by other Nations, he became more celebrated in his own Univerſity; for *Boerhaave* was not one of thoſe learned Men, of whom the World has ſeen too many, that diſgrace their Studies by their Vices, and by unaccountable Weakneſſes make themſelves ridiculous at home, while their Writings procure them the Veneration of diſtant Countries where their Learning is known, but not their Follies.

Not that his Countrymen can be charged with being inſenſible of his Excellencies, till other Nations taught them to admire him; for in 1718 he was choſen to ſucceed *de Mort* in the Profeſſorſhip of Chymiſtry, on which Occaſion he pronounced an Oration, *de Chymia errores ſuos expurgante*; in which he treated that Science with an Elegance of Style not often to be found in Chymical Writers, who ſeem generally to have affected not only a barbarous, but unintelligible Phraſe, and, like the *Pythagoreans* of old,

old, to have wrapt up their Secrets in Symbols and Enigmatical Expreſſions, either becauſe they believed that Mankind would reverence moſt what they leaſt underſtood, or becauſe they wrote not from Benevolence, but Vanity, and were deſirous to be praiſed for their Knowledge, though they could not prevail upon themſelves to communicate it.

In 1722 his Courſe both of Lectures and Practice was interrupted by the Gout, which, as he relates it in his Speech after his Recovery, he brought upon himſelf by an imprudent Confidence in the Strength of his own Conſtitution; and by tranſgreſſing thoſe Rules which he had a thouſand Times inculcated to his Pupils and Acquaintance. Riſing in the Morning before Day, he went immediately, hot and ſweating, from his Bed into the open Air, and expoſed himſelf to the cold Dews.

The Hiſtory of his Illneſs can hardly be read without Horror: He was for five Months confined to his Bed, where he lay upon his Back without daring to attempt the leaſt Motion, becauſe any Effort renewed his Torments, which were ſo exquiſite that he was at length not only deprived of Motion, but of Senſe. Here Art was at a Stand, nothing could be attempted, becauſe nothing could be propoſed with the leaſt Proſpect of Succeſs; at length having, in the ſixth Month of his Illneſs, obtained ſome Remiſſion, he took ſimple Medicines in large Quantities, and at length wonderfully recovered.

Succos preſſos bibit noſter herbarum Cichoreæ, Endiviæ, Fumariæ, naſturtij acquatici, Veronicæ, aquaticæ latifoliæ, copia ingenti: Simul diglutiens abundantiſſime gummi ferulacea Aſiatica.

His Recovery ſo much deſired, and ſo unexpected, was celebrated on *January* 11, 1723, when he opened his School again with general Joy and publick Illuminations.

It

It would be an Injury to the Memory of *Boerhaave* not to mention what was related by himself to one of his Friends, 'that when he lay whole Days 'and Nights without Sleep, he found no Method of 'diverting his Thoughts so effectual as Meditation 'upon his Studies, and that he often relieved and 'mitigated the Sense of his Torments, by the Re-'collection of what he had read, and by reviewing 'those Stores of Knowledge which he had reposited 'in his Memory.'

This is perhaps an Instance of Fortitude and steady Composure of Mind which would have been for ever the Boast of the Stoick Schools, and increased the Reputation of *Seneca* or *Cato*. The Patience of *Boerhaave*, as it was more rational, was more lasting than theirs: It was that *Patientia Christiana*, which *Lipsius* the great Master of the Stoical Philosophy, begged of God in his last Hours, it was founded on Religion not Vanity, not on vain Reasonings, but on Confidence in God.

In 1727 he was seized with a violent burning Fever, which continued so long that he was once more given up by his Friends.

From this Time he was frequently afflicted with Returns of his Distemper, which yet did not so far subdue him, as to make him lay aside his Studies or his Lectures, till in 1729 he found himself so worn out, that it was improper for him to continue any longer the Professorships of Botany and Chymistry, which he therefore resigned *April* 28; and upon his Resignation he spoke a *Sermo Academicus*, or Oration, in which he asserts the Power and Wisdom of the Creator, from the wonderful Fabrick of the human Body; and confutes all those idle Reasoners who pretend to explain the Formation of Parts, or the animal Operations, to which he proves, that Art can produce nothing equal, nor any Thing parallel. One Instance I shall mention produced by him of the

the Vanity of any Attempt to rival the Works of God. Nothing is more boaſted by the Admirers of Chymiſtry than that they can, by artificial Heat and Digeſtion, imitate the Productions of Nature. 'Let 'all theſe Heroes of Science meet together,' ſays *Boerhaave*, 'let them take Bread and Wine, the 'Food that forms the Blood of Man, and by Aſſi-'milation contributes to the Growth of the Body: 'Let them try all their Arts, they ſhall not be able 'from theſe Materials to produce a ſingle Drop of 'Blood.' So much is the moſt common Act of Nature beyond the utmoſt Efforts of the moſt extended Science.

From this Time *Boerhaave* lived with leſs publick Employment indeed, but not an idle or a uſeleſs Life; for beſides his Hours ſpent in inſtructing his Scholars, a great Part of his Time was taken up by Patients, who came when the Diſtemper would admit it, from all Parts of *Europe* to conſult him, or did it by Letters, which in more urgent Caſes, were continually ſent to inquire his Opinion, and aſk his Advice.

Of the Sagacity and the wonderful Penetration with which he often diſcovered and deſcribed at the firſt Sight of a Patient, ſuch Diſtempers as betray themſelves by no Symptoms to common Eyes, ſuch wonderful Relations have been ſpread over the World, as, though atteſted beyond doubt, can ſcarely be credited. I mention none of them, becauſe I have no Opportunity of collecting Teſtimonies, or diſtinguiſhing between thoſe Accounts which are well proved, and thoſe which owe their riſe to Fiction and Credulity.

Yet I cannot but implore with the greateſt Earneſtneſs ſuch as have been converſant with this great Man, that they will not ſo far neglect the common Intereſt of Mankind, as to ſuffer any of theſe Circumſtances to be loſt to Poſterity. Men are generally idle,

idle, and ready to satisfy themselves, and intimidate the Industry of others, by calling that impossible which is only difficult. The Skill to which *Boerhaave* attained by a long and unwearied Observation of Nature, ought therefore to be transmitted in all its Particulars to future Ages, that his Successors may be ashamed to fall below him, and that none may hereafter excuse his Ignorance, by pleading the Impossibility of clearer Knowledge.

Yet so far was this great Master from presumptuous Confidence in his Abilities, that in his Examination of the Sick he was remarkably Circumstantial and Particular. He well knew that the Originals of Distempers are often at a Distance from their visible Effects; that to acquiesce in Conjecture, where Certainty may be obtained, is either Vanity or Negligence; and that Life is not to be sacrificed either to an Affectation of quick Discernment, or of crouded Practice, but may be required, if trifled away, at the Hand of the Physician.

About the Middle of the Year 1737 he felt the first Approaches of that fatal Illness that brought him to the Grave; of which we have inserted an Account, written by himself, *September* 1738, to a Friend at *London*; which deserves not only to be preserved, as an historical Relation of the Disease which deprived us of so great a Man, but as a Proof of his Piety and Resignation to the Divine Will.

Ætas, labor, corporisque opima pinguetudo, effecerant ante annum, ut inertibus refertum, grave, hebes, plenitudine turgens corpus, anhelum ad motus, minimos, cum sensu suffocationis, pulsu mirifice anomalo, ineptum evaderet ad ullum motum. Urgebat præcipue subsistens prorsus et intercepte respiratio ad primi somni initia: unde somnus prorsus prohibebatur cum formidabili strangulationis molestia. Hinc hydrops pedum, crurum, femorum, scroti, præputii & abdominis. Quæ

tamen omnia ſublata. Sed dolor manet in abdomine cum anxietate ſumma anhelitu ſuffocante, & debilitate incredibili. Somno pauco, eoque vago. Per ſomnia turbatiſſimo. Animus vero rebus ageridis impar. Cum tris lector feſſus, neque emergo. Patienter expectans Dei juſſa, quibus reſigno data, quæ ſola amo, et honoro unice.

In this laſt Illneſs, which was to the laſt Degree lingering, painful, and afflictive, his Conſtancy and Firmneſs did not forſake him. He neither intermitted the neceſſary Cares of Life, nor forgot the proper Preparations for Death. Though Dejection and Lowneſs of Spirit was, as he himſelf tells us, Part of his Diſtemper, yet even this, in ſome Meaſure, gave way to that Vigour which the Soul receives from a Conſcioufneſs of Innocence.

About three Weeks before his Death he received a Viſit at his Country-houſe from the Rev. Mr. *Schultens*, his intimate Friend, who found him ſitting without Doors, with his Wife, Siſter, and Daughter. After the Compliments of Form, the Ladies withdrew, and left them to private Converſation; when *Boerhaave* took Occaſion to tell him what had been, during his Illneſs, the chief Subject of his Thoughts. He had never doubted of the ſpiritual and immaterial Nature of the Soul, but declared, that he had lately had a Kind of experimental Certainty of the Diſtinction between corporeal and thinking Subſtances, which mere Reaſon and Philoſophy cannot afford; and Opportunities of contemplating the wonderful and inexplicable Union of Soul and Body, which nothing but long Sickneſs can give. This he illuſtrated by a Deſcription of the Effects which the Infirmities of his Body had upon his Faculties, which yet they did not ſo oppreſs or vanquiſh, but his Soul was always Maſter of

of itſelf, and always reſigned to the Pleaſure of its Maker.

He related with great Concern, that once his Patience ſo far gave Way to Extremity of Pain, that after having laid fifteen Hours in exquiſite Tortures, he prayed to God that he might be ſet free by Death.

Mr. *Schultens*, by Way of Conſolation, anſwered, that he thought ſuch Wiſhes, when forced by continued and exceſſive Torments, unavoidable in the preſent State of human Nature; that the beſt of Men, even *Job* himſelf, were not able to refrain from ſuch Starts of Impatience: This he did not deny, but ſaid, 'He that loves God ought to think 'nothing deſirable, but what is moſt pleaſing to the 'Supreme Goodneſs.'

Such were his Sentiments, and ſuch his Conduct, in this State of Weakneſs and Pain: As Death approached nearer, he was ſo far from Terror and Confuſion, that he ſeemed even leſs ſenſible of Pain, and more chearful under his Torments, which continued till the 23d Day of *September*, 1738, on which he died, between Four and Five in the Morning, in the 70th Year of his Age.

Thus died *Boerhaave*, a Man formed by Nature for great Deſigns, and guided by Religion in the Exertion of his Abilities: He was of a robuſt and athletic Conſtitution of Body, ſo hardened by early Severities, and wholeſome Fatigue, that he was inſenſible of any Sharpneſs of Air, or Inclemency of Weather. He was tall, and remarkable for extraordinary Strength: there was in his Air and Motion ſomething rough and artleſs, but ſo majeſtic and great at the ſame Time, that no Man ever looked upon him without Veneration, and a Kind of tacit Submiſſion to the Superiority of his Genius.

The Vigour and Activity of his Mind ſparkled viſibly in his Eyes; nor was it obſerved that any Change of his Fortune, or Alteration in his Af-

fairs, whether happy or unfortunate, affected his Countenance.

He was always chearful, and desirous of promoting Mirth by a facetious and humourous Conversation. He was never soured by Calumny and Detraction; nor ever thought it necessary to confute them; for 'they are Sparks,' said he, 'which, if 'you do not blow them, will go out of themselves.'

Yet he took Care never to provoke Enemies by Severity of Censure; for he never dwelt on the Faults or Defects of others; and was so far from inflaming the Envy of his Rivals, by dwelling on his own Excellencies, that he rarely mentioned himself or his Writings.

He was not to be overawed or depressed by the Presence, Frowns, or Insolence of great Men; but persisted on all Occasions in the right, with a Resolution always present, and always calm. He was modest, but not timorous; and firm without Rudeness.

He could, with uncommon Readiness and Certainty, make a Conjecture of Men's Inclinations and Capacity, by their Aspect.

His Method of Life was to study in the Morning and Evening, and to allot the Middle of the Day to his publick Business. He rose at Four in the Summer, and Five in the Winter. His usual Exercise was Riding, till, in his latter Years, his Distempers made it more proper for him to walk. When he was weary, he amused himself by playing on the Violin.

His greatest Pleasure was to retire to his House in the Country, where he had a Garden of eight Acres, stored with all the Herbs and Trees which the Climate would bear. Here he used to enjoy his Hours unmolested, and prosecute his Studies without Interruption.

The

The Diligence with which he purſued his Studies is ſufficiently evident from his Succeſs. Stateſmen and Generals may grow great by unexpected Accidents, and a fortunate Concurrence of Circumſtances, neither procured nor foreſeen by themſelves. But Reputation in the learned World muſt be the Effect of Induſtry and Capacity. *Boerhaave* loſt none of his Hours; but, when he had attained one Science, attempted another. He added Phyſick to Divinity, Chymiſtry to the Mathematicks, and Botany to Anatomy. He examined Syſtems by Experiments, and formed Experiments into Syſtems. He neither neglected the Obſervations of others, nor blindly ſubmitted to celebrated Names. He neither thought ſo highly of himſelf as to imagine he could receive no Light from Books, nor ſo meanly as to believe he could diſcover nothing but what was to be learned from them. He examined the Obſervations of other Men, but truſted only to his own.

Nor was he unacquainted with the Art of recommending Truth by Elegance, and of embelliſhing Philoſophy by polite Literature: He knew that but a ſmall Part of Mankind will ſacrifice their Pleaſure to their Improvement; and thoſe Authors who would find many Readers, muſt endeavour to pleaſe while they inſtruct.

He knew the Importance of his own Writings to Mankind; and leſt he might, by a Roughneſs and Barbarity of Stile, too frequent among Men of great Learning, diſappoint his own Intentions, and make his Labours leſs uſeful, he did not neglect the Arts of Eloquence and Poetry: Thus was his Learning at once various and exact, profound and agreeable.

He was not only ſkilled in the learned Languages, and the Tongues in which the Old Teſtament was written, but was able to converſe in many of the modern Languages, and to read others, which he could not ſpeak.

But his Knowledge, however uncommon, holds in his Character but the ſecond Place; his Virtue was yet much more uncommon than his Learning. He was an admirable Example of Temperance, Fortitude, Humility, and Devotion. His Piety and a religious Senſe of a Dependence on God, was the Baſis of all his Virtues, and the Principles of his whole Conduct. He was too ſenſible of his Weakneſs to aſcribe any thing to himſelf, or to conceive that he could ſubdue Paſſion, or withſtand Temptation by his own natural Power: He attributed every good Thought and every laudable Action to the Father of Goodneſs. Being once aſked by a Friend who had often admired his Patience under great Provocations, whether he knew what it was to be angry, and by what Means he had ſo entirely ſuppreſſed that impetuous and ungovernable Paſſion; he anſwered with the utmoſt Frankneſs and Sincerity, that he was naturally quick of Reſentment; but that he had, by daily Prayer and Meditation, at length attained to this Maſtery over himſelf.

As ſoon as he roſe in the Morning, it was, throughout his whole Life, his daily Practice to retire for an Hour to private Prayer and Meditation: This, he often told his Friends, gave him Spirit and Vigour in the Buſineſs of the Day; and this he therefore recommended as the beſt Rule of Life; for nothing, he knew, could ſupport the Soul in all Diſtreſſes, but a Confidence in the Supreme Being; nor can a ſteady and rational Magnanimity flow from any other Source, than a Conſciouſneſs of the Divine Favour.

He aſſerted on all Occaſions the Divine Authority and ſacred Efficacy of the Holy Scriptures; and maintained that by them alone was taught the Way of Salvation, and that they only could give Peace of Mind.

The

The Excellency of the Chriſtian Religion was the frequent Subject of his Converſation. A ſtrict Obedience to the Doctrine, and a diligent Imitation of the Example of our Bleſſed Saviour, he often declared to be the Foundation of true Tranquillity. He recommended to his Friends a careful Obſervation of the Precept of *Moſes* concerning the love of God and Man. He worſhipped God as he is in himſelf, without attempting to inquire into his Nature. He deſired only to think of God, what God has revealed of himſelf. There he ſtopped; leſt, by indulging his own Ideas, he ſhould form a Deity from his own Imagination, and commit Sin by falling down before him. To the Will of God he paid an abſolute Submiſſion, without endeavouring to diſcover the Reaſon of his Determinations; and this he accounted the firſt and moſt inviolable Duty of a Chriſtian. When he heard of a Criminal condemned to die, he uſed to think, and often to ſay, 'Who can 'tell whether this Man is not better than I? Or, if 'I am better, it is not to be aſcribed to myſelf, but 'to the Goodneſs of God.'

So far was this Man from being made impious by Philoſophy, or vain by Knowledge, or by Virtue, that he aſcribed all his Abilities to the Bounty, and all his Goodneſs to the Grace of God. May his Example extend its Influence to his Admirers and Followers! May thoſe who ſtudy his Writings, imitate his Life; and thoſe who endeavour after his Knowledge, aſpire likewiſe to his Piety!

He married, *September* 17, 1710, *Mary Drolenveaux*, the only Daughter of a Burgomaſter of *Leyden*, by whom he had *Joanna Maria*, who ſurvives her Father, and three other Children who died in their Infancy.

The genuine Works of *Boerhaave*, according to his own Catalogue of them, are as follows; and he declares, in 1732, that all others under his Name

are ſpurious, unleſs ſome few Prefaces to new Editions of Books.

Oratio de commandando Studio Hippocratico, habita & impreſſa Lugd. Bat. 1701, *apud Abraham Elzevir.*

——— *de uſu Ratiocinij Mechanici in Medicina,* 1703, *apud Joann. Verbeſſel.*

——— *qua repurgatæ Medicinæ facilis aſſeritur ſimplicitas,* 1703, *apud Joan. Vanderlend.*

——— *de comparando certo in Phyſicis,* 1715, *apud Petr. Vander Aa.*

——— *ac Chymia ſuos Errores expurgante,* 1718, *apud Petr. Vander Aa.*

——— *de Vita & Obitu clariſſimi Bernardi Albini,* 1721, *apud eundem.*

——— *quam habui, quum honeſta Miſſione impetrata, Botanicam & Chymicam Profeſſionem publicæ ponerem,* 1729, *apud Iſaacum Severinum.*

——— *de Honore Medici, Servitute,* 1731, *apud eundem.*

Inſtitutiones Medicæ in uſus annuæ Exercitationis domeſticos, anno 1708, *apud J. Vander-Lind. P. & F.*

Qui dein auctior aliquoties recuſus, in 8vo.

Aphoriſmi de cognoſcendis & curandis Morbis, in uſum Doctrinæ domeſticæ, 1709, *apud J. Vanderlinden.*

Qui dein auctior aliquoties recuſus, in 8vo.

Index Plantarum quæ in Horto Academico Lugduno Batavo reperiuntur, 1710, *apud Cornelium Bonteſtein,* in 8vo.

Libellus de Materia Medica, & Remediorum Formulis, 1719, *apud Iſaacum Severinum,* in 8vo.

Qui iterum prodiit, in 8vo.

Index alter Plantarum, quæ in Horto Academico Lugduno Batavo aluntur, 1720, *apud Petrum Vander Aa,* in 4to.

Atrocis nec deſcripti prius, Morbi Deſcriptio, ſecundum Medicæ Artis Leges conſcripta, 1724, *apud Bonteſtein,* in 8vo.

Atroc-

Atrocis rariſſimique, Morbi Hiſtoria altera 1728, *apud Sam. Luchtmans & Theod. Haak*, 8vo.

Tractatus Medicus de Lue Aphordiſiaca, præfixus Aphrodiſiaco 1728, *apud J. Am. Langerak & Jok. & Herm. Verbrek*, in Folio.

Beſides theſe he communicated to the Royal Society, and to the Royal Academy of Sciences, ſome Obſervations upon Quickſilver, which are publiſhed in the Philoſophical Tranſactions.

Having given this Account of the Life and Writings of *Boerhaave* it remains, that I take ſome Notice of his capital Works, which are his Inſtitutes, his Aphoriſms, and his Chymiſtry.

His Inſtitutes were deſigned as little more than a Syllabus to his Lectures. They are written in a very cloſe and conciſe Style, but abound in Matter containing all the modern Diſcoveries in Anatomy, Phyſiology, and whatever relates to the Laws of the Animal Œconomy, and the Action of Medicines upon the Body, with conſiderable Improvements of his own, which are ſpecified under their proper Articles. This Treatiſe is very methodical and diſtinct; but I apprehend it is utterly unintelligible to any one who is not in ſome Degree previouſly acquainted with the Subjects of which he treats.

His Aphoriſms are, as he tells us himſelf, collected from the *Greek* medicinal Writers, the *Arabians*, and ſome few of the Moderns; and his Reaſonings are founded on the Structure of the Parts and the Laws of Mechanicks. I muſt here obſerve, that *Boerhaave* to his great Honour, ſeems to have gone counter to moſt Writers of Inſtitutes, and Compilers of Syſtems. For they have generally endeavoured to lead Nature captive, and to make her act conformable to their preconceived Notions, however crude and chimerical; impoſing Laws upon the animal Œconomy, which have no Reality, and eſtabliſhing with great Praiſe and Induſtry, Sources of Action, which exiſt no where but in their own Imaginations.

Imaginations. *Boerhaave*, on the contrary, was convinced by daily Experience and a Fund of good Senſe, that the *Greek* Phyſicians by diligent Obſervation had determined, with great Accuracy, how Nature acts in producing the Symptoms of Diſtempers, and her Methods of relieving herſelf, either with or without the Aſſiſtance of Art, and that their Experience had furniſhed them with very ſucceſsful Methods of Cure. The two Points therefore which he ſeems to have had perpetually in View, were to eſtabliſh, on mechanical Principles, as much as was poſſible, the Doctrine of the Antients with Reſpect to the Diagnoſtics and Prognoſtics of Diſeaſes, and ſhew that they could not be otherwiſe than they have repreſented them.

But the ſecond View is of more Importance than the firſt, it being no leſs than to demonſtrate, that the Methods of Cure purſued by the antient Phyſicians were generally the beſt that could poſſibly have been contrived with the Materials they were acquainted with, though for Reaſons to which they were probably Strangers. This appears to me the diſtinguiſhing Character of *Boerhaave*, and by this he has done almoſt as much Service to Phyſic, as his Predeceſſors for ſome Centuries had done Miſchiefs.

It is greatly to be lamented that our illuſtrious Author did not think proper to publiſh his Lectures on his Inſtitutes and his Aphoriſms before his Deceaſe. If he had foreſeen the fatal Conſequences of ſuch an Omiſſion, I believe his Love to Mankind would have prevailed upon him to have done it, and thereby prevented the Miſchiefs which his great Name, and the Reputation of his Lectures, may poſſibly do in the World. That I may explain my Meaning I muſt obſerve, that it is the Misfortune of the *Engliſh* to be very little uſed to converſe in *Latin*, though, perhaps, no People in the World underſtand it

it better. Add to this, that as we pronounce *Latin* in a different Manner from all other Nations, our Ears are not accuſtomed to the foreign Accent. Hence Foreigners with Difficulty underſtand us, and on the other Hand it is impoſſible for us to take their Meaning, eſpecially in long Diſcourſes, with that Degree of Exactneſs, which Subjects of Importance require; and indeed it is no eaſy Matter to take the entire Senſe of long Diſcourſes, though delivered in the Languages we are beſt acquainted with. This is the Reaſon that many of his Pupils who have long attended his Lectures, for two or three Years have frequently miſtaken his Meaning, and held their own Errors with an equal Degree of Veneration with the genuine Doctrine of their Profeſſor, and have imprudently neglected to ſet themſelves right, by examining the Sources from whence *Boerhaave* himſelf drew his Treaſures; ſometimes perhaps becauſe they imagined the Authority of their Profeſſor rendered it ſuperfluous, and ſometimes becauſe they were Strangers to the Languages in which the beſt medicinal Authors wrote thus: either out of Choice or Neceſſity, taking a more eaſy, though a leſs certain, Way to Knowledge, than *Boerhaave* either adviſed or thought proper to purſue himſelf.

That this has been really the Caſe the ſpurious Works attributed to *Boerhaave* by his Scholars are glaring Evidences; among which his Method of ſtudying Phyſic, as I think it is called deſerves ſome Notice, being a crude and injudicious Performance, and in a great many Inſtances contradictory to the Sentiments of *Boerhaave*, on the Subjects there treated; and as I remember, it recommends ſome Authors who never wrote or even exiſted. In the ſame Rank is the *Praxis Medica* printed in five Volumes in *Holland*, though the Title tells us at *Padua*. In the Preface we are informed, that many of his Au-

ditors took his Lectures in Writing; that theſe were carefully compared, and hence this Work was compiled. Yet notwithſtanding all this Care, there are not many Pages without ſome enormous Error, nor even Sentences without falſe *Latin:* ſo little did they underſtand either their Profeſſor or their Subjects.

With reſpect to his Chymiſtry, it may be juſtly ſaid, that his Theory is more philoſophical, exact and full, and his Proceſſes more methodical and regular, than thoſe of any preceding Author on the Subject. It is remarkable, that in this Work he has made many chymical Operations ſubſervient to the eſtabliſhing ſeveral important Doctrines of the Antients, and to the Confirmation of their Practice. I ſhall conclude with remarking, that this Work alone would have been ſufficient to raiſe the Character of any other Man, but is however that in which *Boerhaave* ſhines much leſs than in his Inſtitutes and Aphoriſms, the laſt of which is, perhaps, more uſeful than any one Book written upon Phyſic, and has had the Honour of being tranſlated into *Arabic*, as is ſaid by the *Mufti*, and printed at *Conſtantinople*

A CHA-

A

CHARACTER

OF

Mr. WILLIAM COLLINS.

MR. *Collins* was a Man of extenſive Literature, and of vigorous Faculties. He was acquainted not only with the learned Tongues, but with the *Italian*, *French*, and *Spaniſh* Languages. He had employed his Mind chiefly upon Works of Fiction, and Subjects of Fancy; and by indulging ſome peculiar Habits of Thought, was eminently delighted with thoſe Flights of Imagination which paſs the Bounds of Nature, and to which the Mind is reconciled only by a paſſive Acquieſcence in popular Traditions. He loved Fairies, Genii, Giants, and Monſters; he delighted to rove through the Meanders of Inchantment, to gaze on the Magnificence of golden Palaces, to repoſe by the Waterfalls of Elyſian Gardens.

This was however the Character rather of his Inclination than his Genius; the Grandeur of Wildneſs, and the Novelty of Extravagance, were always deſired by him, but were not always attained. But Diligence is never wholly loſt; if his Efforts ſometimes cauſed Harſhneſs and Obſcurity, they likewiſe produced in happier Moments Sublimity and Splendour. This Idea which he had formed of Excellence, led him to oriental Fictions and allegorical Imagery; and perhaps, while he was intent upon De-

Deſcription, he did not ſufficiently cultivate Sentiment. His Poems are the Productions of a Mind not deficient in Fire, nor unfurniſhed with Knowledge either of Books or Life, but ſomewhat obſtructed in its Progreſs, by Deviation in Queſt of miſtaken Beauties.

His Morals were pure, and his Opinions pious: In a long Continuance of Poverty, and long Habits of Diſſipation, it cannot be expected that any Character ſhould be exactly uniform. There is a Degree of Want by which the Freedom of Agency is almoſt deſtroyed; and long aſſociation with fortuitous Companions will at laſt relax the Strictneſs of Truth, and abate the Fervour of Sincerity. That this Man, wiſe and virtuous as he was, paſſed always uncntangled through the Snares of Life, it would be Prejudice and Temerity to affirm; but it may be ſaid that at leaſt he preſerved the Source of Action unpolluted, that his Principles were never ſhaken, that his Diſtinctions of Right and Wrong were never confounded, and that his Faults had nothing of malignity or Deſign, but proceeded from ſome unexpected Preſſure, or caſual Temptation.

The latter Part of his Life cannot be remembered, but with Pity and Sadneſs. He languiſhed ſome Years under that Depreſſion of Mind which enchains the Faculties without deſtroying them, and leaves Reaſon the Knowledge of Right without the Power of purſuing it. Theſe Clouds which he found gathering on in his Intellects, he endeavoured to diſperſe by Travel, and paſſed into *France*; but found himſelf conſtrained to yield to his Malady, and returned. He was for ſome Time confined in a Houſe of Lunatics, and afterwards retired to the Care of his Siſter in *Colcheſter*, where Death at laſt came to his Relief.

After his Return from *France*, the Writer of this Character paid him a Viſit at *Iſlington*, where he was

was writing for his Sister, whom he had directed to meet him: there was then nothing of Disorder discernible in his Mind by any but himself, but he had then withdrawn from Study, and travelled with no other Book than an *English Testament*, such as Children carry to the School; when his Friend took it into his Hand, out of Curiosity to see what Companion a Man of Letters had chosen; 'I have 'but one Book,' says *Collins*, 'but that is the 'best.

A LET-

A LETTER TO A BISHOP. CONCERNING LECTURESHIPS.

My Lord,

I Would not thus have addreſs'd your Lordſhip in public, but that in theſe our Days the Preſs is the only Method by which I could gain Admiſſion to you, or have the Opportunity, to uſe our old College Phraſe, of a little Confab: Biſhops and Curates are, I believe, at preſent ſeldom ſeen together, except in the Prayer for the Clergy. Fortune, my Lord, who brought us ſo cloſe together at the Univerſity, where, you may remember, we were *Chums*, has at Length

Sævo læta negotio,

as the old Bard ſings, in one of her ſtrange Freaks, thrown us from the moſt intimate Connection into Stations of Life at the utmoſt Diſtance from each other, by making your Lordſhip a Biſhop, and me an——Aſſiſtant-Curate. I think, my Lord, I have ſomewhere

ſomewhere read, that in the *Roman* Triumphs a Perſon was always appointed to attend the Conqueror, and as he paſſed along to repeat to him——'Thou art a Man, The following Pages may be conſidered as a ſalutary Hint of the ſame Nature, and were only meant to lay on your Lordſhip's Table, and as you ſlip on your Lawn, to whiſper to you---'Thou art a Clergyman.'

Though I do not (to uſe the Phraſe of a certain Right Reverend) *baſk in the Sunſhine of the Goſpel*, you will perceive, notwithſtanding, in the Courſe of this Letter, I am not ſo much hurt by Diſappointments, but that I can laugh at a proper Opportunity; at preſent, however, I am perfectly ſerious, and do from my Heart think and declare, that the leaſt grateful Acknowledgement which our dignified Clergy can make, for the Honours and Rewards conferred on them, is to aſſiſt their diſtreſſed Brethren; to make uſe of their beſt Endeavours to ſupport the Dignity of the miniſterial Office; and to gain them ſome Deference and Reſpect, if they *can*, or *will*, procure them nothing elſe: and yet this, my Lord, I will not ſay wherefore, or by whom, is of late Years, moſt ſhamefully neglected.

Your Lordſhip, I am convinced by Experience, is not without Humanity; I have known ſome Biſhops, (formerly I mean) who had not a Grain of it in their whole Compoſition; but that is not your Caſe; I have therefore taken the Liberty to appeal to you, in Behalf of the inferior Clergy of theſe Kingdoms, who, I believe, are the moſt diſtreſſed, deſerted, and deſpiſed Body of Men, at preſent, on the Face of the Earth: into the Cauſes of this, I propoſe cooly and candidly to examine, and to conſult with your Lordſhip concerning the moſt probable Method of removing them.

I have a thouſand Things to ſay to your Lordſhip, on this copious Head, which I ſhall reſerve for ſome future Occaſion, and for the Sake of Method, confine myſelf at preſent (though I hate Confinement of every Kind) to a particular Branch of our ſcanty Revenue, commonly known by the Name of LECTURESHIPS.

Your Lordſhip being much better acquainted with eccleſiaſtical Hiſtory than myſelf, could probably acquaint me with the Origin and Riſe of theſe PAUPERTATIS SUBSIDIA: as I am not, however, very ambitious of tracing the Source of this muddy Spring, I ſhall defer the Search to another Opportunity, and content myſelf with obſerving (a Truth which I am every Day more and more convinced of) that the Eſtabliſhment of *Lectureſhips*, in and about *London*, has been extremely prejudicial to the inferior Clergy of this Kingdom, and contributed, in a great Meaſure, to bring upon the whole Body that Poverty and Contempt into which they are now fallen; that the Methods by which they are obtained are highly unbecoming our Character, and the Means made Uſe of to ſupport them inadequate to the Duty performed; that they are acquired, in ſhort, with Difficulty, loſt with Eaſe, and very few of them worth the keeping: which I will endeavour to prove to your Lordſhip in as few Words as poſſible.

It may not, perhaps, be improper, when I talk of SERMONISERS, to follow the uſual SERMON Method, and divide my Subject into three or four general Heads; and though I would not, as Lord *Shaftſbury* ſays, 'Bring my Two's and Three's before a faſhionable Congregation,' yet, as I am talking only to your Lordſhip, and what paſſes may never go much further than ourſelves, I may as well adopt the TEXTUAL Manner; (there, my Lord, is a new Word for *Johnſon*'s Dictionary).

I ſhall

I ſhall proceed therefore,

FIRST,

To conſider how LECTURESHIPS are canvaſſed for.

SECONDLY,

What is expected from them, And

THIRDLY and LASTLY,

How they are paid, and what Emoluments uſually ariſe to the Poſſeſſors of them.

Firſt therefore, my Lord, with Regard to the *canvaſſing* for Lectureſhips, as uſually practiſed amongſt us, I will venture to aſſert, it is an Employment utterly inconſiſtent with the Character, and unbecoming the Dignity of a Clergyman, an Office greatly beneath the Attention of Genius and Learning, and highly unſuitable to all the Notions of Life imbibed in the Courſe of a genteel and liberal Education.

The Choice of a LECTURER in this Metropolis is generally veſted in the whole Body of the Pariſh, conſiſting, for the moſt Part, of ordinary Tradeſmen, ſometimes very low Mechanics, Perſons not always of the moſt refined Manners, or delicate Senſations. Your Lordſhip, I am ſure, muſt remember, how cavalierly, when we were at *Cambridge*, (for which by the bye, we deſerved to be horſe-whipped) we uſed to treat the CANAILLE; if an honeſt Tradeſman came dunning to our Room of a Morning before Lecture, we tipped the NON DOMI upon him; or if by Chance he gained Admittance, and grew importunate in his Solicitations, without further Ceremony ſhewed him the neareſt Way down Stairs. Little did ſome of us

think what a different Behaviour we ſhould one Day be obliged to aſſume towards ſome of their illuſtrious Brethren in this Metropolis.

The common People, my Lord, in this Kingdom of Liberty, are of ſo combuſtible a Nature, that the leaſt Point of Diſpute blows them up into a Flame: a Conteſt about Church-Wardens, the Choice of a ſelect Veſtry-Man, or a paltry Lectureſhip, ſhall ſet as many ſober Citizens together by the Ears as a County Election. To ſay the Truth, there is now-a-days almoſt as much dirty Work practiſed in the canvaſſing for one as for the other. The Parſon, as well as the Candidate, muſt play over, if he hopes for Succeſs, all the little low Tricks of bribing the Indigent, flattering the Proud, cajoling the Rich, abuſing and calumniating his Antagoniſt, buying, making, ſplitting, hiding Votes; the whole Catalogue, in ſhort, of miniſterial Artifices muſt be practiſed in the Veſtry with as little Conſcience as on the Huſtings; and a Candidate for St. *A*——'s Church has almoſt as much Mire to wade through, as a Candidate for St. *S*—'s Chapel.

But, as I have heard ſay in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, there is nothing like a CASE IN POINT; I will therefore treat your Lordſhip with one, to illuſtrate the Subject under Conſideration, and that Caſe, to prevent any Miſtakes, ſhall be MY OWN.

Your Lordſhip I believe may remember the Time when my poor Uncle died, which obliged me to quit the Univerſity and ſeek my Fortune in Town, where I had not been above three Weeks before I ſtrolled on *Sunday* Afternoon into a Church in the City, and, after Service, heard the Clerk, by Order of the Veſtry, declare the Lectureſhip of the Pariſh vacant, and invite the Clergy, however dignified or diſtinguiſhed, to be Candidates for it, and to give in their Names by the enſuing *Sunday*. No ſooner

ſooner did I hear this CHUCH SERJEANT thus beating up for Recruits, than I immediately reſolved to *enliſt*; and accordingly, the next Day, waited on the Worſhipful *Stentor* abovementioned, who took down my Name and Place of Abode: on my deſiring him at the ſame Time to acquaint me with the beſt Method of proceeding, which I was an utter Stranger to, he adviſed me as a Friend, to apply as ſpeedily as poſſible, to Mr. ——, a Cheeſemonger in ——— Lane, who was then firſt Churchwarden, a leading Man in the Veſtry, and a Perſon, he aſſured me, on whom the Election would in a great Meaſure depend. I took honeſt AMEN'S Advice, and by nine the next Morning, not I muſt own without ſome Reluctance, dreſſed myſelf as well as I could, and waited on Mr. Church-warden. As ſoon as he ſaw me enter the Shop in my Canonicals, (for I had hired an excellent new Gown and Caſſock behind St. *Clement*'s on the Occaſion) he made me a very low Bow, gave me the Title of *Doctor*, and imagining no Doubt, that I was come to beſpeak Cheeſes for the Country, begged to known my *Honour*'s Commands; to which I replied in an humble Tone, and looking extremely diſconcerted, that I came to wait on him on Account of the Lectureſhip of the Pariſh, and begged the Favour of his Vote and Intereſt, *&c.* Your Lordſhip I am ſure would have ſmiled to ſee the ſudden Alteration of his Features and Behaviour: he dropped all the Tradeſman's Obſequiouſneſs, and in a Moment aſſumed the magiſterial Air and Dignity of a Church-warden; turned aſide to a Woman who was juſt then aſking for a Pound of *Cheſhire*, and without addreſſing himſelf to me, cried out, 'This 'is the fourth Parſon I have had with me To-day 'on the ſame Errand;' then, ſtaring me full in the Face; 'Well, young Man,' ſays he, 'you 'intend to be a Candidate for this ſame Lecture:

'you are all to mount the *Noſtrum*, I ſuppoſe, and 'Merit will carry it: For my Part, I promiſe no-'body; but remember I tell you before-hand, I 'am for *Voice* and *Action*; ſo mind your Hits.' When he had ſaid this, he immediately turned upon his Heel, and went into the Counting-houſe. I took my Leave in an awkward Manner, as you may ſuppoſe, being not a little chagrin'd at his Inſolence; and, as I went out of the Shop, overheard his Lady obſerving, from behind the Counter, that I was a pretty *Sprig of Divinity*, but looked a little *ſheepiſh*, and had not half the Courage of the Gentleman that had been recommended to her Huſband by Mr. *Squintum*.

The Inſtant I quitted the Sign of the *Cheſhire-Cheeſe*, I laid aſide all thoughts of further Solicitation, and reſolved to return to College, and live on making Fellow-Commoners Exerciſes, rather than ſubject myſelf any more to ſuch mortifying Indignities. Good God! thought I to myſelf, is this the Fruit of my Studies: this the Reward of all my Toil and Labour in the Univerſity; to have the important Point, whether I ſhall eat or ſtarve, at laſt determined by a Cheeſemonger, who declares for Voice and Action?

In ſpite notwithſtanding of this Reſolution (for Reſolutions, your Lordſhip knows, are much eaſier made than kept) I was obliged in leſs than ſix Months, having during that Time taken it into my Head to fall in Love and marry, to repair once more to the great City, and put into the eccleſiaſtical Lottery; where, by the bye, as in moſt other Lotteries, you buy ſo dear, meet with ſo few Prizes, and run ſo much Hazard, that none but Deſperadoes ought to venture in them: There, my Lord, I renewed my Solicitations, and experienced all the Miſeries and Misfortunes, all the Inſults and Indignities, which the Pride and Inſolence of the Rich, both

both Laity and Clergy, inflict on their dependent Brethren: The Difficulties which I met with in Search of a Lectureſhip (for that was my *Summum Bonum*) are inconceivable; and I can aſſure your Lordſhip, that, trifling as the Emoluments are of this Preferment, all the Perfections of human Nature united are ſcarce ſufficient to a Man, without perſonal Intereſt, to inſure his Succeſs. The Variety of Diſtreſſes which I encountered from the different Tempers and Diſpoſitions of the Gentlemen and Ladies (for ſo I was obliged to call them, who had Votes in the Pariſh) the mean and abject Flattery which I was forced to make Uſe of, with the many frequent Affronts and Diſappointments I underwent, would ſwell half a melancholy Volume. Without enumerating the neceſſary Accompliſhments generally expected on theſe Occaſions, of drinking hard with the Huſbands, and ſaying ſoft things to their Wives; in more Pariſhes than one, my Lord, where I have been a Candidate, to ſmoke your Half-dozen of Pipes, and drink two Bottles at a Sitting, are infinitely more neceſſary Perfections than any which you could bring with you from the Univerſity; and it is a Maxim with many good Citizens, that unleſs you are what they call a d----d honeſt Fellow, you can never be a good Preacher, or an orthodox Divine; in ſhort, my Lord, and to be ſerious, unleſs a poor Clergyman is every Thing that he ought *not* to be, he can never be what is every Man's Wiſh, independent.

I muſt not, in this Place, forget to mention one Rock which young Divines are perpetually ſplitting on in this Voyage; and that is, Party: A Candidate muſt take great Care how he repeats his political Creed; as, if he declares himſelf on *one* Side, he will inevitably be oppoſed, ſlandered and inſulted by the *other*; it behoves him, therefore, always to join with the ſtrongeſt: But, what is worſt of all, if he is of *no* Side (which your Lordſhip knows is the

moſt prudent Way) it is a million to one if he is ſuffered to continue ſo.

I remember, my Lord, when I ſet up for the Lectureſhip of Saint ———, the political Thermometer of the Pariſh was very high: I had at that Time, and retain to this Moment, the utmoſt Contempt for all Parties; being ſatisfied, as every Man of common Underſtanding muſt be, that there is nothing but Self intereſt at the Bottom of them: It was very difficult, however, I found, to perſuade other Men that I was not as fooliſh as themſelves.

Mr. Alderman *Grub* and Mr. Deputy *Clove*, the two leading Men in the Pariſh, were at that Time, or at leaſt profeſſed to be, of oppoſite Principles; the Alderman a ſtaunch Whig, the Deputy a reputed Tory: I waited on them both for their Votes and Intereſt, the Conſequence of which was, that I ſucceeded with neither, both reproaching me with being of a different Way of thinking from themſelves. The Alderman was extremely ſorry he could not ſerve me: He had a Regard, he had heard, he admired, *&c.* but, to be plain with me, he was aſſured I had drank Tea at the Deputy's. And when I went to the Deputy: 'For my Part' (I ſhall never forget it, my Lord, to my dying Day) 'For my 'Part' (ſaid he) 'I am of no Side; I deſpiſe all 'Parties whatſomdever; but there are People whom 'ſome People can't like like other People: In ſhort, 'I ſhall always be glad to ſee you whilſt you are 'what you are; but remember, Mr. Parſon, if 'ever you dine with Alderman *Grub* again — you 'underſtand me — Your humble Servant.'

Theſe, my Lord, are but an inconſiderable Part of the Miſeries and Indignities which a poor Parſon is ſure to encounter with on this Occaſion, but half

the Spurns
Which patient Merit from th'Unworthy takes.

For

For my own Part, I cannot but think the very ſingle Circumſtance of trapeſing about from Door to Door in one's Canonicals, perhaps for a Week, is ſufficient to deter any Man, who has the leaſt Regard for Cleanlineſs and Decorum, from canvaſſing for a City Lectureſhip. There is not in Nature a more ridiculous Sight than a draggletail Divine, holding up his ſpattered Sacerdotals, and dabbling through dirty Streets and blind Alleys, in Search of Civic Preferment.

And now I am upon this Head, my Lord, you muſt pardon me

A

SHORT DIGRESSION

CONCERNING

GOWNS AND CASSOCKS.

A certain right reverend Prelate, now with God, (that I think, my Lord, is the Phraſe when we ſpeak of departed Epiſcopacy) had, amongſt other reforming Schemes, entertained a Deſign of obliging all the Clergy, and eſpecially thoſe of the Metropolis, to appear conſtantly in their proper Uniform, and on no Account permitting them to be ſeen in publick without a Gown and Caſſock. Of what Service this Reformation could poſſibly be to Religion and Virtue, I muſt own I could never diſcover, whilſt the Inconveniencies attending it to the poor Clergy are ſufficiently obvious. It has been ſaid, I know, by the Advocates for this Plan, that whenever a Clergyman appears as ſuch, he will always meet with the Reſpect due to his Function; and that if he is not treated with Civility, he may thank himſelf for it. But let us examine a little, and ſee if theſe Things are ſo.

You, my Lord, I make no doubt, meet with all the Deference and Reſpect which are due to your exalted

exalted Station and Character: But I muſt beg your Lordſhip not to attribute it to wrong Motives, or imagine that the Bows made to you in the Street are a Tribute to your Roſe and Beaver: The Incenſe, I aſſure your Lordſhip, is offered to the Mitre only. The Reverence is not paid to you as a Paſtor of the Flock of Chriſt; it is your temporal, and not your ſpiritual Dignity, that attracts the Attention, and commands the Homage of the Multitude: It is not becauſe you have Three thouſand Souls under your Care, but that you have Three thouſand Pounds *per Annum*. I have read, my Lord, and do verily believe, that there was a Time, though not within our Memory, when the Clergy of all Ranks, dignified or undignified, met with ſome Degree of Reſpect, as ſuch, even in this Kingdom; but thoſe Days are gone and paſt, and ſo very different are the Manners of this Age, that I would venture one of my beſt Sermons againſt your Lordſhip's laſt new Gown and Caſſock, (we Philoſophers, my Lord, conſider one another's Wants) that if your Lordſhip, when you go next to the Houſe of Peers, will ſtep out of your Chariot at *Charing-Croſs*, without your purple-fringed Gloves, your Footman behind, or any other external Mark that might betray your Quality, you ſhall walk from thence to *Palace-yard*, without once being obliged to pull off your Hat, in Return for any Compliments paid to your Cloth. Nobody, my Lord, in theſe our Days, takes any Notice of a Gown and Caſſock, except perhaps a Pariſh Girl, a Chimney-ſweeper's Boy, who ſalutes you as a Brother Black, or now and then a common Soldier, who does not know, (as Chaplains ſeldom attend) but you may belong to his Regiment. On the other Hand, it is at leaſt forty to one that you meet with ſome groſs Affront before you get half way: It is odds but a Hackney Coachman gives his Horſes a Lick as ſoon as he ſees you,

you, ſplaſhes you all over, and then winks to his Brother, with — 'Smoke the Doctor's new Caſ-'ſock.' Add to this, that if you do not give the Wall to every Tinker and Taylor you meet, you will be called a proud Prieſt: If you happen to be fat, they will be ſure to ſay you have got the Church in your Belly; if you walk faſt, you are in a d——d Hurry for your Dinner; if you go ſlow, and pick your Way, it is,—'Mind Parſon *Prim*, how gin-'gerly he ſteps.' If your Gown is draggled, a Carman will call out to you to hold up your Petticoats; and if you chance to turn up an Alley on any neceſſary Occaſion, the Witticiſms upon you are innumerable: For after all, my Lord, it is a ſtrange Thing, and what all the World wonders at, that Parſons ſhould eat and drink, and ſleep, and do a hundred vulgar Things, juſt like other Men.

And now, my Lord, do you ſeriouſly think it would be any Advantage, or contribute to the Honour and Dignity of the Cloth, to be for ever ſcarfed and caſſocked in the Streets of *London?* For my own Part, till I am forced to do otherwiſe, I ſhall content myſelf with ſkulking unnoticed in my Iron Grey; as, whilſt I am miſtaken for a Pariſh Clerk, a Grazier, or an Undertaker, I may at leaſt eſcape without Ridicule and Abuſe, which, if I appear in my Regimentals, as Things are now circumſtanced, I can never expect.

But to return to my Subject, or, as we ſay every *Sunday*, to proceed to my ſecond Head, and conſider

What is expected from Lecturers, and how they are generally treated when they become ſo. Let us now then ſuppoſe that the poor Candidate, after going through all theſe fiery Trials, ſhould at length be ſo fortunate as to make his Calling and Election ſure; behold him choſen, licenſed, and in-pulpited, (there, my Lord, is another new Word for you,

and I see no Reason why it is not as good as installed) he will find that Seat, or rather Standing of Honour, a painful Pre-eminence; for, as high as he may there imagine himself, not a Creature who sits below, but thinks himself far above him. Every Man that gave you his Vote will consider you, from that Day forth, and as long as you continue in that Situation, as his Inferior: He looks upon himself as one of your Feeders, to whom you are indebted for your daily Bread, and therefore expects you will honour him accordingly; and for this special Reason, because if *you* withdraw your *Complaisance*, *he* may withdraw his *Subscription*. But let us attend a little to the precarious Tenure on which he holds his new Preferment. When a Man is in peaceable Possession of a good Living, scarce any Body takes Notice of his Preaching; it matters very little whether he is as elegant as * ———, or as contemptible as Dr. ———. But with a *Lecturer* the Case is extremely different: He is considered by his Hearers as a Kind of Divinity-cook, and is expected, like other Cooks, to adapt every Thing to every Body's Palate: And let him have ever so much Merit, it is a Hundred to one he does not please one in a Hundred, for it is all Whim and Caprice. If he has a loud Voice, perhaps he may be called a Brawler, he takes too much Pains, labours, and so forth; if he is weak and low, he is censured as spiritless and inanimate; if his Action is slow and solemn, he shall be termed listless and indolent; if it be strong, and varied, it shall be called vehement and theatrical: For the poor Judges he is talking to never consider the different Subjects to be treated; that one may require sober and composed Behaviour in the Utterance, another lively, spirited, and diffused Gesture.

* The Reader is desired to fill up these blank Spaces with the Names of the best and worst Preacher he is acquainted with.

In moſt other Profeſſions, thoſe who apply for your Aid and Inſtruction will at leaſt allow you ſome Knowledge in your *own* Buſineſs, and have Complaiſance enough to ſuppoſe you have a tolerable Idea of and Acquaintance with the Matter of it; but in *Divinity* it is quite otherwiſe: Every Auditor in a Church is as good a Judge (or at leaſt thinks himſelf ſo) both of the Subject and the Manner of treating it as yourſelf, and will not fail to ſhew his Judgment with regard to Stile, Sentiment, and Delivery, tho' he knows no more of either than the Deſk you write upon.

They will tell you the Sermon you preached was borrowed from another, when it is really your own; and, *vice verſa*, Compliment you upon it as your own, when it is every Word of it ſtolen from another.

The following, my Lord, is a Fact which happened to myſelf.

Being engaged one whole Week in Writing an Anſwer to a political Pamplet againſt the D—— of N——, for which I had twenty Pieces (more, by the bye, than I got by Preaching in a Twelvemonth) I ventured on the *Saturday* Night to tranſcribe a Diſcourſe of *Tillotſon*'s, and preached it on the *Sunday* Morning to a very polite Audience. On my coming out of Church, I was ſaluted by one of the Overſeers with 'Thank you, Doctor, for your 'excellent Sermon; but let me tell you, it was a 'dangerous Topic for a young Man: to be ſure you 'might have treated it a little more fully (*obſerve his* 'Complaiſance) but upon the Whole it was really a 'good Diſcourſe, and I am ſure all your own; but 'I remember a glorious one of *Tillotſon*'s on that 'very Subject. I remember'---'That you do not 'indeed, my Friend,' replied I (I could not help it, my Lord, for the Life of me) 'for the Sermon 'you juſt now heard is the very ſame, Word for 'Word,

'Word, I assure you, and you will find it when you 'go home, Vol. and Page---so and so.'

But let a Man preach his own Sermons, or any Body's else, he can never expect to please for any Length of Time; I have scarce ever known a Lecturer continue a Favourite above two or three Years: If he always preaches himself he grows tiresome, and if he puts in another he is censured as Idle and Negligent: If his Deputy preaches better, or which is the same Thing, appears to preach better than himself, it sinks the Principal into Contempt; and if the Deputy does not preach so well, Hints are given him that it would be better if some Folks would do their own Duty; add to this, that your constant Church-trotters and Text-markers, who take down the Heads in their Pocket-Books, are always smoaking your stale Divinity, and expect a new Discourse to tickle their Ears every *Sunday*. We can see the same Play at the Theatre, hear the same Story abroad, or read the same Book at home, perhaps once in a Month at least, with Pleasure; but to listen to the same Discourse from a Pulpit once in three Years, though perhaps we do not actually remember a Line more than the Text, is, for what Reason I know not, most intolerable.

I am as thoroughly convinced, as I am of my own Existence, that Lectureships greatly promote and increase Methodism. A Desire of striking out something new and uncommon to tickle the Ears of the Groundlings, has led many a plain well-meaning Preacher into romantic Sallies, and theatrical Gestures, and insensibly drawn them into methodistical Rant and Enthusiasm.

There never was a duller Hound than that* Hound of *King*'s, whom your Lordship must remember as

* The Servitors, as they are termed at *Oxford*, or what we call in *Cambridge* Sizers, go, at *King's College*, and there only, by the Name of Hounds. Mr. *Jones* was a Hound of *King*'s.

well

well as myſelf, the famous Mr. *Jones* of *St. Saviour's:* He had preached for ſome Time in the old dog-trot Stile of Firſt to the Firſt, Secondly to the Second, and adminiſtered his gentle Soporifics to no Purpoſe for a Year or two, when, finding it would not do, all on a ſudden he ſhook his Ears, ſet up a loud Bark, and by mere Dint of Noiſe, Vociferation and Grimace, mouthed and bellowed himſelf into Reputation amongſt the Gentlemen of the *Clink*, out heroded *Herod*, and almoſt eclipſed the Fame of *Weſley*, *Whitefield*, and *Madan*.

I ſhall now proceed, my Lord (to ſpeak in the Parſonick Stile) to my third general Head, *viz.* the Manner in which Lectureſhips are uſually paid, which is equally injurious to our Character and Function.

I know a little too much of the World, my Lord, to expect that a Parſon ſhould be paid like a firſt-rate Player, a Pimp, or a Lord of the Treaſury, whoſe Incomes I believe are pretty near equal; but at the ſame Time cannot help thinking, that a Labourer in the Vineyard is as well worthy of his Hire, as a Journeyman Carpenter, Maſon, *&c.* and has as good a Right to two Pound two on a *Sunday* as he has on a *Saturday* Night; and yet not one in a Hundred of us is paid in that Proportion.

The Lecturer's Box generally goes about with the reſt of the Pariſh Beggars a little after *Chriſtmas*; and every Body throws in their Charity (for it is always conſidered in that Light) as they think proper. Were I to tell your Lordſhip how many paltry Excuſes are made to evade this little annual Tribute by the Mean and Sordid, how very little is given even by the moſt Generous, and what an inconſiderable Sum the Whole generally amounts to, the Recital would not afford you much Entertainment, and, for aught I know, might even give you ſome ſmall Concern.

You

You cannot imagine, my Lord, with what an envious Eye we poor Lecturers have often looked over a Waiter's Book at a Coffee-houſe, where I have ſeen ſuch a Collection of Guineas and half Guineas as made my Mouth water: To give leſs than a Crown at leaſt, would be to the laſt Degree ungenteel, for the immenſe Trouble of handing a Diſh of Coffee, or a News-paper; whilſt the poor Divine, who has toiled in the Miniſtry for a Twelvemonth, and half worn out a Pair of excellent Lungs in the unprofitable Service, ſhall think himſelf well rewarded with the noble Donation of *Half a Crown.*

But to illuſtrate my Subject, I will give your Lordſhip another Story: There is nothing like a little Painting from the Life on theſe Occaſions: Suppoſe yourſelf then, my Lord, an Eye-witneſs of the following Scene, which paſſed not long ſince in a certain Part of this Metropolis.

Enter the Church-warden and Overſeer into the Shop of Mr. *Prim* the Mercer---Well, Mr. *Twiſt*, what are your Commands with me?---We are come to wait on your Honour, with the Lecturer's Book, Sir,---a voluntary Subſcription of the Inhabitants of the Pariſh of St. —— for the Support of —— Well, well, you need not read any further; what is it?—Whatever you pleaſe, Sir,—Aye, here's another Load, another Burthen: D'ye think I am made of Gold? There's the Poor's Rate, the Doctor's Rate, the Window Rates; the Devil's in the Rates, I think—however, I can't refuſe *you*; but I'll not give another Year—here, *Buckram*, reach me Half a Crown out of the Till—your Servant, Madam—

[*A Lady comes out of a back Parlour, walks through the Shop, and gets into a Chair.*]

Aye, there's another Tax—a Guinea for two Box Tickets, as ſure as the Benefit comes round, for my Wife and Daughter, beſides Chair-hire.

[Twiſt *ſhakes his Head.*]

O Maſter

O Master *Prim*, Master *Prim!* had not you better now have given us a Guinea for the Doctor and his four Children, and reserved your Half Crown for the Lady, who, if I may judge from her Garb and Equipage, does not want it half so much as the poor *Parson*; but you will be in the Fashion, so give us your Mite; set down Mr. *Prim* Two and Sixpence.—Sir, Good Morrow to you—Gentlemen, your Servant—

Such, my Lord, you see, is the Force of Fashion, and such the Influence of Example, that a constant Church-goer, and one perhaps who fancies himself a very good Christian, shall throw away *one Pound one* with all the Pleasure imaginable for an Evening's Entertainment at the Theatre, and at the same Time grudge *Half a Crown* for two and fifty Discourses from the Pulpit, which, if he turns to his Arithmetic Book, he will see amounts to about ---three Farthings a Sermon---and a sober Citizen too, as Lady *Townly* says, 'Fye! fye!'

These, my Lord, are melancholy Truths, and, though you and I who are Philosophers may laugh at them, have made many an honest Man's Heart ake.

I will leave your Lordship to imagine, without entering any further into this Subject, what the great and desirable Emoluments must be arising from a *Town Lectureship*; hardly equal at the best to the Wages of a Journeyman Staymaker, and by no Means upon a Level with the Profits of Drawers, Coffee-house Waiters, or the Footmen of our Nobility. This very lucrative Employment, notwithstanding, as being too considerable for one Man, is frequently split in two and divided, like the Places of Post Master General, Secretary, &c. amongst the Great. I have myself the Honour, my Lord, of being what is called a *Joint-Lecturer*, not having Interest enough in the Parish, where I had been *Cu-*

rate for twenty Years, to secure the Whole. I cannot indeed so far agree with our old Friend *Hesiod* as to think * the Half better than the Whole, but, embracing the † *English* instead of the *Greek* Proverb, sit myself down contentedly, and eat my *half Loaf* in Quiet. But, to confess the Truth, I find the Profits of both Preferments (for your Lordship sees I am a *Pluralist*) rather too small, to provide, in these hard Times, for the Necessities of a growing Family, and have lately been obliged to *eke out* Matters by entering myself on my Friend *H---w*'s List. As there is something curious in this Mr. *H*——, both with Regard to himself, and the Business he is engaged in, I shall beg Leave to introduce him to your Lordship's Acquaintance, as I believe, during what I may call your *Minority* in the *Church*, no such Character or Occupation was in being.

You must know then, my Lord, that the ingenious Mr. H—— has found out a new Method of being serviceable to the *Clergy* and himself, by keeping a Kind of *Ecclesiastical Register Office*, or, more properly speaking, *Divinity-Shop*, in the City, where *Parsons* are *hired* by the Day, Week, Month, *&c.* as Occasion requires. For this Purpose he keeps a regular alphabetical List of unemployed *Divines*, from the Age of threescore and ten, to two and twenty, ready to be *let out* for certain stipulated Sums, deducting a proper *Premium* for the *Agent* from every one of them. If any labouring *Curate*, *Lecturer*, *Morning Preacher*, &c. is too busy or too idle to perform his own Duty, he may immediately repair to the said Office, and be supplied with as much sound and orthodox Divinity as he is able or willing to pay for. To this very useful Gentleman, I had myself, not long since, Occasion to apply,

* πολλον ἡμισυ παντος.

† Half a Loaf is better than no Bread.

being

being obliged to leave my *Church* for a Fortnight; when the following Converſation, as near as I can remember, paſſed between us: if it does not make you ſmile, I can only ſay, your Lordſhip's riſible Muſcles are not ſo pliant as they uſed to be.

Curate.

Mr. *H*—— your Servant.

Mr. *H*——

Doctor, your's.

Curate.

I ſuppoſe, Mr. *H*——, you can gueſs my Errand; I am going out of Town To-morrow, and ſhall want a Supply, and withal, Maſter *H*——, I come to inform you, I ſhall commence from this Day both *Agent* and *Patient*, and intend to hire and to be hired: ſo, as I am likely to be a pretty conſtant Dealer, and am beſides an old Acquaintance, hope you will give me the Turn of the Scale: ſo put me down in your Liſt immediately.

Mr. *H*—— [*pulling out the Liſt.*

It ſhall be done, Sir: and a moſt reſpectable *Liſt* it is, I aſſure you; I have juſt got a freſh Cargo of *Scotch Divines*, piping hot from *Edinburgh*; beſides the old Corps—my Collection ends with---let me ſee---fourteen School-Maſters, five Doctors of Divinity, (pray, my Lord mind the *Climax*) two Reviewers, three political Writers, two Bible-makers, and a K——'s C——n.

Curate.

All Men of Erudition, I ſuppoſe.

Mr. *H*——

Excellent Scholars, charming Preachers, I aſſure you: but, *entre nous*, not one of them worth Sixpence in the World---but to your Buſineſs.

Curate.

Aye, Mr. *H*——, I muſt have good Voice for *Wedneſdays* and *Fridays*, and one of your beſt Ora-

tors for *Sunday next:* you know, *my* Congregation is a little delicate.

Mr. *H*——

Aye; more nice than wife perhaps---but let us look ſharp---here's *Parſon Rawbones*, one of my *Athletic*, able-bodied Divines, it is not long ſince he knock'd down a Clerk in the Deſk for interrupting him in the Middle of a Prayer; this, you know, ſhew'd a good Spirit, and keeps up the *Dignity* of the *Cloth:* but I doubt whether he'll do for *you*; for he's a *North country Man*, and has got the *Burr* in his Throat; he'll never paſs at *your* End of the Town: I ſhall ſport him, however, at a *Day-lecture*, or an early *Sacrament*.

Curate.

You are ſo facetious Mr. *H*——, but pray find me out ſomebody, for I am in Haſte.

Mr. *H*——

If you had wanted a Brawler for a Charity Sermon, I could have help'd you to the beſt *Beggar* in *England*, an Errant Pick-pocket for the *Middle Iſle*; beats your D——'s and W——'s out of the Pit, a Doctor of Divinity too, and a Juſtice of Peace; but he won't do for *you*, for the Dog's over Head and Ears in Debt, and durſt not ſtir out on a Week-day for Fear of the Bum-bailiffs; but---here I have him for you---the quickeſt Reader in *England:* I'll bet my *Stackhouſe*'s Bible to a *Common-Prayer* Book, he gives Dr. *Drawl* to the Te-Deum, and overtakes him before he comes to the Thankſgiving! O, he's a *rare Hand* at a Collect; but, remember, if he preaches, you muſt furniſh him with the *Paraphernalia*; for he's but juſt got upon the Liſt, and has not Money enough yet to purchaſe *Canonicals*.

Curate.

O, we can equip him with *them*, but what's his Price?

Mr.

Mr. *H*—— [*whiſpers.*

Why, you would not offer him leſs than—— for the Sake of your Brethren, for your own Sake. Let me tell you, Sir, I am one of the beſt Friends to the inferior *Clergy*, and have done more for them, (and that's a bold Word) than the whole Bench of B——p's. I believe I may ſafely ſay, I have raiſed the Price of *Lungs* at leaſt *Cent. per Cent:* I knew the Time, and ſo did you, when a well caſſock'd Divine was glad to read Prayers, and on a Holiday too, for Twelve-pence; Old *C*——— never had more in his Life; now, Sir, I never let a *Tit* go out of *my* Stable, (you'll pardon my Jocularity) under five Shillings.---

My Friend *H*——— was running on in this unmerciful Manner, and would, for aught I know, have talked to this Time, if I had not ſtopp'd him ſhort, pretended immediate Buſineſs, paid my Earneſt, and took my Leave: not a little chagrin'd, you may imagine, at the contemptuous Kindneſs he expreſſed for the *Cloth*, and the degrading Familiarity with which he treated that *Function* to which your Lordſhip, equally with myſelf, has the Honour to belong.

To ſay the Truth ——But this muſt be deferred, with many other Conſiderations, to *another Letter*; my Wife having juſt now broke into my Study to remind me, that I have a Sermon to finiſh before *Ten*, To-morrow, which will ſcarce give me Time to ſubſcribe myſelf,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's

Moſt obedient, &c.

F. T.

CRITICAL REFLECTIONS

ON THE OLD

ENGLISH DRAMATICK WRITERS.

To DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

SIR,

IT is not unnatural to imagine that, on the first Glance of your Eye over the Advertisement of a new Pamphlet, addressed to yourself, you are apt to feel some little Emotion; that you bestow more than ordinary Attention on the Title, as it stands in the News-Paper, and take Notice of the Name of the Publisher.---Is it Compliment or Abuse?---One of these being determined, you are perhaps eager to be satisfied, whether some coarse Hand has laid on Encomiums with a Trowel, or some more elegant Writer (such as the Author of *The Actor* for Instance) has done Credit to himself and you by his Panegyrick; or, on the other Hand, whether any offended Genius has employed those Talents against you, which he is ambitious of exercising in the Service of your Theatre; or some common Scribe has taken your Character, as he would that of any other Man or Woman, or Minister, or the King, if he durst, as a popular Topick of Scandal.

Be not alarmed on the present Occasion; nor, with that Consciousness of your own Merit, so natural to the Celebrated and Eminent, indulge yourself in an Acquiescence with the Justice of ten thousand fine Things, which you may suppose ready to

I'e ſaid to you. No private Satire or Panegyrick, but the general Good of the Republick of Letters, and of the Drama in particular, is intended. Though Praiſe and Diſpraiſe ſtand ready on each Side, like the Veſſels of Good and Evil on the Right and Left Hand of *Jupiter*, I do not mean to dip into either: Or, if I do, it ſhall be, like the Pagan Godhead himſelf, to mingle a due Proportion of each. Sometimes, perhaps, I may find Fault, and ſometimes beſtow Commendation: But you muſt not expect to hear of the Quickneſs of your Conception, the Juſtice of your Execution, the Expreſſion of your Eye, the Harmony of your Voice, or the Variety and Excellency of your Deportment; nor ſhall you be maliciouſly informed, that you are ſhorter than *Barry*, leaner than *Quin*, and leſs a Favourite of the Upper Gallery than *Woodward* or *Shuter*.

The following Pages are deſtined to contain a Vindication of the Works of *Maſſinger*, one of our old Dramatick Writers, who very ſeldom falls much beneath *Shakeſpeare* himſelf, and ſometimes almoſt riſes to a proud Rivalſhip of his chiefeſt Excellencies. They are meant too as a laudable, though faint, Attempt to reſcue theſe admirable Pieces from the too general Neglect which they now labour under, and to recommend them to the Notice of the Publick. To whom then can ſuch an Eſſay be more properly inſcribed than to you, whom that Publick ſeems to have appointed, as its chief *Arbiter Deliciarum*, to preſide over the Amuſements of the Theatre?—But there is alſo, by the bye, a private Reaſon for addreſſing you. Your honeſt Friend *Davies*, who, as is ſaid of the provident Comedian in *Holland*, ſpends his Hours of Vacation from the Theatre in his Shop, is too well acquainted with the Efficacy of your Name at the Top of a Play-Bill, to omit an Opportunity of prefixing it to a new Publication, hoping it may prove a Charm

to draw in Purchasers, like the Head of *Shakespeare* on his Sign. My Letter too being anonymous, your Name at the Head, will more than compensate for the Want of mine at the End of it: And our above-mentioned Friend is, no Doubt, too well versed in both his Occupations, not to know the Consequence of Secrecy in a Bookseller, as well as the Necessity of concealing from the Publick many Things that pass *behind the Curtain*.

There is perhaps no Country in the World more subordinate to the Power of Fashion than our own. Every Whim, every Word, every Vice, every Virtue, in its Turn becomes the Mode, and is followed with a certain Rage of Approbation for a Time. The favourite Stile in all the polite Arts, and the reigning Taste in Letters, are as notoriously Objects of Caprice as Architecture and Dress. A new Poem, or Novel, or Farce, are as inconsiderately extolled or decried as a Ruff or a *Chinese* Rail, a Hoop or a Bow Window. Hence it happens, that the publick Taste is often vitiated: Or if, by Chance, it has made a proper Choice, becomes partially attached to one Species of Excellence, and remains dead to the Sense of all other Merit, however equal, or superior.

I think I may venture to assert, with a Confidence, that on Reflection it will appear to be true, that the eminent Class of Writers, who flourished at the Beginning of this Century, have almost entirely superseded their illustrious Predecessors. The Works of *Congreve*, *Vanbrugh*, *Steele*, *Addison*, *Pope*, *Swift*, *Gay*, &c. &c. are the chief Study of the Million: I say, of the Million; for as to those few, who are not only familiar with all our own Authors, but are also conversant with the Ancients, they are not to be circumscribed by the narrow Limits of the Fashion. *Shakespeare* and *Milton* seem to stand alone, like first-rate Authors, amid the general Wreck of old *English*

Literature. *Milton* perhaps owes much of his present Fame to the generous Labours and good Taste of *Addison*. *Shakespeare* has been transmitted down to us with successive Glories; and you, Sir, have continued, or rather increased, his Reputation. You have, in no fulsome Strain of Compliment, been stiled the Best Commentator on his Works: But have you not, like other Commentators, contracted a narrow, exclusive, Veneration of your Author? Has not the Contemplation of *Shakespeare*'s Excellencies almost dazzled and extinguished your Judgement, when directed to other Objects, and made you blind to the Merit of his Cotemporaries? Under your Dominion, have not *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, nay even *Johnson*, suffered a Kind of theatrical Disgrace? And has not poor *Massinger*, whose Cause I have now undertaken, been permitted to languish in Obscurity, and remained almost entirely unknown?

To this perhaps it may be plausibly answered, nor indeed without some Foundation, that many of our old Plays, though they abound with Beauties, and are raised much above the humble Level of later Writers, are yet, on several Accounts, unfit to be exhibited on the modern Stage; that the Fable, instead of being raised on probable Incidents in real Life, is generally built on some foreign Novel, and attended with romantick Circumstances; that the Conduct of these extravagant Stories is frequently uncouth, and infinitely offensive to that dramatick Correctness prescribed by late Criticks, and practised, as they pretend, by the *French* Writers; and that the Characters, exhibited in our old Plays, can have no pleasing Effect on a modern Audience, as they are so totally different from the Manners of the present Age.

These, and such as these, might once have appeared reasonable Objections: But you, Sir, of all Persons,

Perſons, can urge them with the leaſt Grace, ſince your Practice has ſo fully proved their Inſufficiency. Your Experience muſt have taught you, that when a Piece has any ſtriking Beauties, they will cover a Multitude of Inaccuracies: and that a Play need not be written on the ſevereſt Plan, to pleaſe in the Repreſentation. The Mind is ſoon familiarized to Irregularities, which do not ſin againſt the Truth of Nature, but are merely Violations of that ſtrict Decorum of late ſo earneſtly inſiſted on. What patient Spectators are we of the Inconſiſtencies that confeſſedly prevail in our darling *Shakeſpeare!* What critical Catcall ever proclaimed the Indecency of introducing the Stocks in the Tragedy of *Lear?* How quietly do we ſee *Gloſter* take his imaginary Leap from *Dover* Cliff! Or to give a ſtronger Inſtance of Patience, with what a philoſophical Calmneſs do the Audience doſe over the tedious, and unintereſting, Love-Scenes, with which the bungling Hand of *Tate* has coarſely pieced and patched that rich Work of *Shakeſpeare!*— To inſtance further from *Shakeſpeare* himſelf, the Grave-diggers in *Hamlet* (not to mention *Polonius*) are not only endured, but applauded; the very Nurſe in *Romeo* and *Juliet* is allowed to be Nature; the Tranſactions of a whole Hiſtory are, without Offence, begun and compleated in leſs than three Hours; and we are agreeably waſted by the *Chorus*, or oftener without ſo much Ceremony, from one End of the World to another.

It is very true, that it was the general Practice of our old Writers, to found their Pieces on ſome foreign Novel; and it ſeemed to be their chief Aim to take the Story, as it ſtood, with all its appendant Incidents of every Complexion, and throw it into Scenes. This Method was, to be ſure, rather inartificial, as it at once overloaded and embarraſſed the Fable, leaving it deſtitute of that beautiful dramatick Connection, which enables the Mind to take in all

its

its Circumſtances with Facility and Delight. But I am ſtill in Doubt, whether many Writers, who come nearer to our own Times, have much mended the Matter. What with their Plots, and Double-Plots, and Counter-Plots, and Under-Plots, the Mind is as much perplexed to piece out the Story, as to put together the disjointed Parts of our ancient Drama. The Comedies of *Congreve* have, in my Mind, as little to boaſt of Accuracy in their Conſtruction, as the Plays of *Shakeſpeare*; nay, perhaps, it might be proved that, amidſt the moſt open Violation of the leſſer critical Unities, one Point is more ſteadily perſued, one Character more uniformly ſhewn, and one grand Purpoſe of the Fable more evidently accompliſhed in the Production of *Shakeſpeare* than of *Congreve*.

Theſe Fables (it may be further objected) founded on romantick Novels, are unpardonably wild and extravagant in their Circumſtances, and exhibit too little even of the Manners of the Age in which they were written. The Plays too are in themſelves a Kind of heterogeneous Compoſition; ſcarce any of them being, ſtrictly ſpeaking, a Tragedy, Comedy, or even Tragi-Comedy, but rather an indigeſted Jumble of every Species thrown together.

This Charge muſt be confeſſed to be true: But upon Examination it will, perhaps, be found of leſs Conſequence than is generally imagined. Theſe Dramatick Tales, for ſo we may beſt ſtile ſuch Plays, have often occaſioned much Pleaſure to the Reader and Spectator, which could not poſſibly have been conveyed to them by any other Vehicle. Many an intereſting Story, which, from the Diverſity of its Circumſtances, cannot be regularly reduced either to Tragedy or Comedy, yet abounds with Character, and contains ſeveral affecting Situations: And why ſuch a Story ſhould loſe its Force, dramatically related and aſſiſted by Repreſentation, when it pleaſes,

pleaſes, under the colder Form of a Novel, is difficult to conceive. Experience has proved the Effect of ſuch Fictions on our Minds; and convinced us, that the Theatre is not that barren Ground, wherein the Plants of Imagination will not flouriſh. *The Tempeſt*, *the Midſummer Night's Dream*, *the Merchant of* Venice, *As you like it*, *Twelfth Night*, *the Faithful Shepherdeſs* of *Fletcher*, (with a much longer Liſt that might be added from *Shakeſpeare*, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, and their Cotemporaries, or immediate Succeſſors) have moſt of them, within all our Memories, been ranked among the moſt popular Entertainments of the Stage. Yet none of theſe can be denominated Tragedy, Comedy, or Tragi-Comedy. The Play Bills, I have obſerved, cautiouſly ſtile them Plays: And Plays indeed they are, truly ſuch, if it be the End of Plays to delight and inſtruct, to captivate at once the Ear, the Eye, and the Mind, by Situations forcibly conceived, and Characters truly delineated.

There is one Circumſtance in Dramatick Poetry, which, I think, the chaſtiſed Notions of our modern Criticks do not permit them ſufficiently to conſider. Dramatic Nature is of a more large and liberal Quality than they are willing to allow. It does not conſiſt merely in the Repreſentation of real Characters, Characters acknowledged to abound in common Life; but may be extended alſo to the Exhibition of imaginary Beings. To create, is to be a Poet indeed; to draw down Beings from another Sphere, and endue them with ſuitable Paſſions, Affections, Diſpoſitions, allotting them at the ſame Time proper Employment; to body forth, by the Powers of Imagination, the Forms of Things unknown, and to give to airy Nothing a local Habitation and a Name, ſurely requires a Genius for the Drama equal, if not ſuperior, to the Delineation of Perſonages, in the ordinary Courſe of Nature.

Shake-

Shakeſpeare, in particular, is univerſally acknowledged never to have ſoared ſo far above the Reach of all other Writers, as in thoſe Inſtances, where he ſeems purpoſely to have tranſgreſſed the Laws of Criticiſm. He appears to have diſdained to put his free Soul into Circumſcription and Confine, which denied his extraordinary Talents their full Play, nor gave Scope to the Boundleſneſs of his Imagination. His Witches, Ghoſts, Fairies, and other imaginary Beings, ſcattered through his Plays, are ſo many glaring Violations of the common Table of Dramatick Laws. What then ſhall we ſay? Shall we confeſs their Force and Power over the Soul, ſhall we allow them to be Beauties of the moſt exquiſite Kind, and yet inſiſt on their being expunged? And why? except it be to reduce the Flights of an exalted Genius, by fixing the Standard of Excellence on the Practice of inferior Writers, who wanted Parts to execute ſuch great Deſigns; or to accommodate them to the narrow Ideas of ſmall Criticks, who want Souls large enough to comprehend them?

Our old Writers thought no Perſonage whatever, unworthy a Place in the Drama, to which they could annex what may be called a *Seity*; that is, to which they could allot Manners and Employment peculiar to itſelf. The ſevereſt of the Antients cannot be more eminent for the conſtant Preſervation of Uniformity of Character, than *Shakeſpeare*; and *Shakeſpeare*, in no Inſtance, ſupports his Characters with more Exactneſs, than in the Conduct of his ideal Beings. The Ghoſt in *Hamlet* is a ſhining Proof of this Excellence.

But, in Conſequence of the Cuſtom of tracing the Events of a Play minutely from a Novel, the Authors were ſometimes led to repreſent a mere human Creature in Circumſtances not quite conſonant to Nature, of a Diſpoſition rather wild and extravagant, and in both Caſes more eſpecially repugnant to mo-

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dern Ideas. This indeed required particular Indulgence from the Spectator, but it was an Indulgence, which seldom missed of being amply repaid. Let the Writer but once be allowed, as a necessary *Datum*, the Possibility of any Character's being placed in such a Situation, or possest of so peculiar a Turn of Mind, the Behaviour of the Character is perfectly natural. *Shakespeare*, though the Child of Fancy, seldom or never dresst up a common Mortal in any other than the modest Dress of Nature: But many shining Characters in the Plays of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* are not so well grounded on the Principles of the human Heart; and yet, as they were supported with Spirit, they were received with Applause. *Shylock*'s Contract, with the Penalty of the Pound of Flesh, though not *Shakespeare*'s own Fiction, is perhaps rather improbable; at least it would not be regarded as a happy Dramatick Incident in a modern Play; and yet, having once taken it for granted, how beautifully, nay, how naturally, is the Character sustained!—Even this Objection therefore, of a Deviation from Nature, great as it may seem, will be found to be a Plea insufficient to excuse the total Exclusion of our antient Dramatists from the Theatre. *Shakespeare*, you will readily allow, possest Beauties more than necessary to redeem his Faults; Beauties, that excite our Admiration, and obliterate his Errors. True. But did no Portion of that divine Spirit fall to the Share of our other old Writers? And can their Works be suppressed, or concealed, without Injustice to their Merit?

One of the best and most pleasing Plays in *Massinger*, and which, we are told, was originally received with general Approbation, is called, *The Picture*. The Fiction, whence it takes its Title, and on which the Story of the Play is grounded, may be collected from the following short Scene. *Mathias*, a Gentleman of *Bohemia*, having taken an affecting Leave

of

of his Wife *Sophia*, with a Reſolution of ſerving in the King of *Hungary*'s Army againſt the *Turks*, is left alone on the Stage, and the Play goes on, as follows :

Math. I am ſtrangely troubled : Yet why ſhould I
A Fury here, and with imagin'd Food? [nouriſh
Having no real Grounds on which to raiſe
A Building of Suſpicion ſhe ever was,
Or can be falſe hereafter? I in this
But fooliſhly inquire the Knowledge of
A future Sorrow, which, if I find out,
My preſent Ignorance were a cheap Purchaſe,
Though with my Loſs of Being. I have already
Dealt with a Friend of mine, a general Scholar,
One deeply read in Nature's hidden Secrets,
And (though with much Unwillingneſs) have won
To do as much as Art can to reſolve me [him
My Fate that follows—To my Wiſh he's come.

Enter Baptiſta.

Julio Baptiſta, now I may affirm
Your Promiſe and Performance walk together ;
And therefore, without Circumſtance, to the Point,
Inſtruct me what I am.

Bapt. I could wiſh you had
Made Trial of my Love ſome other Way.

Math. Nay, this is from the Purpoſe.

Bapt. If you can,
Proportion your Deſire to any Mean,
I do pronounce you happy : I have found,
By certain Rules of Art, your matchleſs Wife
Is to this preſent Hour from all Pollution
Free and untainted.

Math. Good.

Bapt. In Reaſon therefore
You ſhould fix here, and make no farther Search
Of what may fall hereafter.

Math. O *Baptiſta!*

'Tis

'Tis not in me to master so my Passions;
I must know farther, or you have made good
But half your Promise.—While my Love stood by,
Holding her upright, and my Presence was
A Watch upon her, her Desires being met too
With equal Ardour from me, what one Proof
Could she give of her Constancy, being untempted?
But when I am absent, and my coming back
Uncertain, and those wanton Heats in Women
Not to be quench'd by lawful Means, and she
The absolute Disposer of herself,
Without Controul or Curb; nay more, invited
By Opportunity and all strong Temptations,
If then she hold out——

Bapt. As no Doubt she will.

Math. Those Doubts must be made Certainties, [*Baptista*,
By your Assurance, or your boasted Art
Deserves no Admiration. How you trifle——
And play with my Affliction! I'm on
The Rack, till you confirm me.

Bapt. Sure, *Mathias*,
I am no God, nor can I dive into
Her hidden Thoughts, or know what her Intents are;
That is deny'd to Art, and kept conceal'd
E'en from the Devils themselves: They can but guess,
Out of long Observation, what is likely;
But positively to foretell that this shall be,
You may conclude impossible; all I can,
I will do for you. When you are distant from her
A thousand Leagues, as if you then were with her,
You shall know truly when she is solicited,
And how far wrought on.

Math. I desire no more.

Bapt. Take then this little Model of *Sophia*,
With more than human Skill limn'd to the Life;
Each Line and Lineament of it in the Drawing
So punctually observ'd, that, had it Motion,
In so much 'twere herself.

Math.

Math. It is, indeed,
An admirable Piece; but if it have not
Some hidden Virtue that I cannot gueſs at,
In what can it advantage me?
Bapt. I'll inſtruct you.
Carry it ſtill about you, and as oft
As you deſire to know how ſhe's affected,
With curious Eyes peruſe it: While it keeps
The Figure it now has, entire and perfect,
She is not only innocent in Fact,
But unattempted; but if once it vary
From the true Form, and what's now White and Red
Incline to Yellow, reſt moſt confident
She's with all Violence courted, but unconquer'd.
But if it turn all Black, 'tis an Aſſurance
The Fort, by Compoſition or Surprize,
Is forc'd, or with her free Conſent, ſurrender'd.

Nothing can be more fantaſtick, or more in the extravagant Strain of the *Italian* Novels, than this Fiction: And yet the Play raiſed on it is extremely beautiful, abounds with affecting Situations, true Character, and a faithful Repreſentation of Nature. The Story, thus opened, proceeds as follows: *Mathias* departs, accompanied by his Friend, and ſerves as a Volunteer in the *Hungarian* Army againſt the *Turks*. A complete Victory being obtained, chiefly by Means of his Valour, he is brought by the General to the *Hungarian* Court, where he not only receives many Honours from the King, but captivates the Heart of the Queen; whoſe Paſſion is not ſo much excited by his known Valour, or perſonal Attractions, as by his avowed Conſtancy to his Wife, and his firm Aſſurance of her reciprocal Affection and Fidelity to him. Theſe Circumſtances touch the Pride, and raiſe the Envy of the Queen. She reſolves therefore to deſtroy his conjugal Faith by giving up her own, and determines to make him a

deſperate Offer of her Perſon; and, at the ſame Time, under Pretence of Notice of *Mathias*'s being detained for a Month at Court, ſhe diſpatches two young Noblemen to tempt the Virtue of *Sophia*. Theſe Incidents occaſion ſeveral affecting Scenes both on the Part of the Huſband and Wife. *Mathias* (not with an unnatural and untheatrical Stoiciſm, but with the livelieſt Senſibility) nobly withſtands the Temptations of the Queen. *Sophia*, though moſt virtuouſly attached to her Huſband, becomes uneaſy at the feigned Stories which the young Lords recount to her of his various Gallantries at Court, and in a Fit of Jealouſy, Rage, and Reſentment, makes a momentary Reſolution to give up her Honour. While ſhe is ſuppoſed to be yet under the Dominion of this Reſolution, occurs the following Scene between the Huſband and his Friend.

MATHIAS *and* BAPTISTA.

Bapt. We are in a deſperate Straight; there's no Evaſion,
Nor Hope left to come off, but by your yielding
To the Neceſſity; you muſt feign a Grant
To her violent Paſſion, or——

Math. What, my *Baptiſta?*

Bapt. We are but dead elſe.

Math. Were the Sword now heav'd up,
And my Neck upon the Block, I would not buy
An Hour's Reprieve with the Loſs of Faith and Virtue,
To be made immortal here. Art thou a Scholar,
Nay, almoſt without a Parallel, and yet fear
To die, which is inevitable? You may urge
The many Years that by the Courſe of Nature
We may travel in this tedious Pilgrimage,
And hold it as a Bleſſing, as it is,
When Innocence is our Guide; yet know, *Baptiſta*,
Our Virtues are preferr'd before our Years,
By the Great Judge. To die untainted in

Our Fame and Reputation is the greateſt;
And to loſe that, can we deſire to live?
Or ſhall I, for a momentary Pleaſure,
Which ſoon comes to a Period, to all Times
Have Breach of Faith and Perjury remembred
In a ſtill living Epitaph? No, *Baptiſta*,
Since my *Sophia* will go to her Grave
Unſpotted in her Faith, I'll follow her
With equal Loyalty: But look on this,
Your own great Work, your Maſter-piece, and then
She being ſtill the ſame, teach me to alter.
Ha! ſure I do not ſleep! Or, if I dream,
[*The Picture altered.*
This is a terrible Viſion! I will clear
My Eyeſight, perhaps Melancholy makes me
See that which is not.

Bapt. It is too apparent.
I grieve to look upon't; beſides the Yellow,
That does aſſure ſhe's tempted, there are Lines
Of a dark Colour, that diſperſe themſelves
O'er every Miniature of her Face, and thoſe
Confirm———

Math. She is turn'd Whore.

Bapt. I muſt not ſay ſo,
Yet as a Friend to Truth, if you will have me
Interpret it, in her Conſent, and Wiſhes
She's falſe, but not in Fact yet.

Math. Fact! *Baptiſta?*
Make not yourſelf a Pandar to her Looſeneſs,
In labouring to palliate what a Vizard
Of Impudence cannot cover. Did e'er Woman
In her Will decline from Chaſtity, but found Means
To give her hot Luſt full Scope? It is more
Poſſible in Nature for groſs Bodies
Deſcending of themſelves, to hang in the Air,
Or with my ſingle Arm to underprop
A falling Tower; nay, in its violent Courſe
To ſtop the Light'ning, than to ſtay a Woman

Hurried by two Furies, Luſt and Falſhood,
In her full Career to Wickedneſs.
Bapt. Pray you temper
The Violence of your Paſſion.
Math. In Extremes
Of this Condition, can it be in Man
To uſe a Moderation? I am thrown
From a ſteep Rock headlong into a Gulph
Of Miſery, and find myſelf paſt Hope,
In the ſame Moment that I apprehend
That I am falling. And this, the Figure of
My Idol, few Hours ſince, while ſhe continued
In her Perfection, that was late a Mirror,
In which I ſaw miraculous Shapes of Duty,
Staid Manners, with all Excellency a Huſband
Could wiſh in a chaſte Wife, is on the ſudden
Turn'd to a magical Glaſs, and does preſent
Nothing but Horns and Horror.
Bapt. You may yet
(And 'tis the beſt Foundation) build up Comfort
On your own Goodneſs.
Math. No, that hath undone me,
For now I hold my Temperance a Sin
Worſe than Exceſs, and what was Vice a Virtue.
Have I refus'd a Queen, and ſuch a Queen [ed
(Whoſe raviſhing Beauties at the firſt Sight had tempt-
A Hermit from his Beads, and chang'd his Prayers
To amorous Sonnets) to preſerve my Faith
Inviolate to Thee, with the Hazard of
My Death with Torture, ſince ſhe could inflict
No leſs for my Contempt, and have I met
Such a Return from Thee? I will not curſe Thee,
Nor for thy Falſhood rail againſt the Sex;
'Tis poor, and common; I'll only with wiſe Men
Whiſper unto myſelf, howe'er they ſeem,
Nor preſent, nor paſt Times, nor the Age to come
Hath heretofore, can now, or ever ſhall
Produce one conſtant Woman.

Bapt. This is more
Than the Satyriſts wrote againſt 'em.
Math. There's no Language
That can expreſs the Poiſon of theſe Aſpicks,
Theſe weeping Crocodiles, and all too little
That hath been ſaid againſt 'em. But I'll mould
My Thoughts into another Form, and if
She can outlive the Report of what I have done,
This Hand, when next ſhe comes within my Reach,
Shall be her Executioner.

The Fiction of *the* PICTURE being firſt allowed, the moſt rigid Critick will, I doubt not, confeſs, that the Workings of the human Heart are accurately ſet down in the above Scene. The Play is not without many others, equally excellent, both before and after it; nor in thoſe Days, when the Power of Magick was ſo generally believed, that the ſevereſt Laws were ſolemnly enacted againſt Witches and Witchcraft, was the Fiction ſo bold and extravagant, as it may ſeem at preſent. Hoping that the Reader may, by this Time, be ſomewhat reconciled to the Story, or even intereſted in it, I will venture to ſubjoin to the long Extracts I have already made from this Play one more Speech, where *the* PICTURE is mentioned very beautifully. *Mathias* addreſſes himſelf to the Queen in theſe Words.

Math. To ſlip once
Is incident, and excus'd by human Frailty;
But to fall ever, damnable. We were both
Guilty, I grant, in tendering our Affection,
But, as I hope you will do, I repented.
When we are grown up to Ripeneſs, our Life is
Like to this Picture. While we run
A conſtant Race in Goodneſs, it retains
The juſt Proportion. But the Journey being

Tedious, and ſweet Temptations in the Way,
That may in ſome Degree divert us from
The Road that we put forth in, e'er we end
Our Pilgrimage, it may, like this, turn Yellow,
Or be with Blackneſs clouded. But when we
Find we have gone aſtray, and labour to
Return unto our never-failing Guide
Virtue, Contrition (with unfeigned Tears,
The ſpots of Vice waſh'd off) will ſoon reſtore it
To the firſt Pureneſs.

Theſe ſeveral Paſſages will, I hope, be thought by the judicious Reader to be written in the free Vein of a true Poet, as well as by the exact Hand of a faithful Diſciple of Nature. If any of the above Arguments, or, rather, the uncommon Excellence of the great Writers themſelves, can induce the Critic to allow the Excurſions of Fancy on the Theatre, let him not ſuppoſe that he is here adviſed to ſubmit to the Perverſion of Nature, or to admire thoſe who over-leap the modeſt Bounds, which ſhe has preſcribed to the Drama. I will agree with him, that Plays, wherein the Truth of Dramatick Character is violated, can convey neither Inſtruction nor Delight, *Shakeſpeare*, *Jonſon*, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, *Maſſinger*, &c. are guilty of no ſuch Violation. Indeed the Heroick Nonſenſe, which overruns the Theatrical Productions of *Dryden* *, *Howard*,

* Nobody can have a truer Veneration for the Poetical Genius of *Dryden*, than the Writer of theſe Reflections; but ſurely that Genius is no where ſo much obſcured, notwithſtanding ſome tranſient Gleams, as in his Plays; of which He had Himſelf no great Opinion, ſince the only Plea He ever urged in their Favour, was, that the Town had received with Applauſe Plays *equally bad*. Nothing, perhaps, but the abſurd Notion of Heroick Plays, could have carried the immediate Succeſſors to the Old Claſs of Writers into ſuch ridiculous Contradictions to Nature. That I may not appear ſingular in my Opinion of *Dryden*'s Dramatick Pieces, I muſt beg Leave to refer the Reader to *the Rambler*, No. 125, where that judicious Writer has

Howard, and the other illuſtrious Prototypes of *Bayes* in the *Rehearſal*, muſt nauſeate the moſt indulgent Spectator. The temporary Rage of falſe Taſte may perhaps betray the Injudicious into a fooliſh Admiration of ſuch Extravagance for a ſhort Period: But how will theſe Plays ſtand the Brunt of critical Indignation, when the Perſonages of the Drama are found to reſemble no Characters in Nature, except, perhaps, the diſordered Inhabitants of *Bedlam?*

If then it muſt be confeſſed, both from Reaſon and Experience, that we cannot only endure, but attend with Pleaſure to Plays, which are almoſt merely Dramatick Repreſentations of romantick Novels; it will ſurely be a further Inducement to recur to the Works of our old Writers, when we find among them many Pieces written on a ſeverer Plan; a Plan more accommodated to real Life, and approaching more nearly to the modern Uſage. *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, of *Shakeſpeare*; *the Fox*, *the Alchymiſt*, *the Silent Woman*, *Every Man in his Humour* of *Jonſon*; *the New Way to pay Old Debts*, *the City Madam*, of *Maſſinger*, *&c. &c.* all urge their Claim for a Rank in the ordinary Courſe of our Winter-Evening Entertainments, not only clear of every Objection made to the above-mentioned Species of Dramatick Compoſition, but adhering more ſtrictly to ancient Rules, than moſt of our later Comedies.

In Point of Character (perhaps the moſt eſſential Part of the Drama) our Old Writers far tranſcend the Moderns. It is ſurely needleſs, in Support of this Opinion, to recite a long Liſt of Names, when the Memory of every Reader muſt ſuggeſt them to himſelf. The Manners of many of them, it is true, do not prevail at preſent. What then? Is it diſ-

has produced divers Inſtances from *Dryden*'s Plays, *ſufficient* (to uſe the *Rambler*'s own Language) *to awaken the moſt torpid Riſibility*.

pleasing or uninstructive to see the Manners of a former Age pass in Review before us? Or is the Mind undelighted at recalling the Characters of our Ancestors, while the Eye is confessedly gratified at the Sight of the Actors dress'd in their Antique Habits? Moreover, Fashion and Custom are so perpetually fluctuating, that it must be a very accurate Piece indeed, and one quite new and warm from the Anvil, that catches the *Damon* or *Cynthia* of this Minute. Some Plays of our latest and most fashionable Authors are grown as obsolete in this Particular, as those of the first Writers; and it may with Safety be affirmed, that *Bobadil* is not more remote from modern Character, than the ever-admired and everywhere-to-be-met-with Lord *Foppington*. It may, also, be further considered, that most of the best Characters in our old Plays are not merely fugitive and temporary. They are not the sudden Growth of Yesterday or To-day, sure of fading or withering To-morrow; but they were the Delight of past Ages, still continue the Admiration of the present, and (to use the language of true Poetry)

——— To Ages yet unborn appeal,
And latest Times th' ETERNAL NATURE feel.
The ACTOR.

There is one Circumstance peculiar to the Dramatick Tales, and to many of the more regular Comedies of our old Writers, of which it is too little to say, that it demands no Apology. It deserves the highest Commendation; since it hath been the Means of introducing the most capital Beauties into their Compositions, while the same Species of Excellence could not possibly enter into those of a later Period. I mean the Poetical Stile of their Dialogue. Most Nations, except our own, have imagined mere Prose, which, with *Moliere*'s *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, the meanest of us have talked from our Cradle, too little

elevated

elevated for the Language of the Theatre. Our Neighbours, the *French*, at this Day write moſt of their Plays, Comedies as well as Tragedies, in Rhime; a *Gothick* Practice, which our own Stage once admitted, but long ago wiſely rejected. The *Grecian* Iambick was more happily conceived in the true Spirit of that elegant and magnificent Simplicity, which characterized the Taſte of that Nation. Such a Meaſure was well accommodated to the Expreſſions of the Mind; and though it refined indeed on Nature, it did not contradict it. In this, as well as in all other Matters of Literature, the Uſage of *Greece* was religiouſly obſerved at *Rome*. *Plautus*, in his richeſt Vein of Humour, is numerous and poetical. The Comedies of *Terence*, though we cannot agree to read them after Biſhop *Hare*, were evidently not written without Regard to Meaſure; which is the invincible Reaſon, why all Attempts to render them into downright Proſe have always proved, and ever muſt prove, unſucceſsful; and if a faint Effort, now under Contemplation, to give a Verſion of them in familiar Blank Verſe (after the Manner of our old Writers, but without a ſervile Imitation of them) ſhould fail, it muſt, I am confident, be owing to the Lameneſs of the Execution. The *Engliſh* Heroick Meaſure, or, as it is commonly called, Blank Verſe, is perhaps of a more happy Conſtruction even than the *Grecian* Iambick; elevated equally, but approaching nearer to the Language of Nature, and as well adapted to the Expreſſion of Comick Humour, as to the *Pathos* of Tragedy.

The mere modern Critick, whoſe Idea of Blank Verſe is perhaps attached to that empty Swell of Phraſeology, ſo frequent in our late Tragedies, may conſider theſe Notions as the Effect of Bigotry to our old Authors, rather than the Reſult of impartial Criticiſm. Let ſuch an one carefully read over the Works of thoſe Writers, for whom I am an Advocate.

cate. There he will ſeldom or ever find that Tumour of Blank Verſe, to which he has been ſo much accuſtomed. He will be ſurprized with a familiar Dignity, which, though it riſes ſomewhat above ordinary Converſation, is rather an Improvement than Perverſion of it. He will ſoon be convinced that Blank Verſe is by no Means appropriated ſolely to the Buſkin, but that the Hand of a Maſter may mould it to whatever Purpoſes he pleaſes; and that in Comedy it will not only admit Humour, but heighten and embelliſh it. Inſtances might be produced without Number. It muſt however be lamented, that the modern Tragick Stile, free, indeed, from the mad Flights of *Dryden*, and his Cotemporaries, yet departs equally from Nature. I am apt to think it is in great Meaſure owing to the almoſt total Excluſion of Blank Verſe from all modern Compoſitions, Tragedy excepted. The common Uſe of an elevated Diction in Comedy, where the Writer was often, of Neceſſity, put upon expreſſing the moſt ordinary Matters, and where the Subject demanded him to paint the moſt ridiculous Emotions of the Mind, was perhaps one of the chief Cauſes of that *eaſy Vigour*, ſo conſpicuous in the Stile of the old Tragedies. Habituated to poetical Dialogue in thoſe Compoſitions, wherein they were obliged to adhere more ſtrictly to the Simplicity of the Language of Nature, the Poets learnt, in thoſe of a more raiſed Species, not to depart from it too wantonly. They were well acquainted alſo with the Force as well as Elegance of their Mother-Tongue, and choſe to uſe ſuch Words as may be called Natives of the Language, rather than to *harmonize* their Verſes, and *agonize* the Audience with *Latin* Terminations. Whether the refined Stile of *Addiſon*'s *Cato*, and the flowing Verſification of *Rowe*, firſt occaſioned this Departure from ancient Simplicity, it is difficult to determine: But it is too true, that *Southern* was the laſt

laſt of our Dramatic Writers, who was, in any Degree, poſſeſt of that magnificent Plainneſs, which is the genuine Dreſs of Nature; though indeed the Plays even of *Rowe* are more ſimple in their Stile, than thoſe which have been produced by his Succeſſors. It muſt not, however, be diſſembled in this Place, that the Stile of our old Writers is not without Faults; that they were apt to give too much into Conceits; that they often purſued an allegorical Train of Thought too far; and were ſometimes betrayed into forced, unnatural, quaint, or gigantick Expreſſions. In the Works of *Shakeſpeare* himſelf, every one of theſe Errors may be found; yet it may be ſafely aſſerted, that no other Author, antient or modern, has expreſſed himſelf on ſuch a Variety of Subjects with more Eaſe, and in a Vein more truly poetical, unleſs, perhaps, we ſhould except *Homer*: Of which, by the bye, the deepeſt Critick, moſt converſant with Idioms and Dialects, is not quite a competent Judge.

I would not be underſtood, by what I have here ſaid of Poetical Dialogue, to object to the Uſe of Proſe, or to inſinuate that our modern Comedies are the worſe for being written in that Stile. It is enough for me, to have vindicated the Uſe of a more elevated Manner among our old Writers. I am well aware that moſt Parts of *Falſtaff*, *Ford*, *Benedick*, *Malvolio*, &c. are written in Proſe; nor indeed would I counſel a modern Writer to attempt the Uſe of Poetical Dialogue in a mere Comedy: A Dramatick Tale, indeed, chequered, like Life itſelf, with various Incidents, ludicrous and affecting, if written by a maſterly Hand, and ſomewhat more ſeverely than thoſe abovementioned, would, I doubt not, ſtill be received with Candour and Applauſe. The Publick would be agreeably ſurpriſed with the Revival of Poetry on the Theatre, and the Opportunity of employing all the beſt Performers, ſerious

as well as comick, in one Piece, would render it ſtill more likely to make a favourable Impreſſion on the Audience. There is a Gentleman, not unequal to ſuch a Taſk, who was once tempted to begin a Piece of this Sort; but, I fear, he has too much Love of Eaſe and Indolence, and too little Ambition of literary Fame, ever to complete it.

But to conclude:

Have I, Sir, been waſting all this Ink and Time in vain? Or may it be hoped that you will extend ſome of that Care to the reſt of our old Authors, which you have ſo long beſtowed on *Shakeſpeare*, and which you have ſo often laviſhed on many a worſe Writer, than the moſt inferior of thoſe here recommended to you? It is certainly your Intereſt to give Variety to the Publick Taſte, and to diverſify the Colour of our Dramatick Entertainments. Encourage new Attempts; but do Juſtice to the Old! The Theatre is a wide Field. Let not one or two Walks of it alone be beaten, but lay open the Whole to the Excurſions of Genius! This, perhaps, might kindle a Spirit of Originality in our modern Writers for the Stage; who might be tempted to aim at more Novelty in their Compoſitions, when the Liberality of the popular Taſte rendered it leſs hazardous. That the Narrowneſs of Theatrical Criticiſm might be enlarged, I have no Doubt. Reflect, for a Moment, on the uncommon Succeſs of *Romeo* and *Juliet*, and *Every Man in his Humour!* and then tell me, whether there are not many other Pieces of as antient a Date, which, with the like proper Curtailments and Alterations, would produce the ſame Effect? Has an induſtrious Hand been at the Pains to ſcratch up the Dunghill of *Dryden*'s *Amphitryon* for the few Pearls that are buried in it, and ſhall the rich Treaſures of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, *Jonſon* and *Maſſinger*, lie (as it were) in the Ore, untouched and diſregarded? Reform your Liſt of Plays!

Plays! In the Name of *Burbage*, *Taylor*, and *Betterton*, I conjure you to it! Let the veteran Criticks once more have the Satisfaction of seeing *The Maid's Tragedy*, *Philaſter*, *King and no King*, &c. on the Stage!—Reſtore *Fletcher*'s *Elder Brother* to the Rank unjuſtly uſurped by *Cibber*'s *Love Makes a Man!* and ſince you have wiſely deſiſted from giving an annual Affront to the City by acting *The London Cuckolds* on Lord-Mayor's Day, why will you not pay them a Compliment, by exhibiting *The City Madam* of *Maſſinger* on the ſame Occaſion?

If after all, Sir, theſe Remonſtrances ſhould prove without Effect, and the Merit of theſe great Authors ſhould plead with you in vain, I will here fairly turn my Back upon you, and addreſs myſelf to the Lovers of Dramatick Compoſitions in general. They, I am ſure, will peruſe thoſe Works with Pleaſure in the Cloſet, though they loſe the Satisfaction of ſeeing them repreſented on the Stage: Nay, ſhould they, together with you, concur in determining that ſuch Pieces are unfit to be acted, you, as well as they, will, I am confident, agree, that ſuch Pieces are, at leaſt, very worthy to be read. There are many modern Compoſitions, ſeen with Delight at the Theatre, which ſicken on the Taſte in the Peruſal; and the honeſt Country Gentleman, who has not been preſent at the Repreſentation, wonders with what his *London* Friends have been ſo highly entertained, and is as much perplexed at the *Town-manner* of Writing as Mr. *Smith* in *The Rehearſal*. The Excellencies of our old Writers are, on the contrary, not confined to Time and Place, but always bear about them the Evidences of true Genius.

Maſſinger is perhaps the leaſt known, but not the leaſt meritorious of any of the old Claſs of Writers. His Works declare him to be no mean Proficient in the ſame School. He poſſeſſes all the Beauties and Blemiſhes

Blemiſhes common to the Writers of that Age. He has, like the reſt of them, in Compliance with the Cuſtom of the Times, admitted Scenes of a low and groſs Nature, which might be admitted with no more Prejudice to the Fable, than the Buffoonry in *Venice Preſerved*. For his few Faults he makes ample Atonement. His Fables are, moſt of them, affecting; his Characters well conceived, and ſtrongly ſupported; and his Diction, flowing, various, elegant, and manly. His two Plays, revived by *Betterton*, *The Bondman*, and *The Roman Actor*, are not, I think, among the Number of his beſt. *The Duke of Milan*, *The Renegado*, *The Picture*, *The Fatal Dowry*, *The Maid of Honour*, *A New Way to pay Old Debts*, *The Unnatural Combat*, *The Guardian*, *The City Madam*, are each of them, in my Mind, more excellent. He was a very popular Writer in his own Times, but ſo unaccountably, as well as unjuſtly, neglected at preſent, that the accurate Compilers of a Work, called, *The Lives of the Poets*, publiſhed under the learned Name of the late Mr. *Theophilus Cibber*, have not ſo much as mentioned him. He is, however, take him for all in all, an Author, whoſe Works the intelligent Reader will peruſe with Admiration: And that I may not be ſuppoſed to withdraw my Plea for his Admiſſion to the modern Stage, I ſhall conclude theſe Reflections with one more Specimen of his Abilities; ſubmitting it to all Judges of Theatrical Exhibitions, whether the moſt maſterly Actor would not here have an Opportuity of diſplaying his Powers to Advantage.

The Extract I mean to ſubjoin is from the laſt Scene of the firſt Act of *The Duke of Milan*.—*Sforza*, having eſpouſed the Cauſe of the King of *France* againſt the Emperor, on the King's Defeat, is adviſed by a Friend, to yield himſelf up to the Emperor's Diſcretion. He conſents to this Meaſure,

ſure, but provides for his Departure in the following Manner:

Sfor. ——Stay you, *Franciſco.*
—You ſee how Things ſtand with me?
Fran. To my Grief:
And if the Loſs of my poor Life could be
A Sacrifice, to reſtore them as they were,
I willingly would lay it down.
Sfor. I think ſo;
For I have ever found you true and thankful,
Which makes me love the Building I have rais'd,
In your Advancement; and repent no Grace
I have confer'd upon you: And, believe me,
Though now I ſhould repeat my Favours to you,
The Titles I have given you, and the Means
Suitable to your Honours; that I thought you
Worthy my Siſter, and my Family,
And in my Dukedom made you next myſelf;
It is not to upbraid you; but to tell you
I find you're worthy of them, in your Love
And Service to me.
Fran. Sir, I am your Creature;
And any Shape that you would have me wear,
I gladly will put on.
Sfor. Thus, then, *Franciſco*;
I now am to deliver to your Truſt
A weighty Secret, of ſo ſtrange a Nature,
And 'twill, I know, appear ſo monſtrous to you,
That you will tremble in the Execution,
As much as I am tortur'd to command it:
For 'tis a Deed ſo horrid, that, but to hear it,
Would ſtrike into a Ruffian fleſh'd in Murthers,
Or an obdurate Hangman, ſoft Compaſſion;
And yet, *Franciſco* (of all Men the deareſt,
And from me moſt deſerving) ſuch my State
And ſtrange Condition is, that Thou alone
Muſt know the fatal Service, and perform it.

Fran.

Fran. Theſe Preparations, Sir, to work a Stranger,
Or to one unacquainted with your Bounties,
Might appear uſeful; but, to Me, they are
Needleſs Impertinencies: For I dare do
Whate'er you dare command.

Sfor. But thou muſt ſwear it,
And put into thy Oath, all Joys, or Torments
That fright the Wicked, or confirm the Good:
Not to conceal it only (that is nothing)
But, whenſoe'er my Will ſhall ſpeak, ſtrike now!
To fall upon't like Thunder.

Fran. Miniſter
The Oath in any Way, or Form you pleaſe,
I ſtand reſolv'd to take it.

Sfor. Thou muſt do, then,
What no malevolent Star will dare to look on;
It is ſo wicked: For which, Men will curſe thee
For being the Inſtrument; and the Angels
Forſake me at my Need, for being the Author:
For 'tis a Deed of Night, of Night, *Franciſco*,
In which the Memory of all good Actions,
We can pretend to, ſhall be buried quick:
Or, if we be remember'd, it ſhall be
To fright Poſterity by our Example,
That have outgone all Precedents of Villains
That were before us; and ſuch as ſucceed,
Though taught in Hell's black School, ſhall ne'er [come near us.
——Art thou not ſhaken yet!

Fran. I grant you move me:
But to a Man confirm'd——

Sfor. I'll try your Temper:
What think you of my Wife?

Fran. As a Thing ſacred;
To whoſe fair Name and Memory I pay gladly
Theſe Signs of Duty. [*Kneels.*

Sfor. Is ſhe not the Abſtract
Of all that's rare, or to be wiſh'd in Woman?

Fran. It were a Kind of Blaſphemy to diſpute it:
——But to the Purpoſe, Sir.

Sfor. Add to her Goodneſs,
Her Tenderneſs of me, her Care to pleaſe me,
Her unſuſpected Chaſtity, ne'er equall'd,
Her Innocence, her Honour—O I am loſt
In the Ocean of her Virtues, and her Graces,
When I think of them.

Fran. Now I find the End
Of all your Conjurations: There's ſome Service
To be done for this ſweet Lady. If ſhe have Enemies
That ſhe would have remov'd——

Sfor. Alas! *Franciſco*,
Her greateſt Enemy is her greateſt Lover;
Yet, in that Hatred, her Idolater.
One Smile of her's would make a Savage tame;
One Accent of that Tongue would calm the Seas,
Though all the Winds at once ſtrove there for Empire.
Yet I, for whom ſhe thinks all this too little,
Should I miſcarry in this preſent Journey,
(From whence it is all Number to a Cypher,
I ne'er return with Honour) by thy Hand
Muſt have her murther'd.

Fran. Murther'd!—She that loves ſo,
And ſo deſerves to be belov'd again?
And I, who ſometimes you were pleas'd to favour,
Pick'd out the Inſtrument?

Sfor. Do not fly off:
What is decreed, can never be recall'd.
'Tis more than Love to her, that marks her out
A wiſh'd Companion to me, in both Fortunes:
And ſtrong Aſſurance of thy zealous Faith,
That gives up to thy Truſt a Secret, that
Racks ſhould not have forc'd from me.—O *Franciſco*,
There is no Heav'n without her; nor a Hell,
Where ſhe reſides. I aſk from her but Juſtice,
And what I would have paid to her, had Sickneſs,
Or any other Accident, divorc'd
Her purer Soul from her unſpotted Body.
The ſlaviſh *Indian* Princes, when they die,

Are chearfully attended to the Fire
By the Wife and Slave, that living they lov'd beſt,
To do them Service in another World:
Nor will I be leſs honour'd, that love more.
And therefore trifle not, but in thy Looks
Expreſs a ready Purpoſe to perform
What I command; or, by *Marcelia*'s Soul,
This is thy lateſt Minute.

Fran. 'Tis not Fear
Of Death, but Love to you, makes me embrace it.
But, for mine own Security, when 'tis done,
What Warrant have I? If you pleaſe to ſign one,
I ſhall, though with Unwillingneſs and Horror,
Perform your dreadful Charge.

Sfor. I will, *Franciſco:*
But ſtill remember, that a Prince's Secrets
Are Balm, conceal'd; but Poiſon, if diſcover'd.
I may come back; then this is but a Trial,
To purchaſe thee, if it were poſſible,
A nearer Place in my Affection—but
I know thee honeſt.

Fran. 'Tis a Character
I will not part with.

Sfor. I may live to reward it. [*Exeunt.*

PRO-

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN

By Mr. GARRICK

At the Opening of the Theatre in Drury-Lane, 1747.

WHEN Learning's Triumph o'er her barbarous Foes,
First rear'd the Stage, immortal *Shakespeare* rose,
Each Change of many-colour'd Life he drew,
Exhausted Worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded Reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.
His powerful Strokes presiding Truth impress'd,
And unresisting Passion storm'd the Breast.
Then *Jonson* came, instructed from the School,
To please in Method, and invent by Rule;
His studious Patience, and laborious Art,
By regular Approach assail'd the Heart:
Cold Approbation gave the ling'ring Bays
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise.
A Mortal born, he met the general Doom,
But left, like *Egypt*'s Kings, a lasting Tomb.
The Wits of *Charles* found easier Ways to Fame,
Nor wish'd for *Jonson*'s Art, or *Shakespeare*'s Flame;

Themſelves they ſtudied, as they felt they writ;
Intrigue was Plot, Obſcenity was Wit.
Vice always found a ſympathetic Friend,
They pleas'd their Age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet Bards like theſe aſpir'd to laſting Praiſe,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future Days.
Their Cauſe was gen'ral, their Supports were ſtrong,
Their Slaves were willing, and their Reign was long;
Till Shame regain'd the Poſt that Senſe betray'd,
And Virtue call'd Oblivion to her Aid.

Then cruſh'd by Rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For Years the Power of Tragedy declin'd:
From Bard to Bard the frigid Caution crept
Till Declamation ſoar'd, while Paſſion ſlept.
Yet ſtill did Virtue deign the Stage to tread,
Philoſophy remain'd, though Nature fled.
But forc'd at length her ancient Reign to quit,
She ſaw great *Fauſtus* lay the Ghoſt of Wit;
Exulting Folly hail'd the joyful Day,
And Pantomime and Song confirm'd her Sway.

But who the coming Changes can preſage,
And mark the future Periods of the Stage?
Perhaps if Skill could diſtant Times explore,
New *Bhens*, new *Durfeys*, yet remain in Store.
Perhaps, where *Lear* has rav'd, and *Hamlet* dy'd,
On flying Cars new Sorcerers may ride,
Perhaps (for who can gueſs the Effects of Chance?)
Here *Hunt* may box, or *Mahomet* may dance.

Hard is his Lot, that here by Fortune plac'd,
Muſt watch the wild Viciſſitudes of Taſte,
With every Meteor of Caprice muſt play,
And chace the new-blown Bubbles of the Day.
Ah! let not Cenſure term our Fate, our Choice:
The Stage but echoes back the public Voice,
The Drama's Laws, the Drama's Patrons give,
For we that live to pleaſe, muſt pleaſe to live.

Then

Then prompt no more the Follies you decry,
As Tyrants doom their Tools of Guilt to die:
'Tis yours this Night to bid the Reign commence
Of reſcu'd Nature, and reviving Senſe;
To chace the Charms of Sound, the Pomp of Show,
For uſeful Mirth and ſalutary Woe,
Bid Scenic Virtue form the riſing Age,
And Truth diffuſe her Radiance from the Stage.

PROLOGUE

TO

IRENE.

YE glitt'ring Train! whom Lace and Velvet bleſs,
Suſpend the ſoft Sollicitudes of Dreſs;
From grov'ling Buſineſs and ſuperfluous Care,
Ye Sons of Avarice! a Moment ſpare:
Vot'ries of Fame and Worſhippers of Pow'r!
Diſmiſs the pleaſing Phantoms for an Hour.
Our daring Bard, with Spirit unconfin'd,
Spreads wide the mighty Moral for Mankind.
Learn here how Heav'n ſupports the virtuous Mind,
Daring, tho' calm; and vigorous, tho' reſign'd.
Learn here what Anguiſh racks the guilty Breaſt,
In Pow'r dependent, in Succeſs depreſt.
Learn here that Peace from Innocence muſt flow;
All elſe is empty Sound, and idle Show.
If Truths like theſe with pleaſing Language join;
Ennobled, yet unchang'd, if Nature ſhine:
If no wild Draught depart from Reaſon's Rules,
Nor Gods his Heroes, nor his Lovers Fools:
Intriguing Wits! his artleſs Plot forgive;
And ſpare him, Beauties! tho' his Lovers live.
Be this at leaſt his Praiſe; be this his Pride;
To force Applauſe no modern Arts are try'd.
Shou'd partial Cat-calls all his Hopes confound;
He bids no Trumpet quell the fatal Sound.
Shou'd welcome Sleep relieve the weary Wit,
He rolls no Thunders o'er the drowſy Pit,

No

No Snares to captivate the Judgment ſpreads;
Nor bribes your Eyes to prejudice your Heads.
Unmov'd tho' Witlings ſneer and Rivals rail:
Studious to pleaſe, yet not aſham'd to fail.
He ſcorns the meek Addreſs, the ſuppliant Strain,
With Merit needleſs, and without it vain.
In Reaſon, Nature, Truth he dares to truſt:
Ye Fops be ſilent! and ye Wits be juſt!

PROLOGUE

SPOKEN BY

Mr. GARRICK,

Thurſday, April 5, 1750,

At the REPRESENTATION of

COMUS,

For the Benefit of Mrs. ELIZABETH FOSTER,

MILTON's Grand-daughter, and only ſurviving Deſcendant.

YE patriot Crouds, who burn for *England*'s Fame,
Ye Nymphs, whoſe Boſom's beat at *Milton*'s Name,
Whoſe gen'rous Zeal, unbought by flatt'ring Rhimes,
Shames the mean Penſions of *Auguſtan* Times;
Immortal Patrons of ſucceeding Days,
Attend this Prelude of perpetual Praiſe!
Let Wit, condemn'd the feeble War to wage
With cloſe Malevolence, or public Rage;
Let Study, worn with Virtue's fruitleſs Lore,
Behold this Theatre, and grieve no more.
This Night, diſtinguiſh'd by your Smile, ſhall tell
That never *Briton* can in vain excel;
The ſlighted Arts Futurity ſhall truſt,
And riſing Ages haſten to be juſt.
At length our mighty Bard's victorious Lays
Fill the loud Voice of univerſal Praiſe,
And baffled Spite, with hopeleſs Anguiſh dumb,
Yields to Renown the Centuries to come.

With

With ardent Haſte each Candidate of Fame
Ambitious catches at his tow'ring Name:
He ſees, and pitying ſees, vain Wealth beſtow
Thoſe pageant Honours which he ſcorn'd below:
While Crowds aloft the laureat Buſt behold,
Or trace his Form on circulating Gold,
Unknown, unheeded, long his Offſpring lay,
And Want hung threat'ning o'er her ſlow Decay.
What tho' ſhe ſhine with no *Miltonian* Fire,
No fav'ring Muſe her Morning Dreams inſpire;
Yet ſofter Claims the melting Heart engage,
Her Youth laborious, and her blameleſs Age:
Hers the mild Merits of domeſtic Life,
The patient Suff'rer, and the faithful Wife.
Thus grac'd with humble Virtue's native Charms,
Her Grandſire leaves her in *Britannia's* Arms,
Secure with Peace, with Competence, to dwell,
While tutelary Nations guard her Cell.
Yours is the Charge, ye Fair, ye Wiſe, ye Brave!
'Tis yours to crown Deſert—beyond the Grave!

PRO-

PROLOGUE

TO THE

GOOD-NATUR'D MAN.

PREST by the Load of Life, the weary Mind
Surveys the general Toil of Human-kind;
With cool Submiſſion joins the labouring Train,
And ſocial Sorrow, loſes half its Pain:
Our anxious Bard, without Complaint, may ſhare
This buſtling Seaſon's epidemic Care.
Like Cæſar's Pilot, digniſy'd by Fate,
Toſt in one common Storm with all the Great;
Diſtreſt alike, the Stateſman and the Wit,
When one a Borough courts, and one the Pit.
The buſy Candidates for Power and Fame,
Have Hopes and Fears, and Wiſhes, juſt the ſame;
Diſabled both to combat, or to fly,
Muſt hear all Taunts, and hear without Reply,
Uncheck'd on both, loud Rabbles vent their Rage,
As Mongrels bay the Lion in a Cage.
Th' offended Burgeſs hoards his angry Tale
For that bleſt Year when all that vote may rail;

Their Schemes of Spite the Poet's Foes dismiss,
Till that glad Night when all that hate may hiss.
This Day the powder'd Curls and golden Coat,
Says swelling *Crispin*, begg'd a Cobler's Vote.
This Night our Wit, the pert Apprentice cries,
Lies at my Feet, I hiss him, and he dies.
The Great, 'tis true, can charm th' electing Tribe;
The Bard may supplicate, but cannot bribe.
Yet judg'd by those whose Voices ne'er were sold,
He feels no want of ill-persuading Gold;
But confident of Praise, if Praise be due,
Trusts without Fear, to Merit, and to you.

LONDON:

LONDON:

A POEM.

In IMITATION of the

THIRD SATIRE of JUVENAL.

———*Quis ineptæ*
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus, ut teneat se? JUV.

(*a*) THO' Grief and Fondneſs in my Breaſt rebel,
When injur'd THALES bids the Town farewell,
Yet ſtill my calmer Thoughts his Choice commend,
I praiſe the Hermit, but regret the Friend,
Who now reſolves from Vice, and LONDON far,
To breathe in diſtant Fields a purer Air,
And, fix'd on *Cambria*'s ſolitary Shore,
Give to St. *David* one true *Briton* more.

JUV. SAT. III.

(*a*) *Quamvis digreſſu veteris confuſus amici*;
Laudo, tamen, vacuis quod ſedem figere Cumis
Deſtinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.

(*b*) For

(*b*) For who wou'd leave, unbrib'd, *Hibernia*'s Land,
Or change the Rocks of *Scotland* for the *Strand*?
There none are swept by sudden Fate away,
But all whom Hunger spares, with Age decay:
Here Malice, Rapine, Accident, conspire,
And now a Rabble rages, now a Fire;
Their Ambush here relentless Ruffians lay,
And here the fell Attorney prowls for Prey;
Here falling Houses thunder on your Head,
And here a female Atheist talks you dead.

(*c*) While THALES waits the Wherry that contains
Of dissipated Wealth the small Remains,
On *Thames*'s Banks in silent Thought we stood,
Where *Greenwich* smiles upon the silver Flood:
Struck with the Seat that gave † *Eliza* Birth,
We kneel, and kiss the consecrated Earth;
In pleasing Dreams the blissful Age renew,
And call *Britannia*'s Glories back to View;
Behold her Cross triumphant on the Main,
The Guard of Commerce, and the Dread of *Spain*,
Ere Masquerades debauch'd, Excise oppress'd,
Or *English* Honour grew a standing Jest.

A transient Calm the happy Scenes bestow,
And for a Moment lull the Sense of Woe.
At Length awaking, with contemptuous Frown,
Indignant THALES eyes the neighb'ring Town.

(*b*) - - - - *Ego vel Prochytam præpono Suburræ,*
Nam quid tam miserum, tam solum vidimus, ut non
Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapsus
Tectorum assiduos, et mille pericula sævæ
Urbis, & Augusto recitantes, mense poetas?
(*c*) *Sed, dum tota domus rhedâ componitur unâ,*
Substitit ad veteres arcus. - - - - -

† Queen *Elizabeth* born at *Greenwich*.

(*d*) Siene

(*d*) Since Worth, he cries, in theſe degen'rate Days
Wants ev'n the cheap Reward of empty Praiſe;
In thoſe curs'd Walls, devote to Vice and Gain,
Since unrewarded Science toils in vain;
Since Hope but ſooths to double my Diſtreſs,
And ev'ry Moment leaves my Little leſs;
While yet my ſteady Steps no (*e*) Staff ſuſtains,
And Life ſtill vig'rous revels in my Veins;
Grant me, kind Heaven, to find ſome happier Place,
Where Honeſty and Senſe are no Diſgrace;
Some pleaſing Bank where verdant Oſiers play,
Some peaceful Vale with Nature's Painting gay;
Where once the harraſs'd *Briton* found Repoſe,
And ſafe in Poverty defy'd his Foes;
Some ſecret Cell, ye Pow'rs, indulgent give.
(*f*) Let - - - - - live here, for - - - - - has learn'd to live.
Here let thoſe reign, whom Penſions can incite
To vote a Patriot black, a Courtier white;
Explain their Country's dear-bought Rights away,
And plead for Pirates in the Face of Day;
With ſlaviſh Tenets taint our poiſon'd Youth,
And lend a Lye the Confidence of Truth.
(*g*) Let ſuch raiſe Palaces, and Manors buy,
Collect a Tax, or farm a Lottery,

(*d*) *Hic tunc Umbricius: Quando artibus, inquit, honeſtis*
Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,
Res hodie minor eſt, heri quam fuit, atque eadem cras
Deteret exiguis aliquid: proponimus illuc
Ire, fatigatas ubi Dædalus exuit alas,
Dum nova canities - - - - -
(*e*) *- - - - - et pedibus me*
Porto meis, nullo dextram ſubeunte bacillo.
(*f*) *Cedamus patriâ: vivant Arturius iſtic*
Et Catulus: maneant qui nigrum in candida vertunt.
(*g*) *Queis facile eſt ædem conducere, flumina, portus,*
Siccandam eluviem, portandum ad buſta cadaver. - - -
Munera nunc edunt. With

With warbling Eunuchs fill a licens'd Stage,
And lull to Servitude a thoughtleſs Age.
Heroes, proceed, what Bounds your Pride ſhall hold?
What Check reſtrain your Thirſt of Pow'r and Gold?
Behold rebellious Virtue quite o'erthrown,
Behold our Fame, our Wealth, our Lives your own.
To ſuch, a groaning Nation's Spoils are giv'n,
When public Crimes inflame the Wrath of Heav'n:
(*b*) But what, my Friend, what Hope remains for me,
Who ſtart at Theft, and bluſh at Perjury?
Who ſcarce forbear, tho' BRITAIN's Court he ſing,
To pluck a titled Poet's borrow'd Wing;
A Stateſman's Logick unconvinc'd can hear,
And dare to ſlumber o'er the *Gazetteer*;
Deſpiſe a Fool in half his Penſion dreſs'd,
And ſtrive in vain to laugh at *H*———*y*'s Jeſt.
(*i*) Others with ſofter Smiles, and ſubtler Art,
Can ſap the Principles, or taint the Heart;
With more Addreſs a Lover's Note convey,
Or bribe a Virgin's Innocence away.
Well may they riſe, while I, whoſe ruſtick Tongue
Ne'er knew to puzzle Right, or varniſh Wrong,
Spurn'd as a Beggar, dreaded as Spy,
Live unregarded, unlamented die.
(*k*) For what but ſocial Guilt the Friend endears?
Who ſhares *Orgilio*'s Crimes, his Fortune ſhares.

(*b*) *Quid Romæ faciam? mentiri neſcio: librum,*
Si malus eſt, nequeo laudare & poſcere. - - -
(*c*) *Fere ad nuptas, quæ mittit adulter,*
Quæ mandat, norint alii; me nemo miniſtro
Fur erit, atque ideo nulli comes exeo.
(*k*) *Quis nunc diligitur, niſi conſcius?*
Carus erit Verri, qui Verrem tempore, quo vult
Accuſare poteſt. - - - - -

(*l*) But

(*l*) But thou, ſhould tempting Villainy preſent
All *Marlb'rough* hoarded, or all *Villiers* ſpent,
Turn from the glitt'ring Bribe thy ſcornful Eye,
Nor ſell for Gold, what Gold could never buy,
The peaceful Slumber, ſelf-approving Day,
Unſullied Fame, and Conſcience ever gay.

(*m*) The cheated Nation's happy Fav'rites, ſee!
Mark whom the Great careſs, who frown on me!
LONDON! the needy Villain's gen'ral Home,
The common Shore of *Paris* and of *Rome*;
With eager Thirſt, by Folly, or by Fate,
Sucks in the Dregs of each corrupted State.
Forgive my Tranſports on a Theme like this;
(*n*) I cannot bear a *French* Metropolis.

(*o*) Illuſtrious EDWARD! from the Realms of Day,
The Land of Heroes and of Saints ſurvey;
Nor hope the *Britiſh* Lineaments to trace,
The ruſtick Grandeur, or the ſurly Grace;
But, loſt in thoughtleſs Eaſe, and empty Show,
Behold the Warrior dwindled to a Beau;
Senſe, Freedom, Piety, refin'd away,
Of *France* the Mimic, and of *Spain* the Prey.

All that at Home no more can beg or ſteal,
Or like a Gibbet better than a Wheel,
Hiſs'd from the Stage, or hooted from the Court,
Their Air, their Dreſs, their Politicks import;

(*l*) - - - *Tanti tibi non ſit opaci*
Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in mare volvitur aurum,
Ut ſomno careas. - - -
(*m*) *Quæ nunc divitibus gens acceptiſſima noſtris,*
Et quos præcipue fugiam, properabo fateri.
(*n*) - - - - *Non poſſum ferre, Quirites,*
Græcam urbem. - - - -
(*o*) *Ruſticus ille tuus ſumit trechedipna, Quirine,*
Et cromatico fert niceteria collo.

(*t*) Obſe-

(*p*) Obſequious, artful, voluble and gay,
On *Britain*'s fond Credulity they prey.
No gainful Trade their Induſtry can 'ſcape;
(*q*) They ſing, they dance, clean Shoes, or cure a Clap;
All Sciences a faſting Monſieur knows,
And bid him go to Hell, to Hell he goes.

(*r*) Ah! what avails it, that, from Slav'ry far,
I drew the Breath of Life in *Engliſh* Air;
Was early taught a *Briton*'s Right to prize,
And liſp the Tales of HENRY's Victories;
If the gull'd Conqueror receives the Chain,
And Flattery ſubdues when Arms are vain?

(*s*) Studious to pleaſe, and ready to ſubmit,
The ſupple *Gaul* was born a Paraſite:
Still to his Int'reſt true, where-e'er he goes,
Wit, Brav'ry, Worth, his laviſh Tongue beſtows;
In ev'ry Face a thouſand Graces ſhine,
From ev'ry Tongue flows Harmony divine.
(*t*) Theſe arts in vain our rugged Natives try,
Strain out with fault'ring Diffidence a Lye,
And gain a Kick for aukward Flattery.

Beſides, with Juſtice this diſcerning Age
Admires their wond'rous Talents for the Stage:

(*p*) *Ingenium velox, audacia perdita, ſermo Promptus*———

(*q*) *Augur, ſchœnobates, medicus, magus, omnia novit, Græculus eſſuriens in cœlum, ſi juſſeris, ibit.*

(*r*) *Uſque adeo nihil eſt, quod noſtra infantia cœlum Hauſit Aventini?*

(*s*) *Quid, quod adulando gens prudentiſſima laudat Sermonem indocti, faciem deformis amici?*

(*t*) *Hæc eadem licet & nobis laudare: ſed illis Creditur.*

(*u*) Well may they venture on the Mimick's Art;
Who play from Morn to Night a borrow'd Part;
Practis'd their Maſter's Notions to embrace,
Repeat his Maxims, and reflect his Face;
With ev'ry wild Abſurdity comply,
And view each Object with another's Eye;
To ſhake with Laughter ere the Jeſt they hear,
To pour at Will the counterfeited Tear,
And as their Patron hints the Cold or Heat,
To ſhake in Dog-days, in December ſweat.
(*x*) How, when Competitors like theſe contend,
Can ſurly Virtue hope to fix a Friend?
Slaves that with ſerious Impudence beguile,
And lye without a Bluſh, without a Smile;
Exalt each Triſle, ev'ry Vice adore,
Your Taſte in Snuff, your Judgment in a Whore;
Can *Balbo's* Eloquence applaud, and ſwear
He gropes his Breeches with a Monarch's Air.

For Arts like theſe preferr'd, admir'd, careſs'd,
They firſt invade your Table, then your Breaſt;
(*y*) Explore your Secrets with inſidious Art,
Watch the weak Hour, and ranſack all the Heart;
Then ſoon your ill-plac'd Confidence repay,
Commence your Lords, and govern or betray.

(*z*) By Numbers here from Shame or Cenſure free,
All Crimes are ſafe, but hated Poverty.
This, only this, the rigid Law purſues,
This, only this, provokes the ſnarling Muſe.

(*u*) *Natio commœdia eſt. Rides? majore cachinno*
Concutitur, &c.
(*x*) *Non ſumus ergo pares: melior qui ſemper & omni*
Nocte dieque poteſt alienum ſumere vultum:
A facie jactare manus, laudare paratus,
Si bene ructavit, ſi rectum minxit amicus.
(*y*) *Scire volunt ſecreta domûs, atque inde timeri.*
(*z*) - - - - *Materiem præbet cauſaſque jocorum*
Omnibus hic idem ſi fœda & ſciſſa lacerna, &c.

The ſober Trader at a tatter'd Cloak
Wakes from his Dream, and labours for a Joke;
With briſker Air the ſilken Courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied Taunt a thouſand Ways.
(*a*) Of all the Griefs that harraſs the Diſtreſs'd,
Sure the moſt bitter is a ſcornful Jeſt;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous Heart,
Than when a Blockhead's Inſult points the Dart.
(*b*) Has Heaven reſerv'd, in Pity to the Poor,
No pathleſs Waſte, or undiſcover'd Shore?
No ſecret Iſland in the boundleſs Main?
No peaceful Deſart, yet unclaim'd by SPAIN?
Quick let us riſe, the happy Seats explore,
And bear Oppreſſion's Inſolence no more.
This mournful Truth is ev'ry where confeſs'd,
(*c*) SLOW riſes WORTH, BY POVERTY DEPRESS'D:
But here more ſlow, where all are Slaves to Gold,
Where Looks are Merchandiſe, and Smiles are ſold,
Where won by Bribes, by Flatteries implor'd,
The Groom retails the Favours of his Lord. [Cries
But hark! th' affrighted Crowd's tumultuous
Roll through the Streets, and thunder to the Skies:
Rais'd from ſome pleaſing Dream of Wealth and Pow'r,
Some pompous Palace, or ſome bliſsful Bow'r,
Aghaſt you ſtart, and ſcarce with aching Sight
Suſtain th' approaching Fire's tremenduous Light:

(*a*) *Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in ſe,*
Quam quod ridiculous homines facit.
(*b*) - - - - - - - *Agmine facto*
Debuerant olim tenues migraſſe Quirities.
(*c*) *Haud facile emergunt, quorum virtutibus obſtat*
Res anguſta domi. Sed Romæ durior illis
Conatus - - - - -
- - - - - - *OMNIA Romæ*
Cum pretio - - - - -
Cogimur, & cultis augere peculia ſervis.

Swift from purſuing Horrors take your Way,
And leave your little ALL to Flames a Prey;
(*d*) Then thro' the World a wretched Vagrant roam,
For where can ſtarving Merit find a Home?
In vain your mournful Narrative diſcloſe,
While all neglect, and moſt inſult your Woes.
(*e*) Should Heaven's juſt Bolts *Orgilio*'s Wealth con-
And ſpread his flaming Palace on the Ground, [found,
Swift o'er the Land the diſmal Rumour flies,
And publick Mournings pacify the Skies;
The laureat Tribe in ſervile Verſe relate,
How Virtue wars with perſecuting Fate;
(*f*) With well-feign'd Gratitude the penſion'd Band
Refund the Plunder of the beggar'd Land.
See! while he builds, the gaudy Vaſſals come,
And crowd with ſudden Wealth the riſing Dome;
The Price of Boroughs and of Souls reſtore,
And raiſe his Treaſures higher than before:
Now bleſs'd with all the Baubles of the Great,
The poliſh'd Marble, and the ſhining Plate,
(*g*) *Orgilio* ſees the golden Pile aſpire,
And hopes from angry Heav'n another Fire.
(*h*) Could'ſt thou reſign the *Park* and play content,
For the fair Banks of *Severn* or of *Trent*:

There

(*d*) - - - - - *Ultimus autem*
Ærumnæ cumulus, quod nudum, & fruſtra rogantem
Nemo cibo, nemo hoſpitio, tectoque juvabit.
(*e*) *Si magna Aſturici cecidit domus, horrida mater,*
Pullati proceres. - - - -
(*f*) *Jam accurrit, qui marmora donet,*
Conferat impenſas: hic, &c.
Hic modum argenti. - - - -
(*g*) - - - - - *Meliora, ac plura reponit*
Perſicus orborum lautiſſimus. - - - -
(*h*) *Si potes avelli Circenſibus, optima Soræ,*
Aut Frabrateriæ domus, aut Fruſinone paratur,

There might'ſt thou find ſome elegant Retreat,
Some hireling Senator's deſerted Seat;
And ſtretch thy Proſpects o'er the ſmiling Land,
For leſs than rent the Dungeons of the *Strand:*
There prune thy Walks, ſupport thy drooping Flow'rs,
Direct thy Rivulets, and twine thy Bow'rs;
And, while thy Beds a cheap Repaſt afford,
Deſpiſe the Dainties of a venal Lord;
There ev'ry Buſh with Nature's Muſick rings,
There ev'ry Breeze bears Health upon its Wings;
On all thy Hours Security ſhall ſmile,
And bleſs thy Evening Walk and Morning Toil.
(*i*) Prepare for Death, if here at Night you roam,
And ſign your Will before you ſup from Home.
(*k*) Some fiery Fop, with new Commiſſion vain,
Who ſleeps on Brambles till he kills his Man;
Some frolick Drunkard, reeling from a Feaſt,
Provokes a Broil, and ſtabs you for a Jeſt.
(*l*) Yet ev'n theſe Heroes, miſchievouſly gay,
Lords of the Street, and Terrors of the Way:
Fluſh'd as they are with Folly, Youth, and Wine,
Their prudent Inſults to the Poor confine;
Afar they mark the Flambeau's bright Approach,
And ſhun the ſhining Train, and golden Coach.
(*m*) In

Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum.
Hortulus hic - - - - - -
Vive bidentis amans, & culti villicus horti,
Unde epulum poſſis centum dare Pythagoræis.
(*i*) *- - - Poſſis ignavus haberi,*
Et ſubiti caſus improvidus, ad cœnam ſi
Inteſtatus eas.
(*k*) *Ebrius, ac petulans, qui nullum forte cecidit,*
Dat pœnas, noctem patitur lugentis amicum
Pelidæ - - - -
(*l*) *Sed, quamvis improbus annis*
Atque mero fervens, cavet hunc, quem coccina lœna

(*m*) In vain, these Dangers past, your Doors you close,
And hope the balmy Blessings of Repose:
Cruel with Guilt, and daring with Despair,
The Midnight Murd'rer bursts the faithless Bar;
Invades the sacred Hour of silent Rest,
And plants, unseen, a Dagger in your Breast.

(*n*) Scarce can our Fields (such Crowds at *Tyburn* die,
With Hemp the Gallows and the Fleet supply.
Propose your Schemes, ye senatorian Band,
Whose Ways and Means support the sinking Land;
Lest Ropes be wanting in the tempting Spring,
To rig another Convoy for the K—g.

(*o*) A single Jail, in *Alfred*'s golden Reign,
Could Half the Nation's Criminals contain;
Fair *Justice* then, without Constraint ador'd,
Held high the steady Scale, but deep'd the Sword;
No Spies were paid, no special Juries known,
Blest age! but ah! how diff'rent from our own!

(*p*) Much could I add, but see the Boat at hand,
The Tide retiring, calls me from the Land:
(*q*) Farewel! — When Youth, and Health, and Fortune spent,
Thou fly'st for Refuge to the Wilds of *Kent*;
And

Vitari jubet, et comitum longissimus ordo:
Multum præterea flammarum, atque ænea lampas.
(*m*) *Nec tamen hoc tantum metuas: nam qui spoliet te*
Non deerit: clausis domibus, &c.
(*n*) *Maximus in vinclis ferri modus: ut timeas ne*
Vomer deficiat, ne marræ et sarcula desint.
(*o*) *Felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas*
Secula, quæ quondam sub regibus atque tribunis
Viderunt uno contentam carcere Romam.
(*p*) *His alias poteram, & plures subnectere causas:*
Sed jumenta vocant. - - - -
(*q*) *- - - Ergo vale nostri memor: & quoties te*
Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquinos.

Me

And tir'd like me, with Follies and with Crimes,
In angry Numbers warn'ſt ſucceeding Times;
Then ſhall thy Friend, nor thou refuſe his Aid,
Still Foe to Vice, forſake his *Cambrian* Shade;
In Virtue's Cauſe once more forſake his Rage,
Thy Satire point, and animate thy Page.

Me quoque ad Eleuſinam Cererem, veſtramque Dianam
Convelle a Cumis: ſatirarum ergo, ni pudet illas
Adjutor gellidos veniam caligatus in agros.

THE

VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

THE

TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

LET (*a*) Obſervation with extenſive View,
Survey Mankind, from *China* to *Peru*;
Remark each anxious Toil, each eager Strife,
And watch the buſy Scenes of crowded Life;
Then ſay how Hope and Fear, Deſire and Hate,
O'erſpread with Snares the clouded Maze of Fate,
Where wav'ring Man, betray'd by vent'rous Pride,
To tread the dreary Paths without a Guide,
As threach'rous Phantoms in the Miſt delude,
Shuns fancied Ills, or chaſes airy Good.
How rarely Reaſon guides the ſtubborn Choice,
Rules the bold Hand, or prompts the ſuppliant Voice,
How Nations ſink, by darling Schemes oppreſs'd,
When Vengeance liſtens to the Fool's Requeſt.
Fate wings with ev'ry Wiſh th' afflictive Dart,
Each Gift of Nature, and each Grace of Art,
With fatal Heat impetuous Courage glows,
With fatal Sweetneſs Elocution flows,
Impeachment ſtops the Speaker's pow'rful Breath,
And reſtleſs Fire precipitates on Death.
(*b*) But ſcarce obſerv'd the Knowing and the Bold,
Fall in the gen'ral Maſſacre of Gold;
Wide-waſting Peſt! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with Crimes the Records of Mankind;

(*a*) *Ver.* 1—21. (*b*) *Ver.* 12—22.

For

For Gold his Sword the hireling Ruffian draws,
For Gold the hireling Judge diſtorts the Laws;
Wealth heap'd on Wealth, nor Truth nor Safety buys,
The Dangers gather as the Treaſures riſe.

Let Hiſt'ry tell where rival Kings command,
And dubious Title ſhakes the madded Land,
When Statutes glean the Refuſe of the Sword,
How much more ſafe the Vaſſal than the Lord;
Low ſculks the Hind beneath the Rage of Pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy Traytor in the Tow'r;
Untouch'd his Cottage, and his Slumbers ſound,
Tho' Confiſcation's Vultures hover round.

The needy Traveller, ſerene and gay,
Walks the wild Heath, and ſings his Toil away.
Does Envy ſeize thee? cruſh th' upbraiding Joy,
Increaſe his Riches and his Peace deſtroy,
New Fears in dire Viciſſitude invade,
The ruſtling Brake alarms, and quiv'ring Shade,
Nor Light nor Darkneſs bring his Pain Relief,
One ſhews the Plunder, and one hides the Thief.

Yet (*c*) ſtill one gen'ral Cry the Skies aſſails,
And Gain and Grandeur load the tainted Gales;
Few know the toiling Stateſman's Fear or Care,
Th' inſidious Rival and the gaping Heir.

Once (*d*) more, *Democritus*, ariſe on Earth,
With chearful Wiſdom and inſtructive Mirth,
See motley Life in modern Trappings dreſs'd,
And feed with varied Fools th' eternal Jeſt:
Thou who couldſt laugh where Want enchain'd Caprice
Toil cruſh'd Conceit, and Man was of apiece;
Where Wealth unlov'd without a Mourner dy'd;
And ſcarce a Sycophant was fed by Pride;
Where ne'er was known the Form of mock Debate,
Or ſeen a new-made Mayor's unwieldy State;
Where Change of Fav'rites made no Change of Laws,
And Senates heard, before they judg'd a Cauſe;

(*c*) *Ver.* 23—27. (*d*) *Ver.* 28—55.

How

How wouldſt thou ſhake at *Britain*'s modiſh Tribe,
Dart the quick Taunt, and edge the piercing Gibe?
Attentive Truth and Nature to decry,
And pierce each Scene with philoſophic Eye.
To thee were ſolemn Toys or empty Shew,
The Robes of Pleaſure and the Veils of Woe:
All aid the Farce, and all thy Mirth maintain,
Whoſe Joys are cauſeleſs, or whoſe Griefs are vain.

Such was the Scorn that fill'd the Sage's Mind,
Renew'd at ev'ry Glance on human Kind;
How juſt that Scorn ere yet thy Voice declare,
Search every State, and canvaſs ev'ry Prayer. [Gate,

(*e*) Unnumber'd Suppliants crowd Preferment's
Athirſt for Wealth, and burning to be Great;
Deluſive Fortune hears th' inceſſant Call,
They mount, they ſhine, evaporate, and fall.
On ev'ry Stage the Foes of Peace attend,
Hate dogs their Flight, and Inſult mocks their End.
Love ends with Hope, the ſinking Statesman's Door
Pours in the morning Worſhipper no more;
For growing Names the weekly Scribbler lies,
To growing Wealth the Dedicator flies,
From ev'ry Room deſcends the painted Face,
That hung the bright Palladium of the Place,
And ſmoak'd in Kitchens, or in Auctions ſold,
To better Features yields the Frame of Gold;
For now no more we trace in ev'ry Line
Heroic worth, Benevolence divine:
The Form diſtorted juſtifies the Fall,
And Deteſtation rids th' indignant Wall.

But will not *Britain* hear the laſt Appeal,
Sign her Foes doom, or guard her Fav'rites Zeal;
Thro' Freedom's Sons no more Remonſtrance rings,
Degrading Nobles and controuling Kings;
Our ſupple Tribes repreſs their Patriot Throats,
And aſk no Queſtions but the Price of Votes;

(*e*) *Ver.* 56—107.

With

With weekly Libels and ſeptennial Ale,
Their Wiſh is full to Riot and to Rail.
In full-blown Dignity, ſee *Wolſey* ſtand,
Law in his Voice, and Fortune in his Hand:
To him the Church, the Realm, their Pow'rs conſign,
Thro' him the Rays of regal Bounty ſhine,
Still to new Heights his reſtleſs Wiſhes tow'r,
Claim leads to Claim, and Pow'r advances Pow'r;
Till Conqueſt unreſiſted ceas'd to pleaſe,
And Rights ſubmitted left him none to ſeize.
At length his Sov'reign frowns—the Train of State
Mark the keen Glance, and watch the Sign to hate.
Where-e'er he turns he meets a Stranger's Eye,
His Suppliants ſcorn him, and his Followers fly;
At once is loſt the Pride of awful State,
The golden Canopy, the glitt'ring Plate,
The regal Palace, the luxurious Board,
The liv'ried Army, and the menial Lord.
With Age, with Cares, with Maladies oppreſs'd,
He ſeeks the Refuge of monaſtic Reſt.
Grief aids Diſeaſe, remember'd Folly ſtings,
And his laſt Sighs reproach the Faith of Kings.
Speak thou, whoſe Thoughts at humble Peace repine,
Shall *Wolſey*'s Wealth, with *Wolſey*'s End be thine?
Or liv'ſt thou now, with ſafer Pride content,
The wiſeſt Juſtice on the Banks of *Trent?*
For why did *Wolſey* near the Steeps of Fate,
On weak Foundations raiſe th' enormous Weight?
Why but to ſink beneath Misfortune's Blow,
With louder Ruin to the Gulphs below?
What *(f)* gave great *Villiers* to th'Aſſaſſin's Knife,
And fix'd Diſeaſe on *Harley*'s cloſing Life?
What murder'd *Wentworth*, and what exil'd *Hyde?*
By Kings protected, and to Kings ally'd?
What but their Wiſh indulg'd in Courts to ſhine,
And Pow'r too great to keep, or to reſign?
When

(f) Ver. 108—213.

When *(g)* firſt the College-rolls receive his Name,
The young Enthuſiaſt quits his Eaſe for Fame;
Through all his Veins the Fever of Renown
Spreads from the ſtrong Contagion of the Gown;
O'er *Bodley*'s Dome his future Labours ſpread,
And * *Bacon*'s Manſion trembles o'er his Head.
Are theſe thy Views? proceed, illuſtrious Youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the Throne of Truth!
Yet ſhould thy Soul indulge the gen'rous Heat,
Till captive Science yields her laſt Retreat;
Should Reaſon guide thee with her brighteſt Ray,
And pour on miſty Doubt reſiſtleſs Day;
Should no falſe Kindneſs lure to looſe Delight,
Nor Praiſe relax, nor Difficulty fright;
Should tempting Novelty thy Cell refrain,
And Sloth effuſe her opiate Fumes in vain;
Should Beauty blunt on Fops her fatal Dart,
Nor claim the Triumph of a letter'd Heart;
Should no Diſeaſe thy torpid Veins invade,
Nor Melancholy's Phantoms haunt thy Shade;
Yet hope not Life from Grief or Danger free,
Nor think the Doom of Man revers'd for thee:
Deign on the paſſing World to turn thine Eyes,
And pauſe awhile from Letters, to be wiſe;
There mark what Ills the Scholar's Life aſſail,
Toil, Envy, Want, the Patron, and the Jail.
See Nations ſlowly wiſe, and meanly juſt,
To buried Merit raiſe the tardy Buſt.
If Dreams yet flatter, once again attend,
Hear *Lydiat*'s Life, and *Galileo*'s End.

Nor deem, when Learning her laſt Prize beſtows,
The glitt'ring Eminence exempt from Woes;
See when the Vulgar 'ſcape, deſpis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful Talons ſeize on *Laud*.

(g) Ver. 114—132.

* There is a Tradition, that the Study of Friar *Bacon*, built on an Arch over the Bridge, will fall, when a Man greater than *Bacon* ſhall paſs under it.

From

From meaner Minds, tho' ſmaller Fines content
The plunder'd Palace, or ſequeſter'd Rent;
Mark'd out by dangerous Parts he meets the Shock,
And fatal Learning leads him to the Block:
Around his Tomb let Art and Genius weep,
But hear his Death, ye Blockheads, hear and ſleep.
The (*i*) feſtal Blazes, the triumphal Show,
The raviſh'd Standard, and the captive Foe,
The Senate's Thanks, the *Gazette*'s pompous Tale,
With Force reſiſtleſs o'er the Brave prevail.
Such Bribes the rapid *Greek* o'er *Aſia* whirl'd,
For ſuch the ſteady *Romans* ſhook the World;
For ſuch in diſtant Lands the *Britons* ſhine,
And ſtain with Blood the *Danube* or the *Rhine*;
This Pow'r has Praiſe, that Virtue ſcarce can warm,
Till Fame ſupplies the univerſal Charm.
Yet Reaſon frowns on War's unequal Game,
Where waſted Nations raiſe a ſingle Name,
And mortgag'd States their Grandſires Wreaths regret,
From Age to Age in everlaſting Debt,
Wreaths which at laſt the dear-bought Right convey
To ruſt on Medals, or on Stones decay.
On (*k*) what Foundation ſtands the Warrior's Pride,
How juſt his Hopes let *Swediſh Charles* decide;
A Frame of Adamant, a Soul of Fire,
No Dangers fright him, and no Labours tire;
O'er Love, o'er Fear extends his wide Domain,
Unconquer'd Lord of Pleaſure and of Pain;
No Joys to him pacific Scepters yield,
War ſounds the Trump, he ruſhes to the Field;
Behold ſurrounding Kings their Pow'r combine,
And one capitulate, and one reſign;
Peace courts his Hand, but ſpreads her Charms in vain;
'Think nothing gain'd, he cries, till Nought remain,

(*i*) *Ver.* 133—146. (*k*) *Ver.* 147—167.

'On

'On *Moſcow*'s Walls till *Gothick* Standards fly,
'And all be mine beneath the polar Sky.'
The March begins in military State,
And Nations on his Eye ſuſpended wait;
Stern Famine guards the ſolitary Coaſt,
And Winter barricades the Realm of Froſt;
He comes, not Want and Cold his Courſe delay;—
Hide, bluſhing Glory, hide *Pultowa*'s Day:
The vanquiſh'd Hero, leaves his broken Bands,
And ſhews his Miſeries in diſtant Lands;
Condemn'd a needy Supplicant to wait,
While Ladies interpoſe, and Slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her Error mend?
Did no ſubverted Empire mark his End?
Did rival Monarchs give the fatal Wound?
Or hoſtile Millions preſs him to the Ground?
His Fall was deſtin'd to a barren Strand,
A petty Fortreſs, and a dubious Hand;
He left the Name, at which the World grew pale,
To point a Moral, or adorn a Tale.

All (*l*) Times their Scenes of pompous Woes afford,
From *Perſia*'s Tyrant, to *Bavaria*'s Lord.
In gay Hoſtility, and barb'rous Pride,
With half Mankind embattled at his Side,
Great *Xerxes* comes to ſeize the certain Prey,
And ſtarves exhauſted Regions in his Way;
Attendant Flatt'ry counts his Myriads o'er,
Till counted Myriads ſooth his Pride no more;
Freſh Praiſe is try'd till Madneſs fires his Mind,
The Waves he laſhes, and enchains the Wind;
New Pow'rs are claim'd, new Pow'rs are ſtill beſtow'd,
Till rude Reſiſtance lops the ſpreading God;
The daring *Greek* derides the martial Show,
And heaps their Vallies with the gaudy Foe;

(*l*) *Ver.* 168—187.

Th'

Th' inſulted Sea with humbler Thoughts he gains,
A ſingle Skiff to ſpeed his Flight remains;
Th' incumber'd Oar ſcarce leaves the dreaded Coaſt
Through purple Billows and a floating Hoſt.
The bold *Bavarian*, in a luckleſs Hour,
Tries the dread Summits of *Ceſarean* Pow'r,
With unexpected Legions burſts away,
And ſees defenceleſs Realms receive his Sway;
Short Sway! fair *Auſtria* ſpreads her mournful Charms,
The Queen, the Beauty, ſets the World in Arms;
From Hill to Hill the Beacons rouſing blaze,
Spreads wide the Hope of Plunder and of Praiſe:
The fierce *Croatian*, and the wild *Huſſar*,
And all the Sons of Ravage crowd the War;
The baffled Prince in Honour's flatt'ring Bloom
Of haſty Greatneſs finds the fatal Doom,
His Foes Deriſion, and his Subjects blame,
And ſteals to Death from Anguiſh and from Shame.
Enlarge (*m*) my Life with Multitude of Days,
In Health, and Sickneſs, thus the Suppliant prays;
Hides from himſelf his State, and ſhuns to know,
That Life protracted, is protracted Woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to deſtroy,
And ſhuts up all the Paſſages of Joy:
In vain their Gifts the bounteous Seaſons pour,
The Fruit autumnal, and the vernal Flow'r,
With liſtleſs Eyes the Dotard views the Store,
He views, and wonders that they pleaſe no more;
Now pall the taſteleſs Meats, and joyleſs Wines,
And Luxury with Sighs her Slave reſigns.
Approach, ye Minſtrels, try the ſoothing Strain,
And yield the tuneful Lenitives of Pain:
No Sounds, alas, would touch th' impervious Ear,
Tho' dancing Mountains witneſs *Orpheus* near,

(*m*) *Ver.* 188—288.

Nor

Nor Lute nor Lyre his feeble Pow'r attend,
Nor ſweeter Muſick of a virtuous Friend,
But everlaſting Dictates crowd his Tongue,
Perverſely grave, or poſitively wrong.
The ſtill returning Tale, and ling'ring Jeſt,
Perplex the fawning Niece and pamper'd Gueſt,
While growing Hopes ſcarce awe the gath'ring Sneer,
And ſcarce a Legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful Gueſts ſtill hint the laſt Offence,
The Daughter's Petulance, the Son's Expence,
Improve his heady Rage with treach'rous Skill,
And mould his Paſſions till they make his Will.

Unnumber'd Maladies his Joints invade,
Lay Siege to Life, and preſs the dire Blockade;
But unextinguiſh'd Av'rice ſtill remains,
And dreaded Loſſes aggravate his Pains;
He turns, with anxious Heart and crippled Hands,
His Bonds of Debts, and Mortgages of Lands;
Or views his Coffers with ſuſpicious Eyes,
Unlocks his Gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the Virtues of a temp'rate Prime,
Bleſs with an Age exempt from Scorn or Crime;
An Age that melts in unperceiv'd Decay,
And glides in modeſt Innocence away;
Whoſe peaceful Day Benevolence endears,
Whoſe Night congratulating Conſcience chears;
The gen'ral Fav'rite as the gen'ral Friend:
Such Age there is, and who could wiſh its End?

Yet ev'n on this her Load Misfortune flings,
To preſs the weary Minutes flagging Wings:
New Sorrow riſes as the Day returns,
A Siſter ſickens, or a Daughter mourns.
Now kindred Merit fills the ſable Bier,
Now lacerated Friendſhip claims a Tear.
Year chaſes Year, Decay purſues Decay,
Still drops ſome Joy from with'ring Life away;
New Forms ariſe, and different Views engage,
Superfluous lags the Vet'ran on the Stage,

Till

Till pitying Nature ſigns the laſt Releaſe,
And bids afflicted Worth retire to Peace.
But few there are whom Hours like theſe await,
Who ſet unclouded in the Gulphs of Fate.
From *Lydia*'s Monarch ſhould the Search deſcend,
By *Solon* caution'd to regard his End,
In Life's laſt Scene what Prodigies ſurpriſe,
Fears of the Brave, and Follies of the Wiſe?
From *Marlb'rough*'s Eyes the Streams of Dotage flow,
And *Swift* expires a Driv'ler and a Show.
The (*n*) teeming Mother, anxious for her Race,
Begs for each Birth the Fortune of a Face:
Yet *Vane* could tell what Ills from Beauty ſpring;
And *Sedley* curs'd the Form that pleas'd a King.
Ye Nymphs of roſy Lips and radiant Eyes,
Whom Pleaſure keeps too buſy to be wiſe,
Whom Joys with ſoft Varieties invite,
By Day the Frolick, and the Dance by Night,
Who frown with Vanity, who ſmile with Art,
And aſk the lateſt Faſhion of the Heart,
What Care, what Rules your heedleſs Charms ſhall ſave,
Each Nymph your Rival, and each Youth your Slave?
Againſt your Fame with Fondneſs Hate combines,
The Rival batters, and the Lover mines.
With diſtant Voice neglected Virtue calls,
Leſs heard and leſs, the faint Remonſtrance falls;
Tir'd with Contempt, ſhe quits the ſlip'ry Reign,
And Pride and Prudence take her Seat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the Paſs defend,
The harmleſs Freedom, and the private Friend.
The Guardians yield, by Force ſuperior ply'd;
By Int'reſt, Prudence; and by Flattery, Pride.
Now Beauty falls betray'd, deſpis'd, diſtreſs'd,
And hiſſing Infamy proclaims the reſt.

(*n*) *Ver.* 289—345.

Where (*z*) then ſhall Hope and Fear their Objects find?
Muſt dull Suſpence corrupt the ſtagnant Mind?
Muſt helpleſs Man, in Ignorance ſedate,
Roll darkling down the Torrent of his Fate?
Muſt no Diſlike alarm, no Wiſhes riſe,
No Cries attempt the Mercies of the Skies?
Enquirer, ceaſe; Petitions yet remain,
Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem Religion vain.
Still raiſe for Good the ſupplicating Voice,
But leave to Heav'n the Meaſure and the Choice.
Safe in his Pow'r, whoſe Eyes diſcern afar
The ſecret Ambuſh of a ſpecious Pray'r.
Implore his Aid, in his Deciſions reſt,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the beſt.
Yet when the Senſe of ſacred Preſence fires,
And ſtrong Devotion to the Skies aſpires,
Pour forth thy Fervours for a healthful Mind,
Obedient Paſſions and a Will reſign'd;
For Love, which ſcarce collective Man can fill;
For Patience Sov'reign o'er tranſmuted Ill;
For Faith, that panting for a happier Seat,
Counts Death kind Nature's Signal of Retreat:
Theſe Goods for Man the Laws of Heav'n ordain,
Theſe Goods he grants, who grants the Pow'r to gain;
With theſe celeſtial Wiſdom calms the Mind,
And makes the Happineſs ſhe does not find.

(*z*) *Ver.* 346—366

THE

THE BATTLE OF THE WIGS. IN THREE PARTS.

Dabiturque LICENTIA *ſumpta pudenter.*—HOR.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1768.

TO THE READER.

THOUGH the Writer of the following little Piece has choſen to call it *An Additional Canto to Dr.* Garth's *Poem of the Diſpenſary*, he by no Means pretends to aſpire to an Imitation of that Work, much leſs would he preſume to affect a Rivalſhip with the ingenious Author. The Subject being in ſome Meaſure ſimilar, he was induced to make Uſe of this Title.

The Diſputes, at preſent ſubſiſting between the *Fellows* and *Licentiates* of the *College of Phyſicians*, concerning their reſpective Rights, ſeemed to be no improper Topic for an innocent Laugh. Nothing that ſhould in the leaſt offend any Individual, is intended by it. No Character is deſigned to be perſonally pointed out. As to the common Sarcaſm, 'The Killing of Numbers of Patients,' ſays Dr. *Garth*, 'is ſo trite a Piece of Raillery, that it ought 'not to make any Impreſſion.'

It is difficult, and perhaps in ſome Degree preſumptuous, to attempt following, in a confined Walk, the Steps of any Author of Eminence. If

ſome Expreſſions or Sentiments in this Piece ſhould be found to be the ſame with, or ſomewhat ſimilar to any in Dr. *Garth*'s Poem, the Writer begs he may not lay under the Imputation of Plagiariſm. One or two Inſtances, which he has diſcovered, of a Similarity, he has carefully pointed out.

One Part of the *Machinery* is founded upon Fact. A *Blackſmith* was employed to break open the College Gate, in order to try the Rights of the *Licentiates*. The Circumſtances of the *Butchers* and the *Engine* charged with *Blood*, were jocular Reports at that Time.

The Writer begs leave to enter a *Caveat* againſt the Critics finding Fault with his Rhymes not exactly chiming in ſome few Places. He cannot, with Submiſſion, but be of Opinion, that the Senſe ſhould not be totally ſacrificed to the Sound: Beſides, he can ſhelter himſelf under the Authority and Example of our beſt Authors. He might alſo plead in Favour of ſome *Alliterations*, in which he has indulged himſelf, if he was not ſatisfied, that the Uſe of them is generally allowed in the *Mock Heroick*, however ſparingly they ought to be introduced in more ſerious Compoſitions.——

PART I.

TURN, Muſe, once more to *Warwick*'s diſmal Lane,
Where Feuds unheard of, and new Uproars reign;
Where *Fellows* with *Licentiates* hold Debate;—
Theſe, (to preſerve their Dignity of State)
Admit no Partners in their Councils grave,
Who Titles only from *Diplomas* have;

NOTE.

V. 1. *Turn, Muſe, once more to* Warwick's *diſmal Lane.*
The College of Phyſicians is erected in *Warwick-Lane.*

An

An equal Rank the others boldly claim,
Alike their Fortunes, and alike their Fame:—
Each *Æſculapian* Breaſt fell Diſcord warms,
And for awhile the Gown gives place to Arms.
Say, DEATH, what prompted thee to ſpread Debate
Among thy Sons, the Arbiters of Fate?
Thy great Upholders, whoſe unſparing Pen
Crowds *Pluto*'s Realm, and thins the Race of Men?
'Twas on the Day, held ſacred to *St. Luke*,
Rever'd by Sages ſkill'd in Purge or Puke;—
When in mute State the grave Aſſembly meet,
To hear profound Oration,—and to Eat;—
Licentiato held it for a Sin
To Faſt without, while others Feaſt within.
Hungry and Dry, he mourn'd his hapleſs Fate,
With *Socio* not allow'd to foul a Plate;
Forbid to cheer his Heart, and warm his Throttle,
With *Hauſtus repetendus* of the Bottle.

NOTES.

V. 10. *And for awhile the Gown gives Place to Arms.*

Cedunt Arma Togæ, is a well-known Expreſſion. In the Univerſities the Doctors of Phyſick are inveſted with a *Scarlet Gown*; and it may be a Queſtion with ſome perhaps, whether that or the *Scarlet Coat* has been productive of moſt Deſtruction among Mankind.

V. 18. *To hear profound Oration—*

On *St. Luke*'s Day there is a *Latin* Speech pronounced by a *Fellow* in the College of Phyſicians, called (from Doctor *Harvey*, the original Inſtitutor of this Ceremony) *Oratio Harveiana*.

V. 24. *With* Hauſtus repetendus *of the Bottle.*

The medical Gentry, however they may recommend Abſtinence to others, are many of them no

Mad'ning at length with Grief, and fir'd with Rage,
Which nothing but Admittance could aſſuage,
'Open your Gates, he cries, and let us enter,
'Or elſe to force them open we'll adventure.'
Socio, elated with his high Degree
Of A. B. A. M. M. B. and M. D.
Bids him without, and at a Diſtance wait,
Nor deigns he to unfold the ſacred Gate.
'Shall *Scots*, he cries, or *Leyden* Doctors dare
'With ſapient *Regulars* to claim a Chair?
'How can *Diplomatiſts* have equal Knowledge?
'No, no—they muſt not Meſs with *Graduates* of a [*College*.'
He ſaid, when ſtrait *Licentiato* tries
By Force to gain what ſtubborn Pride denies.
And now the pond'rous Peſtle beats to Arms,
And the huge Mortar rings with loud Alarms;

NOTES.

Enemies to the Bottle, if taken in *Moderation*, as they term it. A certain witty Phyſician was adviſing a Friend of his, who had been uſed to be too free with his Bottle, to take a chearful *Pint* with his Meals, and no more: 'But, ſays he, the whole Se-'cret conſiſts in knowing how much your *Pint* ſhould 'hold. I myſelf take my *Pint* conſtantly after Din-'ner and Supper; but mine is a *Scots Pint*,'—that is, two Quarts.

V. 29. Socio, *elated with his high Degree*
Of A. B. A. M. M. B. *and* M. D.

A. B. *Artium Baccalaureus*, Batchelor of Arts; A. M. *Artium Magiſter*, Maſter of Arts; M. B. *Medicinæ Baccalaureus*, Batchelor of Phyſick; M. D. *Medicinæ Doctor*, Doctor of Phyſick.

V. 39. *And now the pond'rous Peſtle beats to Arms,*
And the huge Mortar rings with loud Alarms.

While liſted Peſtles brandiſh'd in the Air
Deſcend in Peals, and Civil Wars declare.—GARTH.

On

On Barber's Pole a Peruke they diſplay
With triple Tail, a Signal for the Fray.
O could the modeſt Muſe but dare aſpire
To emulate one Spark of *Homer*'s Fire,
The Liſt of large-wig'd Warriors ſhe might chaunt,
From *Clumſy Tunbelly* to *John o' Gaunt*.
Nor yet unmindful to defend the Doors
Are *Socio*'s Bands, and Force repel with Force.
Within the Gates cloſe-bolted, lock'd, and barr'd,
Of neighb'ring *Butchers* ſtands an awful Guard;
Each with an azure Apron ſtrung before,
And ſnow-white Sleeves, as yet unſtain'd with Gore:
The Foe the Whetting-iron hears diſmay'd,
Grating harſh Muſick from the ſharp'ning Blade.
From *Newgate Market* came the bloody Bands,
With Marrow-bones and Cleavers in their Hands,
Fram'd to ſplit Skulls, and deal deſtructive Knocks,
To fell a Doctor, or to fell an Ox; ——

NOTES.

V. 43. *O could the modeſt Muſe but dare aſpire*
To emulate one Spark of Homer's *Fire,*
The Liſt of large-wig'd Warriors ſhe might chaunt.

In the fourth Book of *Homer*'s *Iliad* is a Liſt of the Forces employed againſt *Troy*.

V. 46. *From* Clumſy Tunbelly *to* John o' Gaunt.
Clumſy Tunbelly, Doctor ——.
John o' Gaunt, Doctor ——.

V. 55. *From* Newgate Market *came the bloody Bands.*
Newgate Market is contiguous to *Warwick Lane*. The Butchers are therefore called (in V. 50.) *neighb'ring* Butchers.

Fit Inſtruments to quaſh a Foe, then ring
A Peal of Triumph,—*Ding dong, ding dong, ding.*
No Wonder Butchers ſhould Phyſicians aid;
The ſame their Practice, nor unlike their Trade:
And what Alliance more exactly ſuits?
Man-killers leagu'd with thoſe who ſlaughter Brutes.
Nor yet on theſe alone the Dons rely,
But they prepare a mark'd Artillery.
A Water-Engine, charg'd with beaſtly Gore,
Stands ready on the Foe its Filth to pour.
And what than this can caſt a greater Dread,
Deſign'd to change the ſable Coat to red?
To ſave their Cloaths e'en Surgeons ſtep aſide,
When from the Puncture ſpouts the crimſon Tide.
Thou too, dread Officer, of ſov'reign Pow'r,
Thou Tyrant-Monarch of the midnight Hour,—
(If haply, when thou tread'ſt thy watchful Round,
Some kind-inviting vagrant Nymph be found;)
Night *Constable*, wait there;——Thy magic Staff,
With royal Standard down emblazon'd half;——

NOTES.

V. 59. *Fit Inſtruments to quaſh a Foe, then ring*
A Peal of Triumph, ding dong, ding dong, ding.

In the *Ode on St. Cæcilia's Day*, adapted to the ancient *Britiſh* Muſick, is the following AIR.

Hark, how the banging Marrow-bones
Make clanging Cleavers ring,
With a ding dong, ding dong,
Ding dong, ding dong,
Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, ding.
Raiſe your uplifted Arms on high,
In long-prolonged Tones,
Let Cleavers ſound
A merry merry Round,
By banging Marrow-bones.

Enſign

Enſign of Might, to make wild Uproar ceaſe,
And bid tumultous Riot be at Peace.

PART II.

WIthout, th' enrag'd *Licentiato* waits,
Striving to force a Paſſage through the Gates;
In vain he ſtrives; --- then drooping with Deſpair,
To *Venus* he addreſt his humble Pray'r.
'O Goddeſs! — If thy Vot'ries own my Skill,
'If they approve my Lotion, or my Pill; —
'If *Rock*, or *Flugger*, boaſt a fairer Name;
'If *Drury*, and *The Garden*, found my Fame; —
'If many a Mother, that would paſs for Maid,
'In Secret calls for my *obſtetric* Aid; ——
'If, to prevent th' affected Sneer of Prude,
'My Juice of *S*—— can the Shame preclude; —
If

NOTES.

V. 7. *If* Rock, *nor* Flugger *boaſt a fairer Name*,
Richard Rock, a very noted Practitioner. We have not been able to learn the Import of thoſe two ſignificant Letters, M. L. which conſtantly accompany his Name.
Flugger. Dr. *Flugger*, no leſs noted, but not of ſo long Standing.

V. 8. *If* Drury, *and* The Garden, *found my Fame*.
Drury Lane, of ancient Renown. *Covent Garden* is emphatically ſtiled THE *Garden*, as the principal Singers in the *Opera* are called THE *Guarducci*, THE *Lovatini*, &c.

V. 12. *My Juice of* S—— *can the Shame preclude*.
Doctor *Mead*, in his Eſſay on Poiſon, ſays, 'I 'had once in my Poſſeſſion, given me by an ingenious

'If with my *Drops* I rouſe th' enervate Rake,
'And Wives unfruitful happy Mothers make;—
'O help!—Let *Mars*'s Arms a while be ſtaid,
'And ſend your Cuckold to my inſtant Aid.'

The Goddeſs heard, and, haſt'ning to her Spouſe,
With Proteſtations and repeated Vows
Of ſtrict Fidelity in Time to come,
('No more ſhe'd wander, but would cleave to Home,')
Prevail'd upon her fond and eaſy Dear
On Earth in Form of *Blackſmith* to appear.
The tedious Hours of Abſence to beguile,
'Tis ſaid, with *Mars* ſhe ſolac'd all the while.

To Earth the God deſcending ſtood conſeſt
By the black Briſtles of his Beard and Breaſt:
A leathern Apron ty'd about his Waiſt,
And on his Head a woollen Nightcap plac'd;

NOTE.

'nious Chemiſt, a clear Liquor, which though pon-
'derous, was ſo volatile, that it would all fly away
'in the open Air, without being heated; and ſo
'corroſive, that a Glaſs Stopple of the Bottle, which
'contained it, was in a ſhort Time ſo eroded, that
'it could never be taken out. The Fume of it was
'ſo thin, that if a Candle was ſet at ſome Diſtance
'from the Bottle, upon a Table, the Heat would
'direct its Courſe that Way; ſo that it might be
'poiſonous to any one that ſat near to the Light, and
'to no-body elſe. I know (adds the Doctor) the
'Compoſition of this *Stygian* Spirit; *but it is better*
'*that the World ſhould not be inſtructed in ſuch Arts of*
'*Death.*'

For the ſame Reaſon the Author, as a Lover of his King and Country, and conſequently a Friend to *Population*, chuſes not to print the Word S—— at full Length.

A maſſy

A maſſy Hammer in his Hand he held,
Which ſcarce two Men of modern Strength could weild.
With this advancing, at one pond'rous Stroke,
Forthwith th' inhoſpitable Bars he broke:
Then to next Alehouſe did his Godſhip ſteer,
To quaff the earthly Nectar of Butt Beer.
Soon as he ſaw the Gates wide open ſtand,
In ruſh'd *Licentiato* with his Band;
Through Conſtables, through Butchers onward preſt
To *Fuming Chamber*, an unwelcome Gueſt;
Where,

NOTES.

V. 29. *A maſſy Hammer in his Hand he held,*
Which ſcarce two Men of modern Strength could weild.

A pond'rous Stone bold *Hector* heav'd to throw,
Pointed above, and rough and groſs below;
Not two ſtrong Men th'enormous Weight could raiſe,
Such Men as live in theſe degenerate Days.
Pope's Homer, B. XII.

V. 33. *Then to next Alehouſe did his Godſhip ſteer,*
To quaff the earthly Nectar of Butt Beer.

In Juſtice to the honeſt Landlord that keeps the Houſe, and the worthy Alderman that ſerves it, we think ourſelves obliged to acquaint all true Lovers of *Entire Butt*, that they will be ſure to meet with an excellent Tankard of it at the *Three Jolly Butchers*, the Corner of *Warwick-Court*.

The Author ingeniouſly acknowledges, that ſome of the beſt Lines (if any may be called ſo) in his Poem, are owing to the Inſpiration of this excellent Liquor.

V. 38. To *Fuming Chamber*,
Vulgarly called, *Smoaking Room*.

We

Where, from Intruſion (as they thought) ſecure,
In lolling Poſture, and with Look demure,
Immers'd in Politicks and ſober Chat,
The Dons ſerenely o'er their Bottle ſat;
In 'cuſtomary Suits of ſolemn Black,'
Save that the Peruke whitens down the Back.
Slow from their Lips proceeds the puff'd Perfume,
And Sleep-inviting Vapours cloud the Room.
Licentiato enters.—With Appall
Each was ſtruck dumb, as Mute at Funeral.—
So ſat the *Roman Curules*, dully wiſe,
When *Gauls* ruſh'd in, and view'd them with Surprize,
Taking their awful Forms for Deities.

Choak'd

NOTES.

We cannot but take Notice here of an infamous Addition to thoſe admirable Lines, in Favour of this noble exotic Plant; to wit,

Tobacco Hick, Tobacco Hick,
'Twill make you well, if you are ſick.

An Enemy to *Tobacconiſts* has reverſed the Sentiment, by ſaying,

Tobacco Hick, Tobacco Hick,
If you are well will make you ſick.

V. 43. 'In *cuſtomary Suits of Solemn Black,*'
Or cuſtomary Suits of ſolemn Black. *Hamlet.*

V. 49. *So ſat the* Roman Curules, *dully wiſe,*
When Gauls *ruſh'd in, and view'd them with Surprize,*
Taking their awful Forms for Deities.

'When the Crowd of ſuperannuated Patriots 'had, by their Advice and Exhortations to the Sol-'diers, done all that was in their Power towards 'the

Choak'd with the Fume, *Licentiato* broke
The ſolemn Silence, and thus, coughing, ſpoke:
'Give

NOTE.

'the Defence of the Capital [*Rome*] they returned 'to their Houſes, there to wait, with ſteady Reſo-'lution, the coming of the Enemy, and Death. 'Such of them as had *triumphed* for Victories, or 'had been *Curule* Magiſtrates, that they might die 'with the greater Dignity, adorned themſelves with 'the *Inſignia* of thoſe Honours which they had ac-'quired by their Virtue. Cloathed in their tri-'umphal Robes, or thoſe of their Magiſtracies, they 'repaired to the *Forum*, and ſeating themſelves there 'in their *Curule* Chairs, maintained the ſame re-'ſpectable Air of Greatneſs, as when in the Ful-'neſs of their former Power.

'As the *Gauls* had met with little Reſiſtance from 'the *Romans* in the Field, and were not put to the 'Trouble of an Aſſault to take the City, they en-'tered it (at the Gate *Collina*) without any Thing, 'in their Appearance, of hoſtile Anger, that raging 'Flame, kindled by Oppoſition, Difficulty, and 'Danger. Moving on, they beheld, with Amaze-'ment, the Streets unpeopled as a Deſert; and 'when they came to the *Forum*, and caſt their 'Eyes all around, they could obſerve no Shew of 'War but in the Citadel alone. What chiefly 'drew and fixed their Attention, was the Company 'of venerable Victims, who had devoted them-'ſelves to Death. *Their magnificent purple Robes, 'their long white Beards, their Air of Greatneſs, their 'Silence, Stilneſs, and Serenity, all theſe aſtoniſhed the* Gauls, *held them at an awful Diſtance, and inſpired 'them with the ſame Reſpect which they would have 'had for ſo many Gods.* It chanced, however, that 'one of the Soldiers (who was, probably, leſs apt

'Give us, *(hem, hem,)* one Drop to clear our Lungs,
'(*Hem,hem*) one little Drop to cool our Tongues.'
'No; not a ſingle Drop, 'ſtern *Socio* roar'd,
And up he ſnatch'd the Bottle from the Board.
'How dares *Licentiato* force our Gate?'
He ſaid, and hurl'd the Bottle at his Pate.
The Glaſs, leſs hard, quick from his Front rebounds,
Scarce leaving on the Skin ſome ſuperficial Wounds.

Thrice happy thou, whoſe tender Brain's immur'd
In thickeſt Caſe, by leaden Skull ſecur'd!
Drug-venders elſe had rued th' Adventure croſs,
And callous Undertakers mourn'd thy Loſs.

NOTE.

'to be religiouſly affected than his Comrades) took 'the Freedom gently to put his Hand towards the 'Beard of *Manlius Papirius*, as if he meant to 'ſtroke it; a Familiarity which ſo much offended 'the *majeſtick Figure*, that, with a ſmart Blow of 'his *Ivory Truncheon*, he broke the Fellow's Head. 'There needed no more to put an End to all Re-'verence for ſuch a cholerick Deity. The *Gauls* 'inſtantly killed *Papirius*; and, as if he had given 'the Signal for a general Maſſacre, all the reſt were 'now ſlain, *ſitting, like him, in State, in their Curule 'Chairs.*'

HOOKE's *Rom. Hiſt.* Book II. Chap. XXXVIII.

Let the Reader figure to himſelf the *Doctors*,—their *magnificent full-trim'd Black*,—their *long white Perukes*,—their *Air of Greatneſs*,—their *Silence, Stillneſs*, and *Serenity*,—their *Gold-headed Canes*, (no leſs reſpectable than the *Ivory Truncheon*)—their *ſitting in State, in their Elbow Chairs*;—Let the Reader, I ſay, figure to himſelf theſe *Majeſtick Figures*, and we are confident, he muſt be ſtruck with Awe and Admiration.

Yet with the Shock *Licentiato* lies
Stun'd—from the Floor unable to ariſe;
And, as when Cupping-utenſil's applied,
The trickling Streams from narrow Sluices glide,
So down his Face flow flows a purple Flood:—
The Muſe affirms not, whether Wine or Blood.

PART III.

AND now a general Tumult reigns thro' all;
"To Arms, to Arms," on ev'ry Side they bawl.
Each grave Baſhaw, that bears three deathful Tails,
Rous'd from his Torpor joins in fierce Aſſails;
Foregoes his wonted Solemneſs of Mein,
While Wig meets Wig, and Cane encounters Cane.

NOTE.

V. 67. *Yet with the Shock* Licentiato *lies*
Stun'd—*from the Floor unable to ariſe.*

The Sound is here deſignedly made to echoe to the Senſe.

So *Virgil.*

———*procumbit humi Bos.*

Many Inſtances may be brought, not only from the *Greek* and *Latin* Poets, of ſimilar Attention, but alſo from our own. Let one ſuffice.——

Shakeſpear, in his *King Lear*, has the following Line.

"Many a Fathom down precipitating,"

the *Precipitation* of which *Tate* has choſen to *ſtep* (in his Alteration of this Play) by ſubſtituting

"Many a Fathom *tumbling down*,"

O what a *tumbling down* is here!

The

The ruffled Hairs on fretful Perukes rise,
Like Quills on Hedge-hog, when he roll'd up lies;
Their Knots on either Side the Tyes unfold,
And pendent Midmoſt ſtands erectly bold.

So when *Meduſa*'s Head bore Snakes for Hair,
(Curl'd like the *Têtes* our Dames of Faſhion wear,)
Their Folds untwiſting, with Amaze and Dread
They ſtruck the Foe, and inſtant ſtar'd him dead.

The Cane, for Sapience rever'd of old,
(With Head of Amber, or with Head of Gold,)
Sage Nurſe of Thought, that gently kiſs'd the Noſe,
On the crack'd Cranium deals deſcending Blows.
The ſhort ſnug Sword, of Meaſure Larks to ſpit,
With modeſt Hilt juſt peeping thro' the Slit
From peaceful Scabbard ſtarts a warring Blade,
'By a mere Bodkin the *Quietus* made.'

NOTES.

V. 7. *The ruffled Hairs on fretful Perukes riſe,*
Like Quills on Hedge-hog, when he roll'd up lies.

Make thy young Hairs to ſtand on End,
Like Quills upon the fretful Porcupine.
HAMLET.

V. 12 *Curl'd like the* Têtes *our Dames of Faſhion wear.*

Theſe prepoſterous Ornaments of falſe Hair, twiſted and twirled into a thouſand unnatural Shapes, may indeed be very properly called *Meduſa Têtes*, though it muſt be confeſſed they are (in the Language of *Enamoratos*) not quite ſo *killing*. For the Story of *Meduſa*, ſee the End of the *Latin* Dictionary, under the Letter M.

V. 22. 'By a mere *Bodkin the* Quietus *made*.'

When himſelf might his *Quietus* make
With a bare Bodkin. HAMLET.

So

So when a Taylor on the Shopboard ſits,
Of Galligaſkins to repair the Slits,
Tormented by the Foe, he Vengeance vows,
And with his Spear, a Needle, pricks a Louſe.
And now a general Tumult reigns thro' all,
'To Arms, to Arms,' on ev'ry Side they bawl.
So loud the Din, ſo terrible the Roar,
It pierc'd the Earth to *Lethe*'s farther Shore;
Shook *Pluto*'s Throne,--who trembled for his Friends,
So ſkill'd, ſo prompt to ſerve their mutual Ends.
Reſolv'd to part them, he aſcends to Light,
Enters the Room, in ſolemn Veſt bedight.
A ſable Truncheon his Right-hand diſplays,
And in his Left four flaming Torches blaze;
Rings on his Fingers for departed Friends;
Athwart his Breaſt a ſilken Scarf deſcends;
Plumes on his Head, and on his Back he bore,
Like Herald's Coat, a Robe eſcutcheon'd o'er.
An *Undertaker* aptly he appears:—
Black is the conſtant Dreſs *Hell*'s Monarch wears.
Thus have we ſeen, in *Pantomimick* Tricks,
Grim *Pluto* thro' the Trap-door come from *Styx*;
Black and all black, all diſmal is his Suit,
And powder'd ſeems the Peruke's ſelf with Soot:
His Legs alone, with emblematic Aim,
In ſcarlet-colour'd Hoſe affect to Flame.
'Hold, hold, (he cries,) what means this deſp'rate Fray?
'Will ye yourſelves inſtead of others ſlay?
'Has *Beaume* purg'd *Autumn* of each ſad Complaint?
'The Air in vain does *Influenza* taint?
'What!'

NOTE.

V. 52. *Has* Beaume *purg'd* Autumn *of each ſad Complaint?*
The Air in vain does Influenza *taint?*

'What! no acute, no chronical Diſeaſe,
'No Fevers want your Aid? No Pleuriſies,
'No Coughs, Conſumptions, Atrophies, Catarrhs?
'No foul Miſhaps from Love's intemp'rate Wars?
'If ye neglect *Your* Buſineſs, there will be,
'Alas! I fear, but little Work for *Me.*
'What's in a Name? That which we call a Wig,
'By any other Name would look as big.
'What's in a Place? Where'er ye had Degrees,
'The ſame the *Latin* in your *Recipes:*
'The Scrawl, illegible to vulgar Eyes,
'Denotes you deeply learn'd, and wond'rous wiſe.

NOTES.

Beaume de Vie. A Medicine ſo called, which is advertiſed as a ſovereign Remedy *againſt autumnal Complaints.*

Influenza. A Diſtemper which rages in *Italy*, in the *Summer* Months. The Term has been adopted in *England.*

V. 58. *If ye neglect* Your *Buſineſs, there will be, Alas! I fear, but little Work for* Me.

The two Trades are ſo intimately connected, that an eminent Apothecary, whoſe eldeſt Son is brought up to the Father's Profeſſion, has, with a prudent Forecaſt, bound his youngeſt Son Apprentice to an Undertaker.

V. 60. *What's in a Name? That which we call a Wig, By any other Name would look as big.*

A Parody on the following Lines;

What's in a Name? That which we call a Roſe,
By any other Name would ſmell as ſweet.

ROMEO *and* JULIET.

'Think

' Think on the Meed, that tickles ſweet your Hand,
' The glitt'ring Meed, no Doctor can withſtand.
' Tho' Doctors differ ;—for the human Tripe
' Tho' ſome the Purge prefer, and ſome the Pipe ;
' Or in th' Inteſtines raiſe the ſharp Commotion,
' Some with a Pill, and others with a Potion ;
' Tho', to apply the Flayer of the Skin,
' Some hold a Virtue, others hold a Sin ;
' In *Antimony* ſome their Truſt repoſe,
' And ſome in *Mercury*—to ſave a Noſe ;
' In this one Point ye never diſagree,—
' Ye're all unanimous—about the Fee.
' Come then, my Friends, (for now methinks I ſpy
' A mild Complacency in ev'ry Eye,)
' Think on the Meed, that tickles ſweet your Hand,
' The glitt'ring Meed, no Doctor can withſtand.
' Like

NOTES.

V. 72. *The Flayer of the Skin.*

A poetical Expreſſion for *Emplaſtr. Epiſpaſtic.*— In plain *Engliſh*, a Bliſter.

V. 76. *In this one Point ye never diſagree,*
Ye're all unanimous—about the Fee.

About each Symptom how they diſagree,—
But how unanimous in caſe of Fee. GARTH.

V. 80. *Think on the Meed that tickles ſweet your Hand,*
The glitt'ring Meed, no Doctor can withſtand.

To corroborate the Truth of this Maxim, we ſhall take the Liberty of ſetting down the two following ſhort Stories, by Way of Illuſtration. The

' Like to the Cur in *Æſop*'s Tale diſplay'd,
' Ye quit the Subſtance, and embrace the Shade.
' *Licentiato Licence* has—to kill:
' Can *Socio* boaſt a greater Pow'r, or Skill? 85
' While ye diſpute, and quarrel for a Word,
' Behold! your Patients are to Health reſtor'd.

NOTES.

Circumſtances required the Stile of the Narration to be more familiar than would ſuit with the Dignity of the Reſt of the Poem, to have them interwoven in the Body of it.

A Doctor once (no Matter whence I ween,
From *Oxford*, *Leyden*, *Cam*, or *Aberdeen*,)
Was call'd to viſit one with utmoſt Speed;
But, when he came, behold! the Patient's dead.
' What! dead?'—' Yes, Doctor,—dead,—but here's
' your Fee.'—
' Oh, very well:—'tis all the ſame to me.'

A Doctor once (O tell it not in *Bath*,
Leſt Doctor *Somebody* be much in Wrath,)
Soon as he ſaw the ſick Man, ſhook his Head,—
No Pulſe—no Breath—the Man in ſhort was dead.—
Now as our Doctor kept his ſilent Stand,
The tempting *Shiner* in the dead Man's Hand
He ſaw, he touch'd—and ſeizing, ' 'Tis for me,'
He cried, and took his Farewell,—and the Fee.

V. 87. *Behold! your Patients are to Health reſtor'd.*

It is very remarkable, that the * *Decreaſe* of *Burials* within the Bills of Mortality for the Year 1767, is not leſs than 1299, owing (it may perhaps be ſuppoſed) to the Phyſicians having been ſo much taken up with Squabbles among themſelves.

* See the *General Bill of Mortality*, ſet forth by the Pariſh Clerks, from *December* 15, 1766, to *December* 16, 1767.

' Ye

'Ye three-tail'd Sages, ceaſe your Diſputation,
'Be Friends, and ſocial join in Conſultation;
'Each ſhake his loaded Noddle with the other,
'And Brother gravely ſmell his Cane with Brother.'
He ended, and forthwith to Sight appears
A Car triumphal in the Form of Hearſe:
Six coal-black Steeds 'drag'd its ſlow Length along,'
Deaf to *Aight*, *Aight*, and heedleſs of the Thong.
Theſe with dull Pace th' infernal Monarch drew,
(Laid flat upon his Back, and hid from View,)
In awful Pomp, ſlow, ſolemn, ſad, and ſtill,
Thro' *Warwick-Lane*, and on, (down *Ludgate-Hill*,)
To the *Fleet-Market*,—whoſe ſtupendous Ditch
A lazy Current rolls, as black as Pitch;
From whence a Paſſage, diſmal, dark, and dank,
Leads underneath to *Acheron*'s gloomy Bank.
Twelve ſable Imps the Vehicle ſurround,
And with lethiferous Nightſhade ſtrew the Ground:

NOTES.

V. 90. *Each ſhake his loaded Noddle with the other,*
And Brother gravely ſmell his Cane with Brother.

An Imitation of the following Lines;

One Fool lolls his Tongue out at another,
And ſhakes his empty Noddle at his Brother.

V. 94. *Six coal-black Steeds* 'drag'd its ſlow Length along,
A needleſs *Alexandrine* ends the Song,
And like a wounded Snake, 'drag'd its ſlow 'Length along.'

V. 95. *Deaf to* Aight, Aight, *and heedleſs to the Thong.*

Aight, *Aight*—an Expreſſion in the *Huynhym* Language, made Uſe of by Coachmen, *&c.* in ſpeaking to the Horſes, ſignifying, *Go on.*

A ſtrong Perfume, as in his Car he rode,
Of *Aſſa Fœtida* proclaim'd the God.
Their Feuds forgot, the Doctors, with Amaze
And rev'rent Awe, on the Proceſſion gaze.

NOTE.

V. 106. *A ſtrong Perfume, as in his Car he rode,*
Of Aſſa Fœtida *proclaim'd the God.*

Aſſa Fœtida, vulgarly called *Devil's Dung*; Abundance of which is found about the *Peak* in *Derbyſhire*. [See *Cotton*'s Natural Hiſtory of that Place.]

SHAKE-

SHAKESPEARE:

AN

EPISTLE TO D. GARRICK, Esq.

Nil Admirari.——— HOR.

Quod si tam Graijs, Novitas *invisa fuisset,*
Quam nobis, *quid nunc esset vetus?* Idem.

THANKS to much Industry and Pains,
Much Twisting of the Wit and Brains,
Translation has unlock'd the Store,
And spread abroad the *Grecian* Lore,
While *Sophocles* his Scenes are grown,
E'en as familiar as our own.
No more shall Taste presume to speak,
From its Enclosures in the *Greek*;
But, all its Fences broken down,
Lie at the Mercy of the Town.
Critic, I hear thy Torrent rage,
'Tis Blasphemy against that Stage,
Which *Æschylus* his Warmth design'd,
Euripides his Taste refin'd,
And *Sophocles* his last Direction,
Stamp'd with the Signet of Perfection.'
Perfection's but a Word ideal,
And bears about it nothing real,
And Excellence was never hit
In the first Essays of Man's Wit.
Shall *ancient* Worth, or *ancient* Fame
Preclude the Moderns from their Claim?

Muſt they be Blockheads, Dolts, and Fools,
Who write not up to *Grecian* Rules?
Who tread in Buſkins or in Socks,
Muſt they be damn'd as Hetorodox,
Nor Merit of good Works prevail,
Except within the claſſic Pale?
'Tis Stuff that bears the Name of Knowledge,
Not current half a Mile from College;
Where half their Lectures yield no more
(Before I ſpeak of Times of Yore)
Than juſt a niggard Light, to mark
How much we all are in the Dark.
As Ruſhlights in a ſpacious Room,
Juſt burn enough to form a Gloom.
When *Shakeſpeare* leads the Mind a Dance,
From *France* to *England*, hence to *France*,
Talk not to me of Time and Place;
I own I'm happy in the Chace.
Whether the Drama's here or there,
'Tis Nature, *Shakeſpeare* every where.
The Poet's Fancy can create,
Contract, enlarge, annihilate,
Bring paſt and preſent cloſe together,
In Spite of Diſtance, Seas, or Weather.
And ſhut up in a ſingle Action,
What coſt whole Years in its Tranſaction.
So, Ladies at a Play, or Rout,
Can ſtirt the Univerſe about,
Whoſe geographical Account
Is drawn and pictur'd on the Mount.
Yet, when they pleaſe, contract the Plan,
And ſhut the World up in a Fan.
True Genius, like *Armida*'s Wand,
Can raiſe the Spring from barren Land.
While all the Art of Imitation,
Is pilf'ring from the firſt Creation;
Tranſplanting Flowers with uſeleſs Toil,
Which wither in a foreign Soil.

As

As Conſcience often ſets us right,
By its interior active Light,
Without th' Aſſiſtance of the Laws
So combat in the moral Cauſe;
To Genius, of itſelf diſcerning,
Without the myſtic Rules of Learning,
Can from its preſent Intuition,
Strike at the Truth of Compoſition.
Yet thoſe who breathe the claſſic Vein,
Enliſted in the mimic Train,
Who ride their Steed with double Bit,
Not run away with by their Wit,
Delighted with the Pomp of Rules,
The Specious Pedantry of Schools;
(Which Rules, like Crutches, ne'er became
Of any Uſe but to the Lame)
Purſue the Method ſet before 'em,
Talk much of Order and Decorum,
Of Probability of Fiction,
Of Manners, Ornament, and Diction,
And with a Jargon of hard Names,
(A Privilege which Dulneſs claims)
And merely us'd by way of Fence,
To keep out plain and common Senſe,
Extol the Wit of antient Days,
The ſimple Fabric of their Plays;
Then from the Fable, all ſo chaſte,
Trick'd up in antient-modern Taſte,
So mighty gentle all the While,
In ſuch a ſweet deſcriptive Stile,
While Chorus marks the ſervile Mode
With fine Reflexion, in an Ode,
Preſent you with a perfect Piece,
Form'd on the Model of old *Greece*.
Come, prithee Critic, ſet before us,
The Uſe and Office of a Chorus.
What! ſilent! Why then, I'll produce
Its Services from antient Uſe.

'Tis to be ever on the Stage,
Attendants upon Grief or Rage,
To be an arrant Go-between,
Chief-Mourner at each dismal Scene;
Shewing its Sorrow, or Delight,
By shifting Dances, left and right.
Not much unlike our modern Notions,
Adagio or *Allegro* Motions;
To watch upon the deep Distress,
And Plaints of Royal Wretchedness;
And when, with Tears, and Execration,
They've pour'd out all their Lamentation,
And wept whole Cataracts from their Eyes,
To call on Rivers for Supplies,
And with their *Hais* and *Hees* and *Hoes*
To make a Symphony of Woes.
Doubtless the Antients want the Art
To strike at once upon the Heart.
Or why their Prologues of a Mile
In simple — call it — humble Stile,
In unimpassion'd Phrase to say
'Fore the beginning of this Play,
I, hapless *Polydore*, was found
By Fishermen, or others, drown'd!
Or, I, a Gentleman, did wed,
The Lady I wou'd never bed,
Great *Agamemnon*'s royal Daughter,
Who's coming hither to draw Water.'
Or need the Chorus to reveal
Reflexions, which the Audience feel;
And jog them, lest Attention sink,
To tell them how and what to think?
Oh, where's the Bard, who at one View,
Cou'd look the whole Creation through,
Who travers'd all the human Heart,
Without Recourse to *Grecian* Art?
He scorn'd the Modes of Imitation,
Of Altering, Pilfering, and Translation,

Nor

Nor painted Horror, Grief, or Rage,
From Models of a former Age;
The bright Original he took,
And tore the Leaf from Nature's Book.
'Tis *Shakeſpeare*, thus who ſtands alone—
Why need I tell what *You* have ſhown?
How true, how perfect, and how well,
The Feelings of our Hearts muſt tell.

ODE

ODE TO GENIUS.

I.

THOU Child of Nature, Genius ſtrong,
Thou Maſter of the Poet's Song,
Before whoſe Light, Art's dim and feeble Ray
Gleams like the Taper in the Blaze of Day:
Thou lov'ſt to ſteal along the ſecret Shade,
Where Fancy, bright aërial Maid!
Awaits thee with her thouſand Charms,
And revels in thy wanton Arms.
She to thy Bed, in Days of Yore,
The ſweetly-warbling *Shakeſpeare* bore;
Whom every Muſe endow'd with every Skill,
And dipt him in that ſacred Rill,
Whoſe ſilver Streams flow muſical along,
Where *Phœbus'* hallow'd Mount reſounds with raptur'd Song.

II.

Forſake not Thou the vocal Choir,
Their Breaſts reviſit with thy genial Fire,
Elſe vain the ſtudied Sounds of mimic Art,
Tickle the Ear, but come not nigh the Heart.
Vain every Phraſe in curious Order ſet,
On each Side leaning on the [ſtop-gap] Epithet.
Vain the quick Rime ſtill tinckling in the Cloſe,
While pure Deſcription ſhines in meaſur'd Proſe.
Thou bear'ſt a-loof, and look'ſt with high Diſdain,
Upon the dull mechanic Train;
Whoſe nerveleſs Strains flag on in languid Tone,
Lifeleſs and lumpiſh as the Bag-pipe's drowzy Drone.

III. No

III.

No longer now thy Altars blaze,
No Poet offers up his Lays;
Inſpir'd with Energy divine,
To worſhip at thy ſacred Shrine.
Since TASTE * with abſolute Domain,
Extending wide her leaden Reign,
Kills with her melancholy Shade,
The blooming Scyons of fair Fancy's Tree;
Which erſt full wantonly have ſtray'd,
In many a Wreath of richeſt Poeſie.
For when the Oak denies her Stay,
The creeping Ivy winds her humble Way;
No more ſhe twiſts her Branches round,
But drags her feeble Stem along the barren Ground.

IV.

Where then ſhall exil'd Genius go?
Since only thoſe the Laurel claim,
And boaſt them of the Poet's Name,
Whoſe ſober Rimes in even Tenour flow;
Who prey on Words, and all their Flowrets cull,
Coldly correct, and regularly dull.
Why ſleep the Sons of Genius now?
Why *Wartons* reſts the Lyre unſtrung?
‡ And thou, bleſt Bard! around whoſe ſacred Brow,
Great *Pindar*'s delegated Wreath is hung;
Ariſe, and ſnatch the Majeſty of Song,
From Dullneſs' ſervile Tribe, and Arts unhallow'd Throng.

* By TASTE, is here meant the modern Affectation of it.
‡ The ſpirited and truly poetical Dr. *Akenſide*.

TRAN-

TRANSLATION;

A

POEM.

'SUCH is our Pride, our Folly, or our Fate,
'That few, but such who cannot write, translate.'
So *Denham* sung, who well the Labour knew;
And an Age past has left the Maxim true.
Wit as of old, a proud imperious Lord,
Disdains the Plenty of another's Board;
And haughty Genius seeks, like *Philip*'s Son,
Paths never trod before, and Worlds unknown.
Unaw'd by these, whilst Hands impure dispense
The sacred Streams of ancient Eloquence,
Pedants assume the Task for Scholars fit,
And Blockheads rise Interpreters of Wit.
In the fair Field th' vet'ran Armies stand,
A firm, unconquer'd, formidable Band,
When lo! Translation comes and levels all;
By vulgar Hands the bravest Heroes fall.
On Eagle's Wings see lofty *Pindar* soar;
Cowley attacks, and *Pindar* is no more.

LINE 18. *Cowley attacks*, &c. Nothing can be more contemptible than the Translations and Imitations of *Pindar* done by *Cowley*, which yet have had their Admirers.

O'er *Tibur*'s Swan the Muſes wept in vain,
And mourn'd their Bard by cruel *Dunſter* ſlain.
By *Ogilby* and *Trap* great *Maro* fell,
And *Homer* dy'd by *Chapman* and *Ozell*.
In bleſt *Arabia's* Plains unfading blow
Flow'rs ever fragant, Fruits immortal grow.
To Northern Climes th' unwilling Gueſts convey,
The Fruit ſhall wither, and the Flow'r decay;
Ev'n ſo when here the Sweets of *Athens* come,
Or the fair Produce of imperial *Rome*,
They pine and ſicken in th' unfriendly Shade,
Their Roſes droop, and all their Laurels fade.
The modern Critic, whoſe unletter'd Pride,
Big with itſelf, contemns the World beſide,
If haply told that *Terence* once could charm,
Each feeling Heart that *Sophocles* cou'd warm,
Scours ev'ry Stall for *Eachard*'s dirty Page,
Or pores in *Adams* for th' *Athenian* Stage;
With Joy he reads the ſervile Mimics o'er,
Pleas'd to diſcover what he gueſs'd before;

LINE 20. See *Horace*'s Epiſtles, Satires, and Art of Poetry, *done into Engliſh* by *S. Dunſter*, D. D. Prebendary of *Sarum*.

LINE 21, 22. See their Tranſlations of *Homer* and *Virgil*.

LINE 31. *The modern Critic*, &c. Les belles traductions (ſays *Boileau*) ſont des preuves ſans replique en faveur des anciens, qu'on leur donne les Racines pout interpretes, & ils ſcauront plaire aujourdhui comme autrefois. Certain it is, that the Contempt, in which the Ancients are held by the illiterate Wits of the preſent Age, is in a great Meaſure owing to the Number of bad Tranſlations.

LINE 36. See *Adams*'s Proſe Tranſlation of *Sophocles*.

Concludes

Concludes that *Attic* Wit's *extremely low*;
And gives up *Greece* to *Wotton* and *Perrault*.
Our ſhallow Language, ſhallow'r Judges ſay,
Can ne'er the Force of ancient Senſe convey.
As well might *Vanbrugh* ev'ry Stone revile,
That ſwells enormous *Blenheim*'s awkward Pile;
The guiltleſs Pen as well might *Mauro* blame,
For writing ill, and ſullying *Arthur*'s Fame;
Succeſsleſs Lovers blaſt the Maid they woo'd,
As theſe a Tongue they never underſtood;
That Tongue which gave immortal *Shakeſpeare* Fame,
Which boaſts a *Prior*'s, and a *Thomſon*'s Name;
Graceful and chaſte which flows in *Addiſon*,
With native Charms, and Vigour all its own;
In *Bolinbroke* and *Swift*, whoſe Beauties ſhine,
In *Rowe*'s ſoft Numbers, *Jonſon*'s nervous Line,
Dryden's free Vein, and *Milton*'s Work divine.
But, ſuch, alas! diſdain to borrow Fame,
Or live like Dulneſs in another's Name;
And hence the Taſk for nobleſt Souls deſign'd,
Giv'n to the Weak, the Taſteleſs, and the Blind;
To ſome low Wretch, who, proſtitute for Pay,
Lets out to *Curll* the Labours of the Day,
Careleſs who hurries o'er th' unblotted Line,
Impatient ſtill to finiſh, and to dine;

LINE 39. *Extremely low.* A favourite Coffee-houſe Phraſe.

LINE 40. *Wotton and Perrault.* See *Wotton*'s Diſcourſe on ancient and modern Learning, and *Perrault*'s Defence of his *Siecle de Louis* XIV.

LINE 46. *Arthur*'s *Fame.* See *Blackmore*'s *King Arthur*, an Heroic Poem.

LINE 60. *To Curll*, &c. Moſt of the bad Tranſlations, which we have of eminent Authors, were done by Garreteers under the Inſpection of this Gentleman, who paid them by the Sheet for their haſty Performances.

Or

Or ſome pale Pedant, whoſe encumber'd Brain
O'er the dull Page hath toil'd for Years in vain,
Who writes at laſt ambitiouſly to ſhew
How much a Fool may read, how little know;
Can theſe on Fancy's Wing with *Plato* ſoar?
Can theſe a *Tully*'s active Mind explore?
Great Nature's ſecret Springs can theſe reveal,
Or paint thoſe Paſſions which they ne'er cou'd feel?
Yet will they dare the pond'rous Lance to wield,
Yet will they ſtrive to lift the ſeven-fold Shield;
The Rock of *Ajax* ev'ry Child would throw,
And ev'ry Strippling bend *Ulyſſes*' Bow.

There are, who timid Line by Line purſue,
Anxious to keep th' Original in View;
Who mark each Footſtep where their Maſter trod,
And after all their Pains have miſs'd the Road.

There are, an Author's Senſe who boldly quit,
As if aſham'd to own the Debt of Wit:
Who leave their Fellow-trav'ller on the Shore,
Launch in the Deep, and part to meet no more.

Some from Reflection catch the weaken'd Ray,
And ſcarce a Gleam of doubtful Senſe convey,
Preſent a Picture's Picture to your View,
Where not a Line is juſt, or Feature true.

LINE 75, 79. *There are*, &c. The Reader will eaſily recollect Inſtances to illuſtrate each of theſe Remarks, more eſpecially the laſt; half our Tranſlations being done from Tranſlations by ſuch as were never able to conſult the Original. One of theſe Gentlemen having Occaſion in his Verſion to mention *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus*, not having the good Fortune to be acquainted with any ſuch Writer, makes Uſe of the *French* Liberty of Curtailing, and without Scruple calls him *Dennis* of *Halicarnaſſus*. Miſtakes as groſs as this often occur, though perhaps not many altogether ſo ridiculous.

Thus *Greece* and *Rome*, in modern Dreſs array'd,
Is but Antiquity in Maſquerade.
Diſguis'd in *Oldſworth*'s Verſe or *Watſon*'s Proſe,
What Claſſic Friend his alter'd *Flaccus* knows?
Whilſt great *Longinus* gives to *Welſted* Fame,
And *Tacitus* to *Gordon* lends his Name,
Unmeaning Strains debaſe the *Mantuan* Muſe,
And *Terence* ſpeaks the Language of the Stews.
In Learning thus muſt *Britain*'s Sons decay,
And ſee her Rival bear the Prize away,
In Arts as well as Arms to *Gallia* yield,
And own her happier Skill in either Field?
See where her boaſted *d'Ablancourt* appears,
Her *Monguâlts*, *Brumoys*, *Olivets*, *Daciers*;
Careful

LINE 91. See *Welſted*'s Tranſlation of *Longinus*, done almoſt Word for Word from *Boileau*,

LINE 62. *To Gordon.*—This Gentleman tranſlated *Tacitus* in a very ſtiff and affected Manner, tranſpoſing Words, and placing the Verb at the End of the Sentence, according to the *Latin* Idiom. He was called in his Life-Time *Tacitus-Gordon.*

LINE 97. *To Gallia yield.* It was ſaid by a great Wit in the laſt War, that he ſhould never doubt of our Succeſs, if we could once bring ourſelves to hate the *French* as heartily as we do the Arts and Sciences. It is indiſputable, that they are more warmly encouraged, and conſequently more cultivated and improved in *France* than amongſt us. Their Tranſlations (eſpecially in Proſe) are acknowledged to be more faithful and correct, and in general more lively and ſpirited than ours.

LINE 99. The *French* had ſo high an Opinion of *d'Ablancourt*'s Merit, as to think him deſerving of the following Epitaph:

L'illuſtre d'Ablancourt repoſe en ce tombeau,
Son genie à ſon ſiécle ſervi de flambeau,

Dans

Careful to make each Ancient's Merit known,
Who, juſt to others Fame, have rais'd their own;
No Wonder theſe ſhou'd claim ſuperior Praiſe;
A Nation thanks them, and a Monarch pays.
Far other Fate attends our hireling Bard,
A Sneer his Praiſe, a Pittance his Reward;
The Butt of Wit, and Jeſt of every Muſe,
Foes laugh to Scorn, and even Friends abuſe;
The great Tranſlator bids each Dunce tranſlate,
And ranks us all with *Tibbald* and with *Tate*.

But know, whate'er proud Art hath call'd her own,
The breathing Canvas, and the ſculptur'd Stone,
The Poet's Verſe, 'tis Imitation all;
Great Nature only is Original.
Her various Charms in various Forms expreſs'd,
They beſt have pleas'd us, who have copy'd beſt;
And thoſe ſtill ſhine more eminently bright,
Who ſhew the Goddeſs in the faireſt Light.

So when great *Shakeſpeare* to his *Garrick* join'd,
With mutual Aid conſpire to rouſe the Mind,
'Tis not a Scene of idle Mimickry,
'Tis *Lear*'s, *Hamlet*'s, *Richard*'s ſelf we ſee;

Dans ſes fameux ecrits toute la France admire
Des Grecs & des Romains les precieux treſors;
A ſon trepas on ne peut dire
Qui perd le plus, des vivans ou des morts.

LINE 109. *The great Tranſlator*, &c. *Pope*, in his Epiſtle to *Arbuthnot*, after his Enumeration of Dunces, concludes with theſe two Lines:

All theſe my modeſt Satire bade *tranſlate*,
And own'd that nine ſuch Poets made a *Tate*.

I make no Doubt but the very deſpicable Light in which Tranſlation is here repreſented, may have deterr'd many from engaging in it, who would, perhaps, have made no contemptible Figure in that Branch of Literature.

We feel the Actor's Strength, the Poet's Fire;
With Joy we praiſe, with Rapture we admire,
To ſee ſuch Pow'rs within the Reach of Art,
And Fiction thus ſubdue the human Heart.
When *Sarto*'s Pencil trac'd the faithful Line,
So juſt each Stroke, ſo equal the Deſign,
That pleas'd he ſaw aſtoniſh'd *Julio* ſtand,
Nor knew his own, nor *Raphael*'s magic Hand;
Bluſhing to find himſelf enamour'd grown
Of rival Charms and Beauties not his own.
Theirs be the Taſk to comment and tranſlate,
Like theſe who judge, like theſe who imitate.
Unleſs an Authour like a Miſtreſs warms,
How ſhall we hide his Faults, or taſte his Charms,
How all his modeſt, latent Beauties find,
How trace each lovelier Feature of the Mind,
Soften each Blemiſh, and each Grace improve,
And treat him with the Dignity of Love?
'Tis not enough that, fraught with Learning's Store,
By the dim Lamp the taſteleſs Critic pore;
'Tis not enough that Wit's miſguiding Ray
Uncertain glance, and yield a doubtful Day,

LINE 129. *Andrea del Sarto* being deſired by *Frederic*, Duke of *Mantua*, to copy a Picture of *Leo* X. did it with ſo much Juſtneſs, that *Julio Romano*, who drew the Drapery of that Piece under *Raphael*, took his Copy for the Original, and ſaid to *Vaſari*, 'Don't I ſee the Strokes that I ſtruck with 'my own Hand; but *Vaſari* ſhewing him *Del Sarto*'s Mark, he was convinced of his Miſtake.

The Story is told at large in the 27th Chapter of the firſt Book of *De Pile's Art of Painting*.

LINE 135. *Unleſs*, &c. *Roſcommon* ſays,

'Chuſe then an Author as you chuſe a Friend.'

Perhaps the Image is better drawn from the more lively Paſſion.

Not

Not ev'n when both by partial Nature giv'n,
United bleſs the Favourite of Heav'n;
Unleſs, by ſecret Sympathy combin'd,
The faithful Glaſs reflects its kindred Mind;
Unleſs from Soul to Soul th' imparted Fire
Congenial catch, and kindle warm Deſire;
Ev'n ſuch as lives in *Rowe's* enraptur'd Strain,
And gives *Pharſalia* to our Eyes again;
Where glowing in each animated Line,
We ſee the fiery Soul of *Lucan* ſhine;
Or ſuch as gilds the fair hiſtoric Page,
For *Smith* reſerv'd, to grace our latter Age;
Such as o'er *Dryden* all its Influence ſhed,
And bade his Muſe recall the mighty Dead,
Such as in *Pope's* extenſive Genius ſhone,
And made immortal *Homer* all our own.

View all that proud Antiquity diſplays,
Count o'er her boaſted Heirs of endleſs Praiſe,
Who thought ſo nobly, or who wrote ſo well,
Britain can ſhew th' illuſtrious Parallel.
Methinks I hear each venerable Shade
For baſe Neglect his genuine Sons upbraid.
Why would not *Congreve Afer'* Charms revive,
Or tender *Hammon* bid *Tibullus* live?

LINE 147. *Unleſs by ſecret*, &c.] A Bias of Inclination towards a particular Author, and a Similarity of Genius in the Tranſlator, ſeem more immediately neceſſary than Wit or Learning.

LINE 154. See *Rowe's* Tranſlation of *Lucan's Pharſalia*, at the End of which is a ſhort Supplement written in the true Spirit of the Original.

LINE 156. See *Smith's* Tranſlation of *Thucydides*, lately publiſhed.

LINE 168. *Hammond*, Author of *Love Elegies*.

Plautus

Plautus had pleas'd in *Vanbrugh*'s looſer Page,
And *Otway* ſhould have trod the *Græcian* Stage;
Lucian wou'd ſhine unveil'd by *Swift* alone,
And *Tully* calls in vain for *Middleton*;
A *Livy*'s Senſe demands a St. *John*'s Style,
And *Plato* aſks a *Melmoth* or a *Boyle*.

Ev'n now there are, ere Learning take her Flight,
And Gothick Darkneſs ſpread a ſecond Night;
Tho' Science droop, and ling'ring Arts decay,
There are, who gild the Evening of our Day.
Once more behold, majeſtic in her Tears,
By *Gray* adorn'd, fair *Elegy* appears,
Whilſt by her Side the ſoft *Elfrida* ſtands,
And all our Love and all our Grief demands;
With *Roman* Spirit *Johnſon*'s manly Page
Riſes ſevere to ſcourge a venal Age;
Brown draws the Pen in ſacred Truth's Defence,
And *Armſtrong* paints his own Benevolence.
From ancient Models theſe exalted few
Their faireſt Forms and bright Ideas drew;

LINE 180. See Elegy in a Country Church-yard.

LINE 181. *Elfrida*, by Mr. *Maſon*.

LINE 183. *Samuel Johnſon*, Author of the *Rambler*, and alſo of two fine Imitations of *Juvenal*.

LINE 185. See Eſſay on the Characteriſtics of Lord *Shafteſbury*.

LINE 186. See an Epiſtle on Benevolence, by Dr. *Armſtrong*; ſo well known for his celebrated Poem on Health, one of the beſt Performances in the *Engliſh* Language.

We know the Fountain whence the Waters came,
Nor wonder at the Clearneſs of the Stream.
Yet ſtill, fair *Greece*, we ſee thy Garlands torn,
We ſee there ſtill thy widow'd Altars mourn;
On us thy Heroes ſtill ſuperior frown,
Or look with awful Indignation down;
The Tears of *Rome* for injur'd Learning flow,
And *Athens* grieves that *Britain* is her Foe.
Will you not riſe then, Oh! you Sons of Fame
To vindicate the *Greek* and *Roman* Name?
On Friends oppreſs'd your gen'rous Aid beſtow,
And pay the Debt of Gratitude you owe?
Or can you ſtill their Wrongs unpitying ſee,
Nor ſocial join with *Warton* and with Me?
Whilſt round his Brows the *Mantuan* Ivy twine,
Cautious to tread in *Attic* Paths be mine;
To Fame unknown, but emulous to pleaſe,
Trembling I ſeek th' immortal *Sophocles*.
Genius of *Greece* do thou my Breaſt inſpire
With ſome warm Portion of thy Poet's Fire,
From Hands profane defend his much-lov'd Name;
From cruel *Tibbald* wreſt his mangled Fame;
Give him once more to bid the Heart o'er-flow
In graceful Tears, and ſympathizing Woe;
A Father's Death while ſoft *Electra* mourn,
Or ſhed her Sorrows o'er a Brother's Urn;

LINE 202. Mr. *Warton* has lately publiſhed a new Tranſlation of the Eclogues and Georgics of *Virgil*, and joined it to Mr. *Pit*'s excellent Tranſlation of the *Æneid*.

LINE 210. *Tibbald* (or *Theobald*) tranſlated two or three Plays of *Sophocles*, and threatened the Publick with more.

Or

Or fair *Antigone* her Griefs relate;
Or poor *Tecmeſſa* weep her hapleſs State;
Or *OEdipus* revolve the dark Decrees of Fate.
Could I like him the various Paſſions move,
Granville wou'd ſmile, and *Cheſterfield* approve;
Each letter'd Son of Science wou'd commend,
Each gentle Muſe wou'd mark me for her Friend;
Iſis well pleaſed wou'd join a Siſter's Praiſe,
And *Cam* applauding conſecrate the Lays,

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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Miscellaneous and fugitive pieces

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